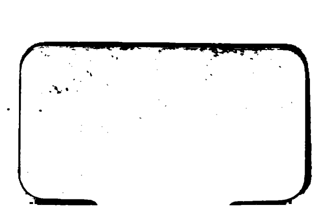










RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.



VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER St., CAVENDISH Sq.

1846.



PREFACE.

Renée-Charlotte-Victoire de Froulay de Tessé, Marchioness de Créquy, de Heymont, de Canaples, etc., was one of the most remarkable women of her day; distinguished for the superiority of her character, her originality of mind, and the unaffected charm of her manners. We may easily form an opinion of this by the manner in which she is spoken of in the Memoirs of her contemporaries.

Madame de Créquy, having nearly attained the age of a hundred, died in Paris, where she had had the courage to brave the dangers of the Revolution, and to resist the solicitations of the emigrant party. She resided in the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain, in an Hotel, the life-rent of which she had purchased from the Marquis de Feuquières. It will be seen in the course of her Memoirs, that the Marchioness *enjoyed* a deplorable state of health, especially

for the last forty years of her life; and on these grounds she often congratulated herself upon the good bargain that she had made; for she had been seventy years in possession of it at the time of her death.

The celebrated Princess des Ursins wrote from Rome, in 1722, to her Niece, the Duchess de la Trémoille, saying, "The young Marchioness de Créquy appears to me to be the person most worthy of remark here, inasmuch as she bears all the semblance of high birth, is a woman of honourable feelings, thoroughly original in her ideas, and irreproachable in her conduct.

Jean Jacques Rousseau remarked that she was "*le catholicisme en cornette, et la haute noblesse en déshabillé.*"

Were we to quote from the authority of those who have lived nearer our own times we might mention the interest which the fame and name of Madame de Créquy excited in Napoleon, and the esteem with which he regarded her; also the high opinion entertained for her by the Abbé Délille, as expressed in a letter addressed to the Vicomte de Vintimille, dated 1788.

"I am perfectly astounded at Madame de

"Créquy; I never met with, and never could "have imagined a more gifted mind. Her "judgment is sound and conscientious, and her "powers of penetration must make her a formidable person in the eyes of knaves and "fools; I can now account for the reputation "she has gained for sarcasm and severity. She "possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, a talent "which appears to have belonged to past ages "and to be now extinct—that of conversing "without being either tedious or precipitate."

These Memoirs were intended by the Authoress for the instruction of her grandson, the young Tancrède-Adrian-Raoul de Créquy, who died, however, long before his grandmother, but to whom she addresses herself in the early part of the work.



RECOLLECTIONS

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CHAPTER I.

Birth of the Authoress—A Convenient Register—Her Father's Family—The Convent—Interview with her Brother—A Benedictine Abbess—The Baronne de Montmorency—The Refractory Nuns Triumphant—Her Companions—Antiquarian Researches—A Hint for Political Economists—Monumental Records—A *Quasi* Felony.

WERE I not reluctant to preface the recollections of an eventful and not unimportant life by a somewhat absurd declaration, I should commence by telling you that I do not know when I was born! and, improbable

as the assertion seems, it is nevertheless perfectly true.

My mother died in giving me birth, when my father was at the head of his regiment of Royal-Comtois on the frontiers of Germany: thus you may readily imagine that in the midst of the distress which ensued at the Château de Montflaux there were many other affairs to attend to besides that of entering my name on the books of the Parish vestry, where, forty years afterwards, as it happened, there existed no longer a register of any kind!—The reason was this, the vicar had been in the habit of writing the names of those he baptised on a loose sheet and when any one applied to him for the record of a birth, he sometimes gave the original for the sake of saving trouble and stamped paper.

I conclude that my mother's chaplain had had the precaution to baptise me, but as he died the following year, no one knew anything about it; consequently when I was sent at the age of seven or eight to my aunt the

coadjutrice of the Convent of Cordylon, she took care that the ceremony should be regularly performed according to my station. It had been considered proper that our cousin the Princesse des Ursins should be my God-mother, and that is the extent of my knowledge on the subject

I must not however omit to tell you that the old Steward of our estates in Maine, died of a stroke of paralysis a few days before my birth ;—also that my father, having been detained prisoner during seventeen months without receiving any tidings of his family, friends, or men of business, only heard of the death of my poor mother on his landing at the Château de Versailles, where his uncle, Marshal de Tessé, met him and quietly advised him to put himself into mourning!

It was afterwards calculated, as nearly as possible that I must have been born either towards the latter part of the year 1699, or in the course of the following year, or else, early in 1701; at all events it was a matter of small importance in the eyes of

my father, because, as he said to me, the *Notorieté publique* and the *possession d'état* were quite sufficient; for, after all, I was but a daughter!

Of my early childhood, all that I remember is, that I inhabited a tower in the Château de Montflaux where I was exceedingly cold in winter and exceedingly hot in summer. I had two female servants and a one-eyed *laquais* to take charge of, and attend on me, and such was my terror of that man that he was forbidden to enter my apartments. My father's Steward proposed substituting a mulatto in his place, and I really believe he must have wished to throw me into convulsions and kill me for the benefit of my brother! Instead of that however, (to show you that "*l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*") I became myself in after times his heiress.

At this period, my family consisted of my father's only sister (the Nun of Cordylon) and her four brothers. These were, the Bishop of Mans, a worthy and pious prelate,

who had refused to forsake the see of Mans to become Archbishop and *Archicomte* of Lyons, with an income of more than a hundred thousand crowns a year.

Next, the Commandeur*, who afterwards became *bailli* de Froulay, a brave and distinguished naval officer. It was said that he could never return to Malta under penalty of being decapitated for having insulted the Grand Master, Don Raymond de Pêrellos, by snatching from him the keys of St. Sépulcre which this high and mighty personage wore suspended from his official girdle according to custom. The successor of Don Raymond, Don Manuel de Vilhèna, also a Castilian, followed up the insult with unappeased vengeance, even to the Court of France—but H. M. Christian Majesty left the Knights of Malta to fight it out amongst themselves, and would never proceed against the Commandeur de Froulay, who, in spite of his offence, was afterwards presented to one of the best

* Commandery of the Knights of Malta.

livings of his order, and one of the wealthiest attainable by those of his nation.

Then came the Abbé-Commendataire of Notre Dame de Vallemonts, who was Almoner to the King and nothing else.

Next to him, another Abbé de Froulay Count de Lyons who died young, of whom I know little, beyond that he could not endure the fish called burt. He said one day to my Grandmother in a tone of the utmost disgust and aversion,

"I can only assure you that if there were no living creatures in existence save myself and a burt, the world would very soon come to an end!"

My aunt the Coadjutrice was the youngest of the family, and besides being the most amiable and gifted of her sex, she was a strict and pious Nun of the order of St. Benoît. To continue, there was my father, who thought of no one but my brother, the Marquis de Montflaux, and lastly we had the happiness of possessing the Dowager Marchioness de Froulay, my grandfather's

second wife, of whom I shall often have occasion to speak. She lived in Paris and I only became acquainted with her at the time of my marriage.

I need not here mention the elder branch of our house, because M. le Maréchal and Mme. la Maréchale de Tessé rarely quitted Versailles, unless for the purpose of presenting themselves at the Court of Fontainebleau.

Without reckoning two Demoiselles de Froulay, our Cousins *á la mode de Bretagne,* who married (I never could tell why) two Messieurs de Breteuil, and of whom I shall take some future notice, we had also two great-grand-uncles, high dignitaries of the Church of Malta, who never left their lordly livings. One of them though, grand-prior of the order, died in Paris, at the age of 103; I am not sure that it was not 104, for he also had no baptismal register! It was not even known whether he was born at Marseilles or at Montgeron, near Paris; it was one or the other, but which, he neither knew nor cared!

My ancestors used to exclaim—

"The idea of the *Notorietè publique* and the *Possession d'état!*—what have we to do with baptismal records?—do they take us for peasants?"

Between the age of seven and nine years I was conveyed in a litter to the Abbey to which my aunt now belonged, where at first I felt rather out of my element, on account of being unable to speak or understand any language but the dialect of the province of Maine.

I had then never seen my father, and the first time my brother and I met he must have been at least eighteen. To this day I can neither imagine who had brought him up, nor where he had lived during all those years.

My father used to laugh and tell me, in answer to my questioning, that I was very inquisitive, and that it concerned no one but the Bishop of Mans, under whose superintendence the education of the young nobleman had been perfected.

At last, my brother visited the Abbey of Montivilliers, where I saw him arrive in great state, with a numerous retinue and superbly dressed.

He was a fine looking young man, with much confidence of manner, and in feature the very image of that handsome statue of the Pastor de Couston on the Terrace de la Seine near the entrance of the Tuileries. One would have declared that the sculptor had had the gift of foresight and really intended it for him!

And so I had actually a brother! a handsome delightful brother! oh! the rapture of seeing him! I gazed upon him with my eyes full of tears, and when he embraced me I was indeed happy!

I remember he asked me how old I was and upon my answering, innocently, that I did not know, he gravely told me that it was wrong to laugh at an elder brother!

The Marquis remained a week at the Abbey to assist at the solemn installation of my aunt, who had quitted her Convent at

Cordylon, in the diocese of Bayeux, to succeed the Princess Maria de Gonzague as head of the high and influential Church of Montivilliers, which reckons no less than one hundred and twenty eight seignorial steeples subject to her jurisdiction, and over which she exercises her feudal power.

Next to the Princesse de Guémenée and the Abbess of Frontevrauld, the Abbess of Montivilliers is undoubtedly the greatest lady in France.

Our uncle, the Bishop of Mans, came to consecrate his sister, and I also performed a part at the holy ceremony by carrying, on a violet satin cushion, the missal of Madame.

Before we parted, my brother gave me a proof his kind-heartedness, by assuring me, with an air of mingled good-nature and decision, that if I did not wish to become a Benedictine, he would allow no one to compel me.

"Alas!" was my answer; "am I then required to be a Bernardine? I should die of grief! There is no Order equal to St.

Benoît; and I never wish to join any society but that of Citeaux."

"But that is not the point in question," he replied. "I thought perhaps you might like just as well to be married."

This supposition on his part appeared to me rather irrational, yet it was constantly recurring to my mind—perhaps for that very reason.

I believe that some of my family, in the life-time of my brother, desired nothing better than that I should take the veil, but my aunt the Abbess, and my uncle the Bishop, were not people to sanction or countenance any sort of compulsion in a matter of conscience, particularly on that subject. Monsieur du Mans always investigated the motives of every novice about to take the veil in the Convents within his diocese, in order to prevent the admission of poor young girls who might have been intimidated by their families, or otherwise improperly induced; on one ocasion in particular, my aunt was instrumental in pre-

vailing on a very pretty novice to quit the cloister, and gave her, moreover, a portion enabling her to marry a *Chevau-léger*, because she knew they were devotedly attached to each other.

She was one of our relations, Mademoiselle de Charette. The young officer and his novice were a nephew and niece of the Baronne de Montmorency, who had insisted on condemning the poor girl to a cloister, and who finally disinherited her for marrying her cousin, because he was only a younger son of the De Clisson family.

This just and charitable Baroness was a Jansenist,* an agitator, and an intimate friend of the famous Deacon Pâris, whom she assisted in all his pious undertakings, and with whom she was constantly employed in weaving coarse cloth and trimming

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* A sect of the Roman Catholics in France who followed the opinion of Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres in 1635, in relation to grace and predestination.
(Note of Translator)

wooden shoes with sheep's skin until her hands were as rough, red, and horny, as those of a mechanic.

Madame de Montivilliers had to examine into the ecclesiastical department, as well as to arrange the temporal affairs of this Convent; for it had been without an Abbess for many years, owing to the refusal of the Nuns to receive a certain Lady Hornet de Boisville in that capacity.

There were several reasons for this; the principal one of which was, that the family of this Hornet de Boisville had been too recently ennobled. The Court was not inclined to exert its power against resistance in a case of Conventual discipline, particularly in opposition to the high-born Nuns, whose privileges had been thus assailed; therefore they had recourse to the law. The case was accordingly tried before the Parliament of Rouen; and there the Crown lost its suit against the Benedictines.

My aunt had also to repress several abuses that had crept into the interior of the Con-

vent, besides being obliged to maintain the independence of her Monastic authority, and the feudal rights of her jurisdiction; of which duties she acquitted herself both diligently and conscientiously.

As Madame de Montivilliers would not undertake the fatigue and responsiblity of "*pensionnaires*" she admitted none but her relations into the Abbey; thus, my only companions were the two sisters of the Duc d'Harcourt, one of whom married Comte Cléry-Créquy, and the other became Visitandine, at Caen.

The eldest, Mademoiselle de Beuvron, was amiable and pretty; and I only hope her husband was not treating her as she deserved when he caused her to be imprisoned by a *lettre de cachet.*

The youngest, Mademoiselle de Châtellerault, was not nearly so excellent, nor so agreeable as her sister. When I heard, some time afterwards, that she had died in the odour of sanctity, I was surprised; and I had no inclination to ask for any relic of *her!*

Besides these young ladies, there was a brood of demoiselles d'Houdetot at the Abbey, who were always dressed in serge of the same kind and colour, and walked in a row, according to their height and age, like the pipes of an organ; but as they were proud creatures, although educated there on charity, and above all as they were stupid to a degree, they were rarely admitted into the little court of Madame, consequently I knew little of them.

Mademoiselle de Chatellerault used to call them "the works of La Mère Gigogne, in seven Volumes!" and the Abbess heard that they regularly spent three hours every day in counting each other's freckles!

My aunt was anxious that I should be well instructed in religion, and she made me study sacred and profane history with great care, and common theology also, thinking it might be useful at that time in guarding me against the new errors of Jansenism. Geography I learnt of course, and mythology, as well as French and foreign

genealogies, heraldry, Italian, and the best literature of the day. I wished to acquire Latin, as my aunt and all the dignitaries of her society understood it well, but notwithstanding my reputation of being clever, I must own I never got beyond a third-class scholar.

My great ambition was to know how to read old manuscripts; I was in the habit of spending two or three hours every day in a large room in the Abbey where ancient deeds were kept, and there I once decyphered two old Charters, by which means a law-suit was gained by Mesdames de Montivilliers which had been pending between them and the Bishop of Coutances for upwards of 130 years. In short, I was always poring over huge old books, and when I could obtain nothing better, I read dictionaries and Church Anthems.

I remember, in the Chapel where the Abbesses were interred, there were two magnificent lamps, one of which was of the most beautiful gold workmanship in the

gothic style, enriched with precious stones set in gold also. This was kept constantly burning, whilst the other, in chased silver, was rarely lighted.

As I never could rest without knowing, or enquiring into the reason of everything, I discovered that the gothic lamp was established about the year 1200, and that having been *dotée* (or endowed) in corn, the expence of keeping it burning all the year round was thus defrayed; whilst the other, which had not been established until 1550, could only be lighted during four months out of the twelve on account of its having been *dotée en numeraire*, or by a payment of money.

Surely this fact might furnish material for an excellent chapter on political economy! I always forgot to speak to M. Turgot about it.

I was in the habit of frequently visiting this sepulchral Chapel to pray and muse amongst the tombs, monuments, and epitaphs of the pious, and noble predecessors of my aunt.

I often spent whole hours there, towards the close of the day, without feeling either afraid or uncomfortable, for it seemed to me whilst I stood amongst those silent Abbesses of Montivilliers, as though I were surrounded by a family circle; and here let me remark that I had never any fear of the dead, provided they were only women, and provided also, I had no cause to suspect them of any want of piety during their lives.

That Catholics should put faith in the visible apparition, or auricular communication of the dead, to whom God has given permission to make themselves manifest in order to obtain our prayers, is perfectly reasonable, inasmuch as we believe in purgatory, as also in the efficacy of indulgences springing from the supererogatory merits of saints, and the suffrages of the Universal Church; but for Protestants—who believe in predestination either to salvation, or to the pains of Hell, irrespectively of prayers and good works—for *them* to have belief in ghosts, would appear a delusion, an absurdity! not-

withstanding which, I have remarked, that they are much more possessed with ideas of visions, revelations, ghosts and apparitions, than we are. Since the prayers of their co-religionists are of no avail to the dead Protestants, why should living Protestants suppose that God would allow *their* dead to appear to those who never pray for them? God would not suspend the order of things which he himself has established, except in some particular instance of mercy for his elect, therefore the Huguenots who think they see visions, are more to blame than some Catholics who are over-credulous, that is to say, that they have dared to attribute to God acts of puerility, and unreasonableness of the most eccentric kind. God has created us in his own image. Verily we do the like by him in our hearts.

"You are a strange girl," said the Abbess to me one day, "how can you remain so late in our vaults without fear?"

"But, aunt, why should I be afraid of sainted spirits? What could the Abbesses

do to me unless indeed they gave me their blessing? If there were Knights, or Esquires, or Monks there, whom I had never seen or known, then I should really be dreadfully frightened; but I never believed the story the tall d'Houdetôt told me, of having received a violent blow from the crosier of......"

"Of whom pray?"

"Why......of Madame de Gonzague...... one day on approaching her Monument......"

"That is another of Mademoiselle d'Houdetôt's absurdities!" exclaimed my aunt, "as it happens, that statue has no crosier in its hand! Possibly it was a breviary instead, which it would have served Mlle. d'Houdetôt perfectly right to have had thrown at her head! but observe I beg, the irreverence and want of skill exhibited in her invention! observe also the utter falsehood!......in future remember I forbid you to listen to her stories or to hold any conversation with her!"

In an isolated spot in the Chapel there was a tomb of black marble, raised by three steps, on which was a beautiful recumbent

figure (attributed in the obituary of the convent to the famous sculptor Jean Gougeon) representing a young Abbess of Montivilliers, of the family of Montgomery. I saw by her epitaph that she had died at the age of nineteen—that she had been "*unhappy, and persecuted by those who knew the kindness of her heart, and whom she had overwhelmed with favours;*—PRAY FOR HER ENEMIES" was the petition expressed in the last line of the inscription.

Round the fourth finger of the right hand, which hung drooping over the edge of the monument, the sculptor had introduced, by means of an incision in the marble, the signet of an Abbess, which this young Nun had worn in her lifetime, and in which, according to the ritual, was set, a violet stone. Her pectoral cross was similarly ornamented and appeared as if falling from a violet ribbon, represented by an incrustation of thin plates of *feldspath*, exquisitely inlaid.

Her own golden crosier was held in the uplifted hands of a veiled figure, behind and above the head of the recumbent statue, over which all the winding acanthus leaves, carved roses, and gold settings, formed the most grand yet graceful kind of canopy imaginable.

The face, hands, arms, and the uncovered feet, were all of white marble, whilst the long veil, choir robes, and ample sleeves were in beautiful black marble ; I never saw draperies so broadly and yet so lightly executed.

I remember also that her head rested on a pillow of imperial (or violet coloured) porphyry, encircled by an ornamental binding, chased and gilt, to imitate an arabesque border, with gold tassels. Nothing, in fact, could be more perfect both in composition and execution than this beautiful monument of the time of the Valois.

For that statue, and the person whom it represented, I had a stronger predilection

than for any of her entombed sisters, and when there was no one to see me, I never left the chapel without kissing her hand.

With the performance of this act, however, I always mingled many scruples of conscience, for, when I did not consider myself in a " state of grace," (though at that period, Heaven be praised! my offences could have been but very venial faults!) I never ventured to press my lips on the beautiful marble hand, but confined myself to merely kissing the ring of Madame, as the lay-sisters and *clercs-minorés* would have done.

One evening, I fancied I felt it move beneath my lips—(the ring, not the hand thank goodness!) and thinking it was not sufficiently, secure I took hold of it by the setting of the amethyst to satisfy myself.

In an instant the ring was off, and resting in my hand!

I magine what my feelings were, when I then heard, on the same side of the chapel, the sound of approaching feet!

Fortunately it was only an old Nun who came slowly along to kneel and say a prayer at the tomb of another Abbess, Madame de Hautemer, (a high Norman family now extinct) who had died in the odour of sanctity; but to avoid an explanation which might have involved me in some trouble, I carried away the ring and have never restored it!

My aunt, to whom I confessed my sin and confided my reverence for the defunct, began by insisting on the restitution of the signet, telling me at the same time that it was a kind of theft, but I reasoned so well on the worship of relics—which, after all, are but fragments for distribution, bearing no more personal reference to saints in Paradise than any other piece of stone or metal—in short my logic was so convincing and so affecting, that Madame de Froulay ended by allowing me to keep the ring of Madame de Montgomery, on condition that it was replaced by one exactly similar, the expence of which (in order to act as uprightly as possible) was

to be defrayed from my own pocket money. Notwithstanding, this indulgent and excellent aunt had the kindness so to increase my little allowance that I neither felt the loss myself, nor did my poor people suffer by it.

When the new ring arrived from Rouen, where it had been blessed by the Archbishop at the request of Madame de Montivilliers (in order that it might be the medium of those indulgences in which the Church of Rome believes,) she took care that it should be affixed to the marble finger in her own presence, and *for ever*, as she believed, and we also.

The entrance grating of the chapel was then closed and without any unnecessary or imprudent explanation, my aunt desired me to go there no more, *for fear I should take cold!*

CHAPTER II.

The Dispersion of the Holy Vessels—The Authoress's Pious Horror of Commerce--The Norman Peasantry—Sorcery and Suicide—The Beggar—Mde. d'Houdetôt—A Discovery—Nocturnal Procession—Curiosity Punished—The Trial—An Unbroken Spirit—Mlle. des Houliéres—Mme. de Montespan—An Eccentric Character—His objections to Ladies' Maids—The Wild Beast of Gévaudan—A Tenth Muse.

In the treasury and sacristy of the Abbey there were numbers of holy vases, reliquaries *dyptiques* * and manuscripts of the middle ages—also a collection of wonderfully curious and valuable altar decorations.

On learning, with grief, that all these had been annihilated in the time of the Revolution, I was surprised to find that the country

* A Church Register.

people had taken the greatest care not to injure or destroy the least thing; after having secured them from the revolutionary authorities they had divided the treasures amongst themselves; they then made them up in packages and sent them to the Spanish and Portuguese Colonies, where the whole cargo sold remarkably well.

In no other province of France was such an arrangement ever thought of, and almost every where else they destroyed all they could find, so that neither proprietor nor plunderer reaped any profit.

The English did precisely the same at the period of their attempted religious reformation. With regard to images and different objects of our worship, they only destroyed those which they could not remove; the rest were conveyed to France, Spain, Italy, and other Catholic countries, where they opened Bazaars for the sale of Crucifixes and all sorts of Church ornaments! They had even the prudence to preserve and bring us

all the "*Dateries-bullaires*," and "*Authentiques*" of Rome relating to relics, and sold them to us in the diocese of Mans! (Chalices and monstrances * they were not allowed to expose for sale—nor the patena, and holy pyxes—so says my old Corroset.)

I never could endure in the Normans that spirit of calculation and love of gain which appears to influence their every action! The Normans, to the rest of the French, are exactly what the English are to the rest of Europe. They may say what they please of the advantages of traffic and the benefit of commerce, but in my opinion it comprises all that is most sordid and despicable.

Pillage and destruction from violence and blind ignorance I should prefer a hundred times over, to sacrilege and preservation from motives of trade and mercantile profit.

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* *Monstrance* (Ostensior) the vessel in which the Consecrated Wafer, or Host, is placed, while the congregration is blessed with it. *Pyx* (Ciboire) is the vessel in which the Wafer is kept *before* Consecration.—(*Translator's Note.*)

I always told that good M. Turgot that *Joseph sold by his Brethren* was the first instance of a commercial transaction, and a pattern for every one that succeeded it!

I have never yet forgotten the cunning, obstinate and subtle character of the peasants of Normandy; their very accent, so drawling and so sly, seems to tell of their quarrelsome, deceitful disposition.

They are governed by the strangest laws! If, for example, a peasant in the neighbourhood wishes to cheat you out of a hedge, he will come in the night with two witnesses (which are easily obtained in Normandy) and cut a tree from it on your side of the boundary. He will bury or carry it away, or by some means, conceal it, and then go to law with you, declaring, that the hedge is not yours but his! His witnesses will be ready to swear that he cut, or caused to be cut, wood from that hedge, at such and such a time; and if, either from negligence, or ignorance of the act, you have not taken him up for

theft before the expiration of a year, you may rest assured you will lose your cause, and the hedge will be proved his property!

With such laws, and in a rich and fertile country, how can it be expected that the peasants will become otherwise than thieves, or at all events cheats?

I remember, in one of my country walks with Mesdemoiselles d'Harcourt telling a little Norman girl, about six or seven years of age, to go and look for a handkerchief that I had forgotten, and left in her father's cottage. He was a cattle-feeder, and we had been there to drink milk.

"Mam'zelle," was the child's answer, "you will find it difficult to *prove* you left it there perhaps?"

"I have witnesses!" I exclaimed, triumphantly; but the little wretch was clever enough to insinuate that possibly the testimony of Mesdemoiselles d'Harcourt might not hold good in law, because they did not appear to be *filles majeures*, or of age!

Another time my aunt summoned before her an old shepherd whom every one accused of witchcraft, and in the present case, of having bewitched all the sheep belonging to a vassal of the Abbey.

"Unfortunate man," said my aunt, "is it possible that you can have so far forsaken God, the angels, and the saints, as to commit sorcery?"

"*Ma fine* Madame!" he replied, "I help myself on by it whenever I can!"

"Then," returned the Abbess, "I see that if you are not in reality a sorcerer, it is not for want of the will! I shall therefore condemn you, by virtue of my legal jurisdiction, to eight days imprisonment; if, after that, you continue in your wickedness I shall send you before the Parliament of Rouen, where they sentence all who are guilty of such mal-practices to be burnt—moreover, to be burnt alive—mark my words!"

"You shall not have the trouble," was

his answer, "I have lived my time," and the next morning we heard that he had strangled himself in his cell.

We were in consequence obliged to draw up a deposition, and for five days and nights did that dreadful corpse remain in the prison of the Abbey, to our infinite horror.

The case was not removed to the tribunal of Rouen, of course, but according to the sentence pronounced in the Abbatial Court, the body was placed on a sort of hurdle composed of leafless branches, side by side with that of a dead dog. It was then dragged by an ass, (the feet of the man being tied to the tail of the animal) to the gibbet belonging to the Abbey, under which, the executioners' people buried it with that of the dog.

Thus were suicides dealt with under the jurisdiction of Montivilliers, but as there existed about that time some slight feeling of hostility against the exercise of ecclesiastical authority, the cavillers and sceptics of

Cotentin, insisted that the witch of Montivilliers, ought not to have been dragged on a hurdle as a suicide—it was doing him an injury, and an injustice they said, for undoubtedly it was the Devil who had wrung his neck.

The vergers and porters, who lived outside the Convent walls, had given a poor beggar permission to sleep every night under an arch in the large high vault which led into the first court of the Abbey.

This miserable man had neither arms nor legs; a poor unknown woman, young, and almost pretty, came every morning, they said, with a kind of wheel-barrow to fetch him, and place him at the side of the high road where he begged of the passers-by. Bread, soup and cider, were given to him from the Abbey, but he rarely consumed them.

It happened that two murders had been committed on that very high road; the Ab-

bess's Court had used every exertion to discover the perpetrator but in vain—no trace could be found, and consternation spread far and wide; monitory letters were issued, processions took place, and public prayers were demanded at the Abbey.

There are no cowards equal to the Norman peasants when robbers are in question—nothing will ever induce them to expose themselves in the pursuit of them, or to incur their resentment.

"They are like a legion of devils! we dare not irritate them; our orchards are in the open air, and our families sleep out of doors;" was the burden of the peasant's song, in answer to every summons from the Seneschal of Montivilliers, and not one could be prevailed on to keep watch or to act as patrol during the night.

In the mean time my aunt received a letter from the *Procureur-général* of Normandy, warning her to be on her guard,

and telling her of the discovery of a plot directed against the treasure-chest in the sacristy of the Convent.

L'intendant of Rouen sent a brigade of mounted patrol for our protection, which proved very unfortunate for Mademoiselle d'Houdetôt, for she fell desperately in love with the brigadier, and was in consequence sent home to her relations, where she received, as we were afterwards told, some "*coups de crosse*" in reality.

One autumn evening, after ten o'clock had struck, this beggar without arms or legs, whom I have mentioned to you, was still absent from his archway, and it was conjectured that the woman who took charge of him had neglected to bring him back to his accustomed place.

The gate-keepers were good-natured enough to wait for him until half-past ten, upon which the *sœur-cellerière* sent for the keys in order to carry them as usual to the

Prioress, who always slept with them under her pillow,

Instead, however, of the keys of the Abbey which she expected, they brought her a piece of startling intelligence. A rich and able-bodied farmer had just been attacked on the high road; with his cudgel he had felled one of the assassins, whom the mounted patrol had now brought, with his accomplice, to the gates of the court.

They demanded that the cells of the prison should be opened for the admittance of the two culprits, and they also asked permission for the farmer to pass the remainder of the night in the interior of the first court, lest he should again fall into the hands of the robbers.

The Prioress declared that it was too late, so they then awoke the Abbess, who immediately ordered all the gates specified by the Brigadier, beyond the claustral limits, to be opened, but the old Benedictine argued

so obstinately upon the "*rules*" and "*statutes*" that my aunt was obliged to go and take possession of the keys herself, since the old lady was determined not to give them up.

As an Abbess of Montivilliers is not strictly confined to the precincts of the Nunnery, my aunt, who was the most perfectly charitable and courageous woman in the world, considered it her duty to proceed even as far as the first court, attended however by a suitable retinue.

She was preceded by a cross-bearer between two acolytes, each carrying a wax taper; twelve *assistantes* followed her with lowered veils and hands crossed upon their breasts; and all the lay-sisters of the convent in their large grey hoods were grouped around their respective superiors, bearing long, lighted torches in those beautiful gothic lanterns of painted glass which are used in night-processions round the cloisters,

and on which are stained the Arms of the Royal Abbeys.

In the first place Madame de Montivilliers caused the prison gates to be opened, which no one but herself would have dared to have done in defiance of the Prioress. She then admitted the farmer into the court and had cordials administered to him; the surgeon next examined the person who had been wounded, and discovered him to be a man in woman's clothes; after which we were told by the farmer that the other criminal was no less than the wretched beggar who had been nightly sheltered under the porch of the Abbey, and who was then before our eyes on a hand-barrow, waiting the time when he should be thrown into the dungeon he so well deserved.

His trunk was that of a giant deprived of all limbs except a stump, the remains of an arm; and his head seemed to me enormous. He was covered with wounds and cakes of

mud, with which his ragged hair and beard were also matted. The tatters that were on him were soaked in the same; and there, in the midst of Nuns, and holy torches gleaming through their ancient painted lanterns, glared the eyes of this murderer!—eyes of a greenish hue—more sinister, more villanous than could be imagined even in the most frightful nightmare.

When all the arrangements for general safety were completed with judgment, method, prudence, and presence of mind, Madame de Montivilliers raised her veil, and the whole assembly fell on their knees to receive her blessing.

As I had introduced myself by stealth that night amongst the Nuns in attendance on Madame, I was made to do penance for three days, that is I was banished from the *Abbatial* to a distant cell, where my only companion was a *sœur économe,* as deaf as a post, whose whole and continual conversation, was upon the different modes of pre-

serving eggs, and drying french-beans. Three times four-and-twenty hours did I remain without hearing any news of our robbers! and never was there a more ingenious penance devised for an impatient and inquisitive little girl than this! My aunt was exceedingly diverted at having invented it.

In the recess where the cripple was in the habit of sleeping, they discovered several blades of knives and daggers, as well as a rouleau of sixty *louis d'or* which he had hidden beneath bundles of sticks. Amongst his rags, a fillagree reliquary was found, belonging to Mademoiselle de Beuvron; an *Agnus-Dei;* two wafers, and a pair of gold scissars, with a great quantity of hair of every possible shade and colour, which gave rise to a suspicion that some person in the interior of the Convent must have been in league with him, for, since the arrival of my aunt, all the Nuns, Novices, and *pensionaires* had had their hair cut according to certain regulations; this was afterwards sold

by the lay-sisters at the fair at Guibray for the benefit of the Brotherhood of St. Rosaire: at all events we unanimously agreed that he had procured it in order, by some means or other, to bewitch us!

The two wafers were immediately burnt for fear they should have been consecrated, thus securing them from all risk of profanation.

The facts elicited by the trial were these; that at ten o'clock on the evening of the fourth of November 1712, this beggar placed under a tree by the side of the high road, had, in piteous and imploring accents, begged of the farmer who was returning from the Fair at Caen; that the cripple had moreover particularly requested the farmer to come close to him in order that the piece or pieces of money which he might bestow should fall into the hat at his feet. It was discovered afterwards, (for it was scarcely visible), that this beggar handled a long pole, by means of what remained of his arm,

and held it close to his body. At the top of the pole was a heavy weight composed of planks of wood, hidden in the branches of the tree, and this he had brought down with great violence on the head of the farmer. At that moment the young man in woman's clothes appeared, and began by stabbing the farmer's horse in two places; these blows however were so well returned that the man died before they reached the Abbey; the farmer then galloped on to Montivilliers to summon the patrol, who placed the two assassins on the same truck, and brought us their precious prize in the middle of the night! as the Church published monitory letters, the peasants deposed that they had known of several horrible acts committed by those two wretches, one of whom, it appeared, was father to him who was disguised as a woman.

The trial was removed to a higher court, by which many cases of theft and murder were discovered, and it ended by the cul-

prit being condemned to be broken on the wheel!

It was observed that this man had the accent and expressions peculiar to Lorraine, but as they could neither ascertain his name nor his birthplace, he was executed on the scene of his last crime.

Whilst undergoing his sentence at Montivilliers, he bit off the two first joints of the executioner's finger, grinding them between his teeth like a wild beast, and then swallowing them.

We were told that he was so powerfully made that the executioner had the greatest difficulty in breaking his breast-bone, and that to the last moment of his life, the miserable sufferer abused the man whom he had bitten, reproaching him at the same time for his inexperience and want of skill, declaring *that it was not the first time he had been broken alive on the wheel!*

All this time every inmate of the Abbey was at prayers, imploring God's mercy on

his soul; and this was the last we heard on the subject of the two criminals.

From these sad scenes of crime and punishment, our minds were agreeably diverted by the arrival of Mademoiselle des Houlières, my aunt having offered her a home in the Abbey, and prepared a commodious apartment for her there.

She came to us, I remember, at a moment when she was full of boundless admiration and tenderness for Madame de Montespan, having seen her expire a short time previously in a state of the most edifying repentance and devotion.

I was utterly unconscious for my part, that Mme. de Montespan, our relative, had any particular sin to repent of; and when it appeared from the conversations of Mlle. Houlières with my aunt, that our cousin was mother to one of the King's sons, M. le Duc de Maine, it was beyond my comprehension; I saw clearly that I was to ask no questions, for they touched on the subject as though

they were treading on hot coals—thus, my vexation at being unable to solve the mystery, was very great.

Mlle. des Houlières arrived, at Montivilliers, from your province, where she had been spending some time with the unhappy Châtelaine de Canaples (wife of Adrian Hugues de Créquy, Sire de Canaples, &c.), and as she had witnessed all the eccentricities of your poor uncle, she could hardly refrain from talking of them before us. (How little we then thought that I should marry a De Créquy!)

Only imagine; at the Chateau de Canaples, regular hours for meals were prohibited; you might take breakfast, luncheon or refreshment whenever you pleased, (provided you did not call it dinner or supper,) in a sort of refectory where the side-board was laid out, sometimes well, sometimes ill, with otter pasties made at Wrolland, and Bear hams from the possessions of M. de Canaples in Canada.

He could not endure *jack-spits*—he called

them the invention of tradesmen and financiers, therefore all the meat in his house was roasted after the fashion of the thirteenth Century, *i.e.* by means of a revolving wheel with open spokes, in which was imprisoned a large dog, who struggled in it like a fury, and always ended by going mad.

You have no idea of the consumption of dogs that took place in that kitchen.

The poor Countess had no one to wait on her but laquais or *heiduques*, (Hungarian foot soldiers), consequently she was obliged to dress and undress herself.

Her husband had dismissed all the women servants, because he declared that it was ladies' maids who gave the dogs fleas! In short there was no end to the account Mlle. des Houlières gave of the whims of this man.

It was during her stay at Canaples, that the wild beast of Gévaudan, which had been tracked in blood on its road to Marvejols, and vainly pursued for four months, took up its quarters in the old Cemetery of Freschin,

where it made the most disgusting havoc. M. de Buffon, some time afterwards, came to the conclusion that it was an African Hyæna, escaped from a travelling menagerie, which was at Montpellier about that period, but from the description of Mlle. des Houlières, who had seen it, I am convinced it must have been a lynx.

This horrible animal at last devoured the two children of your uncle's huntsman, upon which, the former determined to watch for it in the Cemetery of Freschin, where the creature took refuge every night, gaining entrance by springing over the walls.

It is well known that it was this very Count de Canaples, who killed it with a *spit!*

He was anxious that Mlle. des Houlières, who was the tenth Muse of her day, should compose him a pastorale on the subject,— "and I also wish," said he "that it should be to the air of

> "Mon aimable boscagère
> Que fais-tu dans ces vallons?"

Whereupon Mlle. des Houlières set herself to write the following famous song, consisting of two verses of eight syllables! "When you have repeated them over, and over again to the end of each stanza," said she merrily, "you will be just as well pleased, and just as far advanced as though the lines were properly finished—now listen, *mes révérendes mères!*"

> " Elle a tant mangé de monde
> " La bête du Gévaudan !
> " Elle a tant mangé de monde
> " La bête du Gévaudan !
> " Elle a tant mangé de monde !......"

And then she recommenced, I know not how many times, always to the same air of *l'aimable boscagère,* and until she chose to end the song. (You will perhaps remember in reading this, that Mlle. Dupont your nurse always sang this lament to you as a lullaby, and sang it also in exactly the same manner.)

Know then, my child, that this popular song was sister to the *Nymphs of Thrace,*

and the composition of a Daughter of Memory!

Mlle. des Houlières was good-humoured, and candid enough to declare that these two absurd lines had gained more public approbation and success, than any of her most witty, clever, or elaborate poetry.

CHAPTER III.

Practical jokes---Fatal results---Princesse de Conty—Affectionate Greeting—A Scene—Royal Privileges—Pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount—Disgraceful Cowardice of the English—State Prison—The English no Claims to Norman Names---Infamous Conduct of a Duke of Somerset.

An event took place about this period, not far from Montivilliers, the recital of which may perhaps be of service to you, if only to warn you against certain amusements sometimes practised in the country amongst people of bad taste—I mean those kind of pastimes which consist in playing tricks and indulging in practical jokes.

Monsieur Martainville, a young lawyer of

the Judicial Court of Normandy, (newly married) had assembled a party of about twenty people to spend the vacation at his château, and amongst the number were several officers from the neighbouring garrison.

They bored holes in the walls and ceilings, through which they passed packthread, and fastened it to the curtains and counterpanes; they dug holes in the ground beneath the grass, in order that the cavaliers, and their steeds should fall in headlong—(which must have been a very pleasant joke for the cavaliers themselves!) They put salt in your coffee, spice in your snuff, coloquintida juice on the edge of the drinking cups, Burgundy pitch in your shirts, and chopped horse-hair in your sheets;—I leave you to guess if there were not frogs and crawfish in every bed in the castle!

These jokes are essentially provincial, and I am told they are the first ideas that enter the heads of country wits! It is impossible to visit newly married people, without finding oneself welcomed and assailed by all

sorts of rude tricks and impertinent vulgarities.

Le Martainville, and his bride were expecting at this time, a visit from the widow of *l'intendant* of Alençon, Mme. Herault de Séchelles, who was travelling by easy stages to Barèges for the benefit of the waters, and whom they had invited to rest a few days at Martainville.

You must know that she was just recovering from an inflammation on the chest; that she had an income of sixty thousand *livres*, and that the Martainvilles were her principal heirs. She was also a very particular old lady, sensitive and nervous to a degree; one of those genuine *Intendantes*, in fact, who are worshipped by the society of a small town, and who never take the trouble even to pick up their cards at *réversis*; whence it was, that the Cardinal de Fleury used always to say to the young King, when he played, and made the same omission from thoughtlessness; "*Madame l'intendante*, it is your turn to take up the cards."

"Let us beg of you" exclaimed the Martainvilles to all their flight of wild birds, "to play no practical jokes during the stay of our Aunt De Sèchelles! pray be very grave and quiet, Messieurs, Mesdames, and do not forget that we are her next heirs."

They had turned out, I know not what *présidente*, to prepare the best room in the house for the illustrious invalid.

In the apartment intended for her use they placed all their most luxurious furniture, all their choicest ornaments, and the most beautiful Dresden china that they possessed.

They also took care to have a fine pullet, *au gros sel*, stewed pigeons, *à l'orge mondé*, and quails, *aux laitues*, kept constantly hot and ready-dressed, in a *bain-marie*;—besides fresh eggs in cold water, and Alicant wine in hot water—in short, for upwards of a week the kitchen and whole establishment of the Martainvilles were under arms: and still *Madame l'intendante* did not arrive.

The family began to grow uneasy, and the guests impatient.

I must tell you, that the master of the château had never seen this aunt of his wife; and that since the age of five or six, the latter had never seen her old relative, and this fact appeared to them a capital opportunity for playing off a hoax.

Amongst the facetious circle, was a little M. de Clermont d'Amboise (who, by the way, would have been very happy, in after times to have married me) but the gratitude I owe him must not prevent my remarking to you, that he was an odious little, yellow, mean-looking man.

It was arranged that he should be disguised as an old lady; another officer was to be dressed as a lady's maid, and every precaution was taken to conceal their preparations.

The scheme, however, which ought only to have been known to two or three people, was betrayed by a lady's maid to a young

puppy of the party; the consequence was, *ruse* against *ruse* was devised, and it was determined that the impostors should be themselves imposed upon; in the mean time, whilst the second party were lying in wait to receive and torment the first after the most approved fashion, the real intendante arrived! whereupon, they rushed down upon her like an avalanche, tore off her flounced dress, her high collar, her cap, her wig, and in short, illtreated her so cruelly that it is shocking to think of!

The unfortunate creature was so terrified that she could neither scream nor utter a syllable, but the few words she heard revealed treachery without end!

"*Vilaine autruche! ennuyeuse intendante! vielle tante à succession!* are you going to drink the waters to keep your heirs longer in suspense? you shall have mineral waters here! and shower-baths into the bargain!"

And forthwith pails of water were thrown over her in the midst of the most fearful tumult: after about a quarter of an hour of

similar ill-usage (she, having fallen under the attack, lay extended on the floor of the hall) they observed that she gave no signs of life—lights were then brought, and instead of recognising little De Clermont, they discovered that the poor woman was nearly dead!......

Every one now fled from the château except her relations, who were in the greatest despair, for she could not look on them without exhibiting signs of the utmost terror and dislike.

She died the third day, and as she had made no will, her fortune of course descended to the Martainvilles—this compromised them in the eyes of the public and their fellow-lawyers to such a degree, that a legal inquiry into the shameful joke took place, and M. de Martainville found himself obliged in the end, to retire from his profession.

As he was a man of the highest honour, and his wife a model of delicacy and good feeling, they both positively refused to touch any of the property of Mme. de Sêchelles,

but left it to the disposal of the collateral branches of their family.

They sold, sometime afterwards, their beautiful manor of Martainville, and even changed their name, taking that of their barony, of De Francheville, which the family bear to this day.

Madame de Maintenon has said that *good taste* always means *good sense*, and that is the moral of my story.

About this period my aunt received a visit which, although it might be considered as an honour, was one with which she would willingly have dispensed, because of the irritable temper and habitual incivility of the Princess de Conty.

Her Serene Highness had been ordered sea baths, in consequence of having been bitten by one of her cats, which was suspected of hydrophobia.

On her return to Versailles, she came to spend the feast of Pentecost at Montivilliers; and I remember when she kissed me on the forehead, that she said "*Bon jour cousine*"

with the same manner and tone of voice in which any one else would have exclaimed "The devil take you."

I recollect also the scene she made during high mass, when the officiating priest presented the chalice-cover for her to kiss— "*Allons donc!*" she cried, rudely pushing away the sacred cup which the priest held in his hand, "*allons donc! comme vous? comme vous?*" she repeated sharply, at which words our poor chaplain stood perfectly aghast.

The Abbess, who was seated in great state in her stall, was also visibly distressed, and as the scene took place at the rails of the altar, which separated the chancel of the choir from the nuns, (by which means the princess was on our side of the grating, and the priest on the other) my aunt made me a sign to approach and kneel at her feet, and, after a hurried explanation, I was sent to tell the priest in Latin, through the grating, what my aunt had said to me, which was, that princes and princesses of the blood royal of St. Louis were privileged to kiss the

chalice-cover in the *inside*, like the priests, and not on the outside like the faithful in general.

Our poor almoner was so stupified by this extraordinary interruption in the middle of the holy service of the mass, that he could not understand what I said, so I was obliged to repeat it in French. He then presented the inside of the chalice, and when it had been hastily kissed by the old princess she turned towards me and said aloud—

"*Merci, ma petite chatte!*"

If you can find any moral in *this* story, so much the better!

I had better take this opportunity of telling you of another privilege belonging to their most Christian Majesties when they receive the holy sacrament.

The officiating priest presents, on a large patena, as many consecrated wafers as there have been Kings of France since Clovis, and the King selects, and points out one particular wafer by touching it with the tip of his finger.

Another custom from time immemorial is, to burn fire only in the censer with which homage is done to a King of France—but to the queen, or any other member of the royal family, perfume is put in.

It appears that the former of these two customs dates from the time of Louis le Débonnaire, whom it was supposed was to have been poisoned by a holy wafer; as for the latter, it is generally attributed to the aversion Phillippe le Bel had to the smell and smoke of incense, which always made him faint.

But you must now hear the account of our pilgrimage to St. Michael's Mount.

The Abbess of Montivilliers, by virtue of her office, had an obligation to fulfil in execution of a vow made by one of her predecessors, Agnes of Normandy, aunt of William the Conqueror, and this consisted in *once* visiting the Church of St. Michael's Mount *in periculo maris*.

This Abbey of St. Michael was of the same order, and congregation as that of Mon-

tivilliers. The two monasteries had each been richly endowed by the ancestors of this Princess Agnes, particularly by William Longue-Epée, Duke of Normandy.

The Abbot of St. Michael, and the Abbess of Montivilliers were perpetual *proto-custodes* of the order of St. Michael, and to this day they possess the same collars which their predecessors received from Louis XI; the Abbot, moreover, is *conseiller-né* to the Abbey of Montivilliers, the latter having the arms of that brotherhood quartered with her own, in token of alliance, a circumstance which gave rise to a constant series of innocent jests, whilst at the same time, it made a sort of fraternal union between the two Abbeys, each being termed by the other "*insigne et vénérable sœur.*"

An old coach was patched up for our journey in which the defunct Abbess Madame de Gonzague, had made the same pilgrimage, which, in her case, lasted an immense time, for she took advantage of the opportunity of going on to Paris to see her aunt the Pala-

tine,* and to visit another aunt, the Queen Dowager of Poland,† who lived at Cracow.

She had imagined that her journey to Poland would have been but an affair of twelve or fifteen days, but as she would only sleep in Benedictine Convents, and journeyed from one to another starting from her own old Nunnery of Notre Dame de Montmartre, she was four months going, and four months returning! The best of it was, that nothing would induce her to remain more than eight-and-forty hours with her aunt when she got there, because she said she had business of importance at Montivilliers.

All these Princesses of the House of Nevers were strange beings.

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* Anne de Gonzague de Mantone de Montferrat de Clèves et de Nevers, wife of Edward de Bavière, Prince Palatin of the Rhine, died in 1684. She was celebrated for her wit, and her intrigues in the time of la Fronde.

† Louise-Marie de Gonzague, daughter of Charles de Gonzague, Duc de Nevers, and afterwards Duc de Mantone. She married in 1645 Ladislas Jagellon King of Poland, and secondly in 1649 King Jean-Casimir Jagellon, Brother of her first husband.

She afterwards told her Nuns at Montivilliers, that whilst partaking of the hospitality of a Convent in the Austrian States, she met there two merry Princess-Abbesses, who took her to the theatre, an act not prohibited in that Country. It so happened that two Norman Nuns who attended her as acolytes, and who had never seen anything more imposing than the High Altar on the occasion of the *Fête Dieu* were so utterly overcome by their feelings on witnessing the glory of the opera that on entering the Box, they immediately fell on their knees.

One of these good old ladies was still living during my residence at Montivilliers. I recollect that she was of the House of Mathan, one of the most ancient, and noble families of the Duchy of Normandy.

Of all that she had seen in her travels, that which had made the strongest impression on her was the fact of her having observed on the sign of an Inn, a coat of arms very similar to her own; in time she became resigned to this indignity, but it was not

without much difficulty that she was enabled to lay at the foot of the cross, so great a mortification.

On arriving at the lands of the Barony of Genest, which belong to the Monks of St. Michael, we found an envoy sent from these reverend Fathers to wait upon their "*insigne et vénérable sœur*," of Montivilliers, to whom he did not fail to point out certain forms, which he considered indispensable to the regularity of her pilgrimage.

From this point the Lady Abbess, and her two *assistantes* were to preserve a rigid silence (anything but agreeable to me), and as soon as we reached the shore beyond a little town called Pontorson, and at that part of the coast nearest St. Michael's Mount, my aunt alighted from her great coach in order to finish the remainder of the journey on foot.

We walked I think for nearly an hour over a firm and sandy beach, covered with shells, having on the right, the green and woody coast of Normandy,—on the left the sea of

Brittany, serene and blue as the sky ; and before us, an immense pyramidal rock, the base of which is surrounded by high embattled walls, with turrets abutting therefrom.

The flanks of the wall were studded with little gothic edifices intermingled with pines, fig-trees, ivy and oaks—the summit is crowned by a mass of buildings, strongly built, and the whole surmounted by an imposing looking basilisk with its bell and pointed belfry.

The pinnacle is so richly wrought, yet so light withal, that it is matchless, and on the apex stands the great gilt figure of the Archangel Michael, which turns on a pivot according to the direction of the wind.

They told us that the evolutions of this figure, whose flaming sword seems to defy the lightning and scatter the thunderbolts, were something extraordinary during the storms of this tempestuous climate. They next showed us a M.S. of a prophecy of the Abbot Richard de Toustain who predicted

the ruin of his Abbey when this same statue should be overthrown.*

I left the good sisters to their litanies whilst I picked up shells, and little stones radiant with a thousand bright colours; I learnt, long after that, that these were fragments of porphyry, jaspar, Ægyptian serpentine, agate, and other oriental materials which had been deposited on these shores of Armorica by the violence of the waves.

At the foot of the ramparts we were shown two great cannons embedded in the sand, formed of bars of iron bound round by iron hoops; these, it was said, had been disgracefully abandoned by the English in their last attempt upon St. Michael's Mount.

It is to be observed, to the honor of the order of St. Benoit, that these enemies of France have always failed in the same undertaking, which is easily explained by the

* This statue, which dated from the 12th Century and which had been erected by the Abbé Rainulfe, de Villedieu, was dashed to atoms by lightning in the year 1788.

courage and fidelity of the besieged when the strand is dry, for at high water it is absolutely impossible to approach the Mount.

Not far from the convent where we lodged, was the state prison, which contained only two prisoners, one of whom was the Chevalier d' O., who was there on suspicion of having killed his niece by stabbing her with a sword. (He was said to be half mad, but the Prior charitably remarked that, "that was unfair towards the *other half!*)"

I think I recollect that the other captive was a Canon of Bayeux, who could not keep his hands from coining; it was a sort of mania—a ruling passion with him. I remember too, quite well, the place where the Dutch *gazetier* was confined, but I never could understand how Mlle. de Sillery * could have the face to publish, forty years afterwards, that it was an iron cage, and that

* The Comtesse de Genlis, then Mademoiselle de Sillery.

it had been destroyed by his pupil, the Duc de Chartres.†

It was a large room, of which the floor above was supported by rafters, and I do not see how the Duc de Chartres could destroy the room without bringing that floor about his ears. It was quite right and proper to sound the praises of a French prince, but at the same time truth only should be spoken..

Mlle de Sillery had no scruples on this score, because she had to do with readers who had nothing to say in reply, from the fact of people knowing no more of the Abbey of St. Michael than they did of the Church of Bron-les-Bourg at Bresse, or the royal château of Chambord, which are

† Louis Philippe D'Orleans, eleventh of the name Duc D'Orleans, de Valois, de Chartres and de Mont pensier, premier prince of the blood royal and Peer of France. He was then Duc de Chartres—now Lieutenant General of the Kingdom under the title of King of the French. 28th September 1833. *(Note of the French Editor.)*

nevertheless three of the greatest curiosities in the kingdom ; St. Michael's Mount defies description.

Twenty years afterwards I revisited it with M. de Créquy your grandfather, when he was Inspector General of the coasts of Brittany and Normandy.

The Abbey Church is a fine edifice of the 12th century. The High Altar, which is raised above the shrine of St. Paternus, Bishop of Avranches, is entirely covered with massive silver, as well as the tabernacle and steps, which support a fine enamelled figure of the Destroying Angel.

Benvenuto Cellini never produced anything more brilliant, or more poetically fantastic and delicately chiselled than the body of the dragon, which is uncoiled and struggling beneath the feet of the archangel.

At the spring of the roof about the choir, you see emblazoned coats of arms, with the names of those Norman gentlemen who

fought with William the Conqueror in the years 1066 and 1067.

It is easy to prove, that of these ancient families, none now exist in England. They made mysterious mention to us there, of a singular piece of corruption attempted by a Duke of Somerset, with the design of adding to those names, that of *Seymour* or *St. Maur*, which he asserted had been the primitive patronymic of his family, and which he wished to see figure amongst the companions of William the Conqueror in order to make good his pretensions.

Such a proposal as this was received as it deserved to be, and you may imagine that the expences incurred by the Seymours in this embassy to St. Michael's Mount were not inconsiderable.

None but the grandson of an upstart-pedant, such as the preceptor of Edward the Sixth, could imagine that a *false inscription* could be bought for money, from a Catholic clergy, from French gentlemen, in a church and within the sanctuary of a Royal Abbey!

CHAPTER IV.

A lucky misfortune — Death of the Authoress's Brother—Court mourning—Journey to Paris—The Comte de Froulay—Hôtel de Breteuil—Its inmates—Their peculiarities—The lovely Emilie—Voltaire—Nebuchadnezzar and Prince Cherry—The Commandeur—Lady Laura de Breteuil—A rarity, a British Peeress with good manners!—Aversion of the Authoress to the Prince of Orange—Another De Breteuil.

MISFORTUNES are not unfrequently productive of happiness in the end, for in consequence of the loss of my brother, I married M. de Créquy, with whom I passed thirty years of cloudless and unequalled bliss. Had I not become a great heiress, this mar-

riage would certainly never have taken place, for all your paternal estates were encumbered with mortgages; your grandfather would have been obliged to have formed some mere mercenary match, a circumstance unprecedented in your family, and the idea of which might probably have determined him not to marry at all.

To return to my brother, he died of small-pox whilst with the army of the Maréchal de Villars, where he commanded my father's old regiment, the *Royal Comtois.* His death occurred I think, at the commencement of the year 1713, and my Aunt de Montivilliers, out of consideration for my youth and knowing the love I bore my brother, prepared me gradually for the sad news.

She continued this caution for four or five months, and the effect to me was as though I were witnessing his slow decline in some protracted illness; I wore deep mourning all the time without guessing at the real state of the case, because at the

same period we were wearing parent's mourning for the Maréchale de Tessé, her husband being the head of our house.

All people of rank assume parent's mourning on the death of the head of their family, although they might have been but 20th cousins; it was a kind of deference which bore high testimony to the dignity of descent, and a display of Salic law which *parvenus* dared not ape. That is the reason I have always regretted and disapproved of this custom not being as general and as rigorously observed as it used to be.

It is pretty well known that it was the Duchesse de Berry, daughter of the Regent, who shortened the duration of all possible mournings to one half, but I can assure you that with the exception of the Courtiers of the Palais Royal, and the intimates of the Luxembourg, where this unworthy princess resided, no one would adopt so impertinent an innovation; it is also to be remarked, that since her introduction amongst the *Colombats*, neither the nobility of Artois

of Britany, of Burgundy, Languedoc, nor Dauphiny, have ever chosen to conform to this whim of the Duchesse de Berry.

Towards the end of November 1713, my aunt told me with an air of mystery which set me thinking, that I was going to pass the winter at Paris, but that I should return to the Abbey as soon as I had made the acquaintance of my grand-mother de Froulay.

I cried a great deal at the separation—that was the least of the evils—and I set off with my maid in a *chaise de poste*, driven by two postillions which my father had dispatched from Paris to bring me. We arrived after six days travelling, and I alighted at the Hôtel de Froulay, Rue St. Dominique, where I beheld my father for the first time, but he received me as though we had only parted the day before.

His personal appearance was most prepossessing, and his manners easy and elegant; he told me that he should take me to live with my aunt, the Baronne de

Breteuil, because the Marquise de Froulay my grand-mother, passed the greater part of her time on the road between Paris and Versailles; he added that she would be good enough to present me in certain houses, and concluded by enjoining me to be most careful how I behaved before the De Breteuils, as the family were exceedingly particular on all points relating to etiquette.

My father ordered me a *panade aux confitures*, and we then started for the Hôtel de Breteuil, which faced, and still faces, the garden of the Tuileries, a situation which struck me as so enchanting that I burst out into exclamations of pleasure, eliciting thereby the remark, that I was "as natural as it was possible to be!"

This pretty house contains only, as you know, from seven to eight rooms on each floor, but they are all decorated and gilt with wondrous richness; and the apartments allotted to the different members of the Breteuil family in the following manner:

The Marquise de Breteuil-Sainte-Croix

occupied the ground floor, of which she reserved two or three rooms for her mother, the Maréchale de Thomond, who was lady in waiting to the Queen of England, and eldest sister of the Maréchale de Berwyck.* The mother and daughter had magnificent apartments in the new château of St. Germains; and those which they had at the Hôtel de Breteuil were considered only as a sort of roost for them in Paris.

My Aunt, the Baronne de Breteuil-Preuilly, inhabited the first story of the Hotel with her husband, whose library engrossed three rooms; the second was occupied only by the

* Wife of James Fitz-James, Duke of *Berwick* who was a natural son of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, by Arabella Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, born 1670. He became a French subject by naturalization. He had commanded the armies of three of the most powerful Monarchs of Europe, viz., the Kings of France, Spain, and England; and was invested with the first dignities of those kingdoms. He was killed at the siege of Phillipsbourg, in 1734. The Marshall had married, first, a daughter of the house of Clanricarde, of the house of Burke, in Ireland; and, secondly, a lady of the name of Bulkeley, by whom he had the first Marshal Fitz-James.—*Vide Biographie Universelle.* (*Translator's Note.*)

Countess dowager de Breteuil-Charmeuax, my other aunt, who was eldest sister of the Baronne, and a de Froulay by birth, as well as her sister and myself. She would never share her fine rooms with any one, and thought the De Breteuils did not do half enough for her.

The third floor was tenanted by the Commandeur de Breteuil-Chantecler, and he received the Bishop of Rennes (Messire Auguste de Breteuil-Conty) whenever that worthy prelate fancied he had business in Paris, which was pretty often.

Last of all, the five children of my aunt occupied the fourth story; and my cousin, Emilie, who became afterwards, Marquise du Châtelet, was obliged to give up her room facing the Tuileries, to me. They banished her, in consequence, to three little rooms, opening upon the *cul-de-sac Dauphin,* for which (be it said, *en passant*) she never forgave me.

You perceive that I was now transplanted into the midst of the de Breteuil family;

and whenever the advice of my father occurred to my mind, I felt as if I were in a bed of thorns: however, I so carefully observed every point of etiquette, that, in time, habit became a second nature to me, and I insensibly acquired the good custom of never making remarks about people of inferior rank, without first looking round as one would do in the presence of red-heads and hunchbacks.

M. de Breteuil was an old *robin* who spoke of nothing but his father, the Controller-general, to whom one had always to say "*Monseigneur*" this, and "*Monseigneur*" that, in fact, he never opened his mouth but a "*Monseigneur*" was sure to drop out of it.

The elder of my aunts, Marie Therèse de Froulay, was an arrogant old dowager, proud, exacting, and self-sufficient, to a degree. Although she affected sovereign contempt for the pomp which surrounded us at the Hotel de Breteuil, it did not prevent her from never stirring except in a coach-and-six, with a yeoman-pricker and four lacqueys in

state liveries. The Baron used to say, that the equipage of his sister-in-law was like a pageant on a fête day; nevertheless, to the 36000 frs., which he had to pay her for dowry and jointure, he regularly added 24,000 as a present from himself.

She had seven lady's maids, of whom one or two sat up with her all night, to protect her from ghosts and apparitions; of all the cowards I ever knew she was certainly the greatest. Nothing would induce her to remain alone in her sister's dressing room, because there was a tiger's skin on the floor, of which she stood in mortal terror.

All the said Countess de Breteuil ate for breakfast and dinner was a *panade d'orgeat*, and she never supped at home, consequently she had more money than she knew what to do with; but this was no consolation to her whilst she could not pay her Court at Versailles, and so, in the forty-third year of her age she ended by marrying the old Marquis de la Vieuville, thereby gaining the *entrée*,

as he had once been gentleman of the chamber to the late Queen Marie Thérèse.

This, she told me, decided her at once, but I fancy the 100,000 *écus* a year of the old Marquis had also their weight in the scale. She was, without exception, the coldest-hearted, and the vainest woman I ever encountered, without a single idea in her whole head.

My cousin Emilie, (who was then called Mlle. de Preuilly, and not Mlle. de Breteuil, in order to distinguish her from her cousin-german, since become Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre) was my junior by three or four months, but she was at least five or six inches taller than myself. Her friend Voltaire published her birth in 1706, to make her out four years younger, but she was in reality born on the seventeenth of December 1702, a fact easily proved by referring to the vestry of St. Roch.

She was a Colossus in every respect—wonderfully strong, and prodigiously awkward. Her hands, and feet were of the most formidable dimensions, and her skin like a

nutmeg-grater; in short the lovely Emilie was coarseness personified, and because Voltaire had assurance enough to speak of her beauty, she thought it necessary to rave of algebra, and geometry.

The most unbearable part of her character was her pedantry, and she was always pluming herself on her superiority of intellect, whilst, on the contrary, her memory was most defective, and her mind one hodge-podge of confused ideas.

For instance, she asked us one night with the half innocent, half thoughtful air she generally assumed, "which we believed most? that Nebuchadnezzar was changed into a bull, or that Prince Cherry was metamorphosed into a bird?"

"Neither one nor the other," answered her mother.

"But I saw it in the bible."

"You never saw anything of the kind," said my aunt, who lost no opportunity of openly reproving her; "go and find the

bible where you made such interesting discoveries."

"The same hour was the thing fulfilled "upon Nebuchadnezzar, and he was driven "from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and "his body was wet with the dew of Heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagle's "feathers, and his nails like bird's claws."

"Where do you read that he was changed into a beast of the field? He went mad without doubt, but there is no mention of his turning into a bull; such an idea is only worthy of a scullery-maid!"

That was the way the learned Emilie studied, and such was the use she made of her knowledge.

I can understand how Voltaire might have had a fancy for passing her off as a *savante*, but how M. Clairaut, who was a grave and austere man, could be equally complaisant, surpasses my comprehension.

We always thought she must have bribed him, and we never heard of the genius and

profound learning of Madame du Châtelet without bursting into fits of laughter, which used greatly to annoy Voltaire.

Of the Commandeur de Breteuil, and the Bishop of Rennes, grand master of the royal chapel, I shall have little to tell you, except that the latter was nothing but a mitred goose. It pleased the other to be always in a state of profound melancholy, but he was mild in his manners, and indulgent to his dependants, excepting only his pursebearer, whose duties he rigorously supervised.

He was a sort of enigma to his family, and friends, and whenever he left the Hotel de Breteuil on foot they ran to the windows to see him pass by, for every one regarded him with unaccountable curiosity, not unmixed with awe.

The Commandeur had a casket full of papers which, on the eighteenth of April 1714, he addressed to the King Louis the fourteenth; he accompanied the valet who had charge of them, to Versailles, but returned to Paris by himself, and on the twentieth of the

same month was found dead in his bed. The night before he had burnt a great number of letters, as well as a portrait of *Monsieur* the King's brother, the ashes of which were found in his fire place.

When Madame (Henrietta of England) died, rumours of all kinds were afloat; much was also said on the decease of the Commandeur de Breteuil, and of the circumstances which preceded it, but the probability is, he died a natural death.

I remember Mme. de Maintenon wrote a very pretty note on the melancholy occasion.

Lady Laura de Breteuil, otherwise called the Marquise de Sainte Croix, was a British peeress, perfectly polished in her manners, although of high birth; two things of rare occurrence in that country; but there was something constrained about her, and she seemed always ill at ease, and continually wishing to thrust upon us her pretensions to the royal tribe of the O'Bryens, and the Princes of Thomond, whose heiress she was.

Her father, who became a Marshal of France, and her mother, who was controller of the household to the English Court at St. Germains, were two red-hot Jacobites, and both remarkably bad-tempered emigrants.

Once in her life, the Maréchale de Thomond told me an amusing anecdote: At the moment she was about to embark in the suite of the unfortunate Queen of England, (Marie de Modena), she promised an old aunt whom she left in Ireland, a certain Lady Stuart, to write her all the news about her cousin, King James, and to detail the manner in which the Stuarts were received at Versailles.*

She however contented herself with merely sending her a leaf out of her prayer

* Louis the Fourteenth did not fail to receive his guests in a very splendid manner; the Palace of St. Germains, magnificently fitted up, was assigned to James and his Queen, with 50,000 crowns by way of outfit, and a further monthly allowance of 50,000 francs.—*Vide Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart.*

book: containing the beginning of the Psalm, "The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou on my right hand, until I make thine enemies my footstool."

Nothing could be more applicable than the beginning of this verse—would to God that its conclusion were realized as far as that abominable stadtholder William were concerned! Ever since I was an infant, I have held him in execration, and felt for him a patriotic hatred which will never be effaced.

I know not whether I have dreamt it, but my impression is, that the Marèchal de Thomond and his wife, who were then always called Lord and Lady O'Bryen de Clare,* had another daughter married to the Duc de Praslin.

Before I have done with the De Breteuils and their relations, I have yet to tell you

* Lord Clare raised and commanded a regiment of the Irish Brigade in the service of France. He fell mortally wounded at the Battle of Ramillies.—*(Translator's Note.)* *Vide, Military History of the Irish Nation, by the late Mathew O'Conor Esq.* —*Dublin*; 1845.

of another member of the family, the most sensible, the best informed, the most affectionate of them all. I never knew so loveable and interesting a woman, and therefore I have reserved her to the last, for a *bonne-bouche* as it were.

Gabrielle Anne de Froulay, Baronne de Breteuil and de Preuilly was renowned for her great beauty. She was one of those striking sort of persons that one sees but once, and that, with the impression that one shall never see their like again. Her complexion was perfectly extraordinary, so natural and so fresh ; her hair was coal black, her eyebrows dark, and her eyes the deepest grey, but soft in expression and full of intelligence.

She was naturally serious, and I do not think any one ever saw her smile except out of complaisance, or from tenderness when she beheld her children, who were the sweetest creatures possible, (always excepting the awkward Emilie).

My dear good aunt was very superstitious

on the score of *pressentimens*, and when her children were the object of them, any opposition to the steps which she might think it necessary, in consequence, to take, would excite her anger until, mild and submissive as she generally was, she would denounce her husband as the incarnation of all that was despotic.

"Do you think, sir, that the mother of your children has less natural instinct and foresight than the mother of your chickens? is it necessary for *you* to have spied the hawk before the hen is permitted to alarm herself about the safety of her brood?"

The earnestness of her manner if not the justice of the comparison, used to act like magic, and her husband would reply in the most resigned manner,

"Pray go, madame, go and establish yourself close to the college of La Flèche, since you have been warned in a dream that your son is about to be seized with convulsions."

For this once, however, my aunt had made a good guess, and eight days after-

wards we saw her return with her second son, whom she had snatched from college, and from the jaws of death, by making him swallow draughts of lettuce juice, the first time such a remedy was ever heard of for convulsions.

The little cousin of whom I am now speaking, was the father of the Baron de Breteuil, the present Home Minister. His only daughter married the Comte Goyon de Matignon, and the issue of their marriage was also an only daughter, married to the eldest son of the Duc de Montmorency.

Should we have the misfortune to lose you, Madame de Montmorency will become my heiress, a piece of good fortune to which I do not devoutly desire she should attain!*

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* The grandson and the son of the Author died before the Baron de Breteuil, the grandfather of Madame la Duchesse de Montmorency, who consequently, in the year 1833 inherited all the possessions of Madame de Créquy, in which year occurred also, the death of Madame de Matignon, her mother.—*(Note of French Editor.)*

CHAPTER V.

Useful Manual!—M. de Fontenelle—Amusing scene at La Fontaine's death—Marquis de Dangeau—Duke de St. Simon—Jean Baptiste Rousseau—Milord George Keith D'Athry, Marischal of Scotland—Confessions—The Dowager Marquise de Froulay—Maréchal de Tessé—St. Cyr—Louis the Fourteenth—Madame de Maintenon—The Chapel—*Messieurs les Anglais* no right to "God save the King!"

My aunt found me tolerably well-informed, but her experience taught her, that life in a Convent was scarcely the school for the world.

You will see that Madame de Breteuil was a most scientifically-polished person;

much to my surprise, for she only quitted the Convent of St. Madeleine-en-Dunois to marry a husband whose rank and profession did not admit of his breathing the courtly air of Versailles.

She began by making me read "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," a book published years ago at Poitiers, and full of fooleries.

For instance, it enjoined one to be careful not to spit in one's neighbour's pocket; that at dinner it is not correct to blow one's nose on the table napkin; neither ought the hair to be combed in church, but above all, one was to guard against making the sign of the cross behind the back, because it was an act of incivility to the Holy Sacrament! "You must know," said she, "that the dandies of the time of the late King Louis XIII, wore their hair long, and were in the habit of carrying combs in their pockets, a custom which old people have not yet abandoned, and as to using table-napkins as pocket-handkerchiefs, it is much to be

wished that certain provincial gentlemen, beginning with the Count and Chevalier de Montesquiou would take this advice into consideration, for he does not even spare the table cloth!"

In other respects her instructions were perfectly devoid of frivolity, and without any pretension to pedantry, consequently I listened to her with pleasure and confidence.

I have now survived this wise and excellent woman seventy-five years, and never have I had reason to alter my opinion of anything she taught me.

The domestic circle at the Hotel de Breteuil, comprised at the utmost twenty intimates, who had covers laid for them at the supper table every day according to the fashion of the times, and the hospitality of that rich and liberal house.

To give you a complete idea of the extent of the establishment, it is sufficient to mention that in Paris alone, my aunt and uncle had forty-four servants. Monsieur de Fonte-

nellé* used to sup there regularly every Thursday; he was then about forty-five years of age but no one would have taken him for more than six-and-thirty. He was a handsome man of five feet eight, with fine regular features; his address pleasing, and his manners gentle and agreeable. He had withal, a gay and open expression of countenance, and though he had contracted a habit of stooping, still was he most graceful in all his movements; in fact he was a person quite out of the common way.

Fontenelle was benevolence and charity itself; he gave away about a quarter of his income every year to the poor of the parish, and I cannot understand how he could ever have been accused of egotism and want of feeling.

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* Bernard le Borier, Ecuyer, Sieur de Fontenelle, perpetual Secretary of the Academie Royale des Sciences, died in Paris in 1757 aged one hundred all but three months. He was the nephew of Pierre Corneille, and distantly related to Mlle. Scudery.—(Note by the Author.)

I have heard him speak of that ridiculous story of the *asparagus dressed in oil,** but as having happened to some doctor of the Sorbonne, whilst Voltaire, forty or fifty years afterwards, was spiteful enough to republish it, making Fontenelle the hero.

"How can they accuse you of want of feeling my dear and good Fontenelle?" said my aunt one day.

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* Fontenelle, it seems, had a great liking for this vegetable, and preferred it dressed with oil. One day a certain *bon-vivant* Abbé with whom he was extremely intimate, came unexpectedly to dinner; the Abbé was very fond of asparagus also, but liked his dressed with butter. Fontenelle said that for such a friend there was no sacrifice of which he did not feel himself capable, and that he should have half the dish of asparagus which he had just ordered for himself, and that half, moreover, should be done with butter. While they were conversing away very lovingly and waiting for dinner, the poor Abbé falls suddenly down in a fit of apoplexy, upon which Fontenelle instantly springs up, scampers down to the kitchen with incredible agility, and bawls out to his cook with eagerness :—" The whole with oil! the whole with oil, as at first!"—*Review of Grimm's Correspondence. Edinburgh Review for September* 1814.

"Because," he replied with a smile, "I am not yet dead!"

He held strawberries in high estimation, and had great reliance on their sanatory qualities. He was attacked regularly every year of his life with fever, "but" he would exclaim "if I can only last till the strawberries come in!" This he was fortunate enough to do ninety-nine times, and he attributed his longevity entirely to the use of strawberries!

I could tell you a thousand amusing stories of Fontenelle, but they have been already related, and I shall always endeavour to write only of what you could not read elsewhere.

I will merely relate to you one more anecdote, often repeated by Voltaire, and also told by Fontenelle, (an authority which has a different kind of weight with me to Voltaire's); La Fontaine was very ill, and had just received the last sacraments; he asked his old friend, Madame Cornuel (of whom Madame de Sevigné speaks) if it

would not be quite the proper thing for him to be carried on a truck in his shirt and barefooted, with a rope round his neck, to the gate of Notre-Dame, where he would be supposed to be making an "*amende honorable*," for all he had written and said!

"Only," he continued, "you must find some one to hold up my taper, for I should never have strength to carry it, and I should much like to employ one of those smart lacqueys of our neighbour the Président de Nicolay."

"Hold your tongue and die quietly, my good man," was all the answer he got from old Cornuel; "you have always been a great goose."

"That is very true," replied La Fontaine, "and it is very lucky for me, as I hope that God will take pity on me on that account; mind you tell every one that I sinned from folly and not wickedness—that would sound much better; would it not?"

"I wish you would let me alone, and die in peace!" exclaimed the other.

The Chevalier de la Sablière told Fontenelle, that La Fontaine's confessor and all who were present, ended by laughing outright, and the last words of the *good man* were these: "*Je vois bien que je suis devenu plus bête que le bon Dieu n'est saint, et c'est beaucoup dire en verité!*"

The Marquis de Dangeau used to come and sleep sometimes at the Hotel de Breteuil, but he was always wrapt in such impenetrable folds of decorum, that I am really at a loss what to tell you about him, except that, to me, he was the most annoying person in the world, and I was always in alarm lest I should say or do something of which he would disapprove.

It was said at the time that he was writing his memoirs, and when at last they appeared, they did not strike me as being either more interesting or less insignificant than their author.

The old Duc de St. Simon, who used only to pay us visits, and never supped from home lest he should have to entertain in return,

was also *fabricating* memoirs. I say fabricating, because I have heard him protest in my presence, more than a hundred times, that none of the circumstances therein detailed, ever happened to him! You may therefore judge of the estimation in which I held his veracity. He was a miserable, sick creature, dried up with envy, devoured by vain ambition and always harping upon his ducal coronet. Jean Baptiste Rousseau used to compare his eyes to "two coals set in an omelette," and trifling as the simile seems, it is not the less true.

Jean Baptiste Rousseau, who had the face of a Silenus, and the figure of a rustic, came sometimes to *dine* at the Hotel de Breteuil, but not to *sup*, as that would not have been *de convenance.* We were enchanted with his odes, and my uncle allowed him a pension of 600 *livres,* which our cousins continued to him in Flanders after his exile and lawsuit, in which Saurin behaved most unworthily.

Milord Maréchal,* why should I not speak to you of Milord Maréchal? since every one who tells you of the affection with which he inspired me, will also be obliged to allow that we conducted ourselves with perfect propriety towards each other. Milord Maréchal—(I shall never be able to write that name without emotion!) was, when I

George, Ninth, Earl of Keith; he was attainted for the part he took in the Rebellion of 1715, and obliged to leave his native country; the Author of these Memoirs has not overdrawn his picture, all cotemporary writers agreeing that he was a most interesting character. Rousseau, in his "Confessions," (*Vol.* iii, *Livre* xii.) speaks of him in the most affectionate terms. Lord Mahon, in his "History of Europe," publishes a curious letter from Lord Keith to Prince James, reproaching the Pretender, apparently, with justice. He writes,—

"*My health and my heart are broke by age and* "*crosses. I resolve to retire from the world and* "*from all affairs.*"

He withdrew to the Court of Prussia, and was honoured with the friendship of the King, who conferred upon him the insignia of the Black Eagle, sent him Ambassador to France, and afterwards appointed him Governor of Neufchatel. He was descended from that Sir John Keith (third son of William Earl Marischal) who preserved the Regalia of Scotland from falling into the hands of Oliver

saw him at my uncle's, a handsome Scotchman, twenty-four years of age, intelligent, sensible and grave. He came from England on a mission from the English Jacobites to the refugees, and he had political audiences at the Hotel de Breteuil, where he used to meet his uncles the Dukes of Perth * and Melfort.

If you wish to have an idea of his personal appearance, you must look at that

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Cromwell by depositing it underground in the church of King-Kenneth, (commonly called Kineff) for which services, and his great loyalty to King Charles the Second, Sir John was, at the Restoration, created Knight Marischal. An ancestor of this family had, for his services, been created Heritable Great Marischal of Scotland by Malcolm the Second. In 1380, Sir Edward Keith, the Sixteenth Marischal, was created Lord Keith, and in 1455, William, the Fourth Lord was by James the Second, created Earl Marischal.—*(Translator's Note.)*

* The Duke of Perth was a son of the Lord John Drummond who played so conspicuous a part in the insurrection of 1715. He is described as being of a " very delicate constitution, but bold as a lion in the field." He made his escape after the Battle of Culloden, but died before he came in sight of the French coast. He was the Sixth Earl and the Third nominal Duke of his family.—*(Translator's Note.)*

charming portrait of the handsome Caylus, the favorite of Henry the third, which you inherited from the *Connétable de Lesdiguières*, and which is among our pictures in a gilt frame encrusted with amethysts. (Be it said in speaking of this picture, that Henry the third had forgotten it in his oratory at Chenonceaux, and it was Queen Louise de Vaudemont, who presented it to the Constable.)

The young Lord fell in love with your grandmother, then a young girl, and not devoid, (according to other people) of attractions. We began by looking at one another first with curiosity, then with interest, and at last with emotion. Next, we used to listen to the conversation of each other without being able to answer a word, and then neither could speak at all in the presence of the other owing to our voices at first trembling and then failing us altogether; so to make a long story short, he one day said to me, apropos to nothing, " If I dared

to fall in love with you, would you ever forgive me ?"

"I should be enchanted !" said I, and we relapsed into our usual formal silence, bestowing as many looks as we could upon one another and our eyes beaming with radiant happiness.

In this manner did we spend six weeks or two months, looking without speaking, each day bringing increased delight. My aunt permitted him to give me some lessons in Spanish, not English, for in fact, at that time no one thought of learning English, nor any other northern language. The people of the north learnt French, but the French learnt only Italian or Castillian.

Milord Georges spoke Spanish and Italian quite as well as French, that is to say, perfectly. He came once, and sat upon a bench behind mine, for a young lady in my day was never installed in a chair with a back, much less in an arm chair. As the lessons which he gave me never took place

except in the Hôtel de Breteuil, under the eye of my aunt, and in the presence of numerous spectators, there was no reason why my cousin Emilie should take offence; and yet this was always the case!

Milord Georges had translated into French for me (after the English fashion, in blank verse, that is to say, without rhyme, but not without reason) a charming stanza that his father had written for him, and which I often in my thoughts apply to you;—

"When first thy wak'ning eyes beheld the light
Thou wert in tears, whilst those around thee smiled,
So live, that when thy spirit takes its flight
Thine be the smiles and theirs the tears my child!"*

He related to me one evening with great glee, the adventures of some Dutch heiress,

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" Quand vos yeux en naissant, s'ouvraient à la lumière
" Chacun vous souriait, mon fils, et nous pleuriez
" Vivez si bien, qu'un jour á votre dernière heure
" Chacun verse des pleurs et qu'on vous voie sourire."

who had eloped with an English Orange man; her parents had put in the London papers, that if she would not return, at least to send back the key of the tea-caddy, which she had carried away with her!

This set me off laughing, upon which Mlle. de Preuilly fancied we were making game of her, when I am sure she was not even in our thoughts. Emilie uttered thereon some remarks and this decided the young lord to make a proposal of marriage for me, which was immediately submitted to my father, my grandmother (of whom I have lately spoken), and my Aunt De Breteuil-Charmeaux, the coward, who shrieked at the idea, because the *Marischal of Scotland* must be a Protestant!

I had never thought of that! The discovery burst upon me so suddenly and so grievously, that I cannot even now dwell on it without shuddering, and without having a bitter recollection of what I suffered. We ascertained, however, that he was a Calvanist, and he said so himself; and heaven is my witness, that from that moment I did

not hesitate. I refused the hand of milord Maréchal; and two days afterwards he set off to return to his own country; from whence he wrote to my aunt to say, that grief and despair would lead him to acts which would bring him to the scaffold.

There, my dear child, is the history of the only predilection I ever had in my life for any one except M. de Créquy, to whom I was honest enough to talk of it without reserve.

When we met again after a lapse of many years, we made a discovery which equally surprised and affected us both. We had never ceased thinking of one another; our hearts had been so devotedly attached, that they remained replete with sentiments which at first made us melancholy, but were afterwards a source of the highest gratification.

There is a world of difference between the love which has endured throughout a lifetime, and that which burnt fiercely in our youth, and there paused. In the latter case, Time has not laid bare defects, nor taught

man has been the joy and comfort of the rest of my life?

Milord George Keith d'Athry was hereditary Marischal, and premier Earl, a Peer of Scotland, Knight of the Garter and Grand Cross of the Black Eagle. One sees everywhere in print, according to d'Alembert,* that he was born in 1685, but he told me often that he was born the third of December 1686. He terminated his earthly career in 1778 at the Court of Prussia in the enjoyment of the intimacy of the King, and the Memory of Milord-Maréchal will always be held by me in reverence and affection.

It is high time that I should now come to my grandmother de Froulay, who was kept continually going backwards and forwards

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* John le Rond d'Alembert received his first education in the college of Les Quatre Nations, among the Jansenists. He was secretary to the French Academy, and was a most subtle agent in that hostility against Christianity, carried on by Voltaire, Diderot and others, who assisted in the Encyclopœdia.—(*Translator's Note.*)

on the high road from Paris to Versailles, and from Versailles to Paris because Madame la Chancelière was ill at Versailles, and the Abbé de St. Geneviève was ill at Paris, so that for nine or ten days after my arrival we had been unable to find her at home for the purpose of concerting measures for my presentation at Court.

"Mademoiselle de Froulay!" she exclaimed as soon as she saw me, "is it possible that you announced your arrival to me? I am quite shocked and miserable about it!"

She then made me a remarkably low curtsey without asking me to sit down, as the Duchesse d'Usez, was waiting for her at the foot of the stairs to hear tidings of their *Génovéfain*.

He recovered, but the *Chancelière* de Pont-Chartrain died, which was a great relief to my grandmother.

She was attired after the fashion of the time of La Fronde in a high cap with five rows of starched frills; she had on, an open robe over an old under-dress of silver tissue,

on which were embroidered in relief, all the animals that were ever in the Ark; one would have said it had been the Duchesse de Longueville, and I could not take my eyes off her.*

Two days afterwards she came to the Hotel de Breteuil to return my visit, and also to arrange about taking me to Versailles as it was deemed indispensible that I should pay my respects to the Maréchal de Tessé.

He scarcely ever came to Paris, and had already evinced a desire to see me, by expressing surprise that I had not yet been introduced to him, our *salic chieftain*.

It was agreed that we should go to Ver-

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* My grandfather and grandmother died before I was born, therefore when I speak of "my grandmother," I allude to Julie Térése Grimaldi, of the family of the Princes of Salerno and Monaco, Dowager Marquise de Froulay. I acquired the habit of calling her my grandmother although she was only the second wife of my grandfather, Philippe Charles, Marquis de Froulay, de Montflaux et de Gatines-les-sept-Tours. She was otherwise nearly related to me, being the niece of the Maréchal de Tessé, the head of our family.—(*Note by the Author.*)

sailles as soon as we could get my father to escort us, to whom my aunt de Breteuil very properly wished previously to communicate our movements ; but my father happened to be at Versailles at the time, and only paid flying visits to Paris without stopping ; consequently the plan was not put into execution for several days afterwards.

The Maréchal de Tessé appeared to me to be deeply afflicted at the loss of his wife, and spoke of her with tears in his eyes.

His rooms were part of the suite of apartments belonging to the Dauphiness (Duchesse de Bourgogne,) to whom he had been *Grand Ecuyer*.

The defunct Lady-Marèchale was a near relation of Madame de Maintenon, their mothers being both Demoiselles de Villette, and moreover my grandmother was the goddaughter of Louis XIV, and Marie Mancini ; my great uncle and my grandmother were in consequence treated by this Prince and Madame de Maintenon with unusual condescension.

The Marèchal told us that he was certain

the latter personage would not disapprove of the liberty he was about to take in showing me Saint-Cyr, where Madame de Maintenon had gone that morning to spend the day, and where Madame de Froulay always had the private *entrée*.

We dined, and then went to see the chapel, where we offered up a short prayer. I did not venture to hope that the rest of the Palace would be shown to me, as that would not have been the thing—besides, I felt, myself, that I was making my appearance there for the first time as an astonished country-bumpkin.

We went down the steps of the orangery, and then entered the Marèchal's carriage which conveyed us to St. Cyr. We had not started more than seven or eight minutes when the carriage suddenly stopped, the two livery servants rushed to open the door, and hastily let down the steps.

" It is the King," said my uncle, and he assisted us to alight without hurrying, for

his people were sufficiently well-trained to afford us ample time.

The King's carriage was escorted by only three musqueteers in undress, and the same number of light-horse. There were eight horses to his carriage as usual ; there were two pages in front, and four behind; and the liveries of France were still azure, instead of the present horrible dark blue.

(It is Louis XV we have to thank for this sad innovation,)

The King was alone at the back of his carriage ; but as soon as he perceived us the cortège stopped, as it were by enchantment.

His Majesty lowered the window on his left, on which side we stood, and made us a most affable bow.

" So that is the King !—that great King !" I exclaimed with tears in my eyes.

" Yes, and you may add that good, that unfortunate King !" replied the Maréchal in a melancholy tone.

As soon as we arrived at Saint Cyr, we walked in the first place through a large

building, appropriated to the Lords in Waiting, and the Pages of His Majesty, who was at this moment walking in the gardens of the Convent with the Bishop of Chartres and some other Lords whom I did not see.

Madame de Maintenon was sitting in a lofty room wainscoated with oak, without any paint, and the furniture nothing but varnished leather. Before each seat was a square piece of tapestry for the feet, for so little furniture was there, that there was not even a carpet on the floor.

Madame de Maintenon made me approach close to her, that she might kiss my forehead; she looked at me with her most intelligent and gentle eyes, and then began immediately to converse with her neighbour—I then went and sat by my grandmother, who told me it was the Duchesse de Maine.

"The daughter-in-law of Madame de Montespan?" I enquired in a half whisper, but loud enough for the Maréchal de Tessé to hear.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed my uncle in

my ear, and in an agony of anxiety, "how can you talk of such things here?"

As for my Grandmother, she seemed struck dumb with confusion.

"Well!" said I to myself "there is evidently some mystery as to the parentage of this Duc de Maine, which I shall never solve, so I shall think no more about it."

Madame la Duchesse de Maine was neither quite hump-backed nor quite a fool, and yet there was something about her figure and mind, which one might call "*un tour d'épaule.*" She was badly dressed for her age too; she wore a robe, over which ran a trellise-work of vine leaves in black velvet on a gold ground, and a profusion of gold beads composed her necklace, bracelets, clasps, and girdle, and also decorated her hair.

Old Dangeau, Mesdames de Noailles, de Montchevreuil, and de Caylus who were old enough to all intents and purposes, comprised the rest of the company.

At last a bell rang; Madame de Mainte-

non made us a low curtsey, and we followed her to the church, where they were going to give the "*salut.*" I observed on our way, that she was handsomely but quietly dressed in a rich material, brocaded in *feuille-morte* and silver. She wore a high cap, and her mantilla was one piece of point lace lined with violet.

At each door the Duchesse de Maine and Madame de Maintenon exchanged polite little offers of precedence, always ending in the latter passing first, after pretending to hesitate and refuse for half a second or so. It is impossible to imagine any manœuvring more skilful than that which they displayed on this occasion!

Scarcely had we entered the pew which was called the Bishop's, when we saw the King appear in the Royal pew, which is opposite the altar. He came in with his head covered; he wore a little three-cornered hat richly laced, which he took off, first to bow to the altar, then to a gilt grating, behind which was Madame de Maintenon,

and lastly to the Duchesse de Maine and the rest of us, for our pew happened to be in a line with that of his Majesty, without regard to our difference in rank.

The whole of the King's suite, as well as the ladies and gentlemen with the Princess his daughter-in-law, did not come into the chapel of St. Cyr, at all events if they were there, we did not see them.

That which made the most lasting impression upon me, was the sound of the beautiful voices of the young girls who, unexpectedly to me, burst forth in unison and chaunted an Anthem, or rather, a national and religious hymn, the words by Madame de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully.

The words, which I obtained a long time afterwards, were as follows :—

> " Grand Dieu, sauvez le roi
> Grand Dieu, vengez le roi
> Vive le Roi !
> Que, toujours glorieux,
> Louis, victorieux
> Voie ses ennemis
> Toujours soumis !

Grand Diau, sauvez le roi
Grand Dieu, vengez la roi
Vive la Roi !"

Even should you have sufficient curiosity, you need give yourself but little trouble as to procuring the music, since a German of the name of Handel, carried it away with him to Paris, and there, with an eye to his own interest, presented it as a homage to King George of Hanover. *Messieurs les Anglais* ended by adopting it as their own, and producing it as one of their National Airs !*

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* It is not only the statement of Madame de Créquy of the remarkable effrontery of the German composer, that has set critics at work as to the origin of "God save the King!" Two English newspapers have already spoken of it in the same terms. The "*Gazette de France*" also has pointed out several documents which bear upon it, and, lastly, the French Journal *La Mode,* in the number for the Thirty-first of July, 1831, contains an article which it might not be useless to extract here :—

"Letters from Edinburg mention, that the M.S. Memoirs of the Duchess of Perth were to be sold in London for 3000*l* sterling. They are replete with interesting details of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, as well as of that of King James during the

On our return from St. Cyr, they took me to call upon Madame *la Chancelière* who was dying; nevertheless she had a gathering of all the Court at her bedside, where she had the politeness to invite my grandmother and myself also to be seated.

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residence of their Britannic Majesties at the Château of St. Germain-en-Laye. Her Grace, in giving an account of the establishment at St. Cyr, bears witness to a fact not unknown in France, but the authenticity of which depended on the old nuns of that house, namely that the words and air of "God save the King" were of French origin;

"Lorsque le roy très-chrétien entroit dans la chapelle, tout le chœur desdites demoiselles nobles y chantoist à chaque foys les parolles suyvantes et sur un très-bel ayr du sieur de Lully:

"Grand Dieu, sauvey le Roy."
(&c. &c. as before.)

The tradition handed down at St. Cyr was, that the composer, Handel, during his visit to the Superior of this Royal House, had requested and obtained permission to copy the air and words of this Gallic invocation, which he immediately afterwards offered to George the First as his own composition, &c."

A declaration, signed by four nuns of St. Cyr, fully confirms this assertion of the Author.—(*Note of the French Editor.*)

* "God save the King—"

The aspirants to the nationality of this Anthem have been numerous. France, Germany, and Denmark, have successively claimed it as their own, and great difficulty has long hung over the history or origin of it in our own country, some maintaining that it was composed by a Dr. Rogers in the time of Henry the Eighth and prior to the Reformation; others again attributing it with some plausibility to Henry Carey, a natural son of George Saville, Marquis of Halifax, who died in 1743, aged 80. Scotland has urged her rights of paternity, declaring that it was taken from a book published in Aberdeen in 1682. The following is extracted from the Morning Post, November the Second, 1814,—

"The late Dr. Burney was asked by the late Duke of Gloucester, whether he believed that "God save the King!" was composed by Carey? The Doctor replied that he knew the words were not written for any King George, and that the earliest copy with which we are acquainted began, "God save great James our King!" Thence arises a question;—which King James? The Jacobites asserted that it was composed in honor of the House of Stuart for James the Second, and sung at his Roman Catholic Chapel; but against that plea it may be urged that it would be unusual to that form of worship to have any vocal music sung to English

words, and moreover, in that case, "confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks," would apply to the Protestants, which renders it improbable that it would have been sung as a National Anthem; still less can it be supposed that it has reference to James the Second after the abdication, for the words would not apply to him at all.

It can be proved from the Ancient Records of the Merchant Tailors' Company that it was written in honour of James the First, the music composed by Dr. John Bull and the words by Ben Johnson* at the particular request of the Merchant Tailors' Company on the occasion of a sumptuous entertainment given by them to that monarch on Thursday July the Sixteenth 1607, to congratulate him on his escape from the "Powder Plot." There is also positive proof in the same archives that Dr. John Bull was rewarded by that company for the music which he had composed, and in "Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College," published in London, 1740, we read, "there is extant, a large number and variety of Dr. Bull's pieces in manuscript, &c." and then follows a catalogue of his compositions, and at folio 56 is "God save the King!"

* In the Merchant Tailors' books his name is spelt thus.

Here, then, is an undeniable claim for Dr. Bull to the authorship of the tune of "God save the King." It must be the same tune that is sung at the present time, because it has never yet appeared that there were two of a similar description, at least this must be admitted until another is produced.

Another material circumstance is, that Dr. Bull could not have composed that tune for any other king, because he lived only in James the First's reign. Bull died in 1622, King James in 1625. Handel was born 1684, and died 1759.

To those who are curious on this subject, a perusal of a valuable work of considerable research is recommended, entitled "An account of the National Anthem," by Richard Clark, from which the foregoing remarks have been compiled."

CHAPTER VI.

M. d' Argenson—Cartouche in Paris—Cardinal de Gévres—Robbery and loss of his pie!—Madame de Beauffremont—Impudence of Cartouche—Charlotte of Bavaria—Introduction of Sauer-Kraut into France—Death of the Duke de Berry—Death of Louis the Fourteenth--Avoidance of Milord and Milady Stairs—Parliament and the young King—An unaccountable story—Burying alive—Dissection extraordinary.

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*   † Although the public placed the

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† Sixty or Eighty pages are here missing, which must have been the commencement of the chapter, and evidently contained the recollections of a whole

most complete reliance on the energy and ability of M. d'Argenson, as the best possible Lieutenant-general of Police, still that did not prevent there being very considerable apprehension when the facts of the impudent robbery at the Palais-Cardinal,* and the appearance of Cartouche in the midst of Paris, became known.

Many families who had not the resource of being able to take refuge at Versailles, thought of starting for their country houses, although it was in the middle of winter;

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year. It was already known that Cartouche had appeared two or three times in Paris before he was taken, and his trial lasted not less than nineteen months. Many pages will be found wanting in the course of these memoirs, but it is not supposed that the sheets of the M.S. have been lost; it is more probable they have been destroyed from conscientious scruples, or out of respect for the feelings of the Orleans family.

* The Palais Cardinal was a handsome building forming part of the Hotel de Soubise, where the state papers are now kept. It was intended for a habitation for the Cardinals, the Bishop-princes of Strasburg, and other prelates of the house of Rohan. --(*Author's Note.*)

but it was soon known that Cartouche's band lay in ambush in the outskirts of Paris, and that he himself at the head of a gang of forty or fifty men had had the audacity to plunder the Cardinal de Gèvres on his way to Bruges.

Upon examination, however, it turned out that in reality they had only taken from him the cross he wore on his breast, his pontifical ring, ten louis which were in his purse, a cock-robin pie, which he was taking to his diocese, and two flasks of Tokay, which he had won from my uncle at picquet!

I must tell you that the Cardinal de Gèvres was a great glutton; but—he had his scruples!

He never would play for money, for fear of losing what he called; (and which was in all truth and justice) his poor people's money.

He would buy neither old wine nor new, but he never had the slightest objection to win it at cards; so that he would play picquet for a pint of hot-house peas, or a

bottle of Schiraz, which might cost from twelve to fifteen louis.

If he had the misfortune to lose, he got out of the difficulty by paying his losses with a number of copies of his "Charges and pastoral instructions" of which he always brought fifty copies or so, beautifully bound, and with gilt edges, whenever he came to Paris.

This was an arranged thing in his family, and in society in general, which every one put up with, because he was known to be the most charitable, sincere, amiable, and— the most greedy of prelates!

The robbers would not take anything from the Abbé Cérutti, the Cardinal's secretary, as they said he was too good-looking a fellow to be robbed; that it was a matter of conscience, and they had not the courage to do it.

"Since you evince so much regard for him," said his Eminence, "you ought to leave him half of the cock-robin pie, and a bottle of this Hungarian wine."

"So we will, by all means," replied Cartouche, "if he will come and partake of it with us, he has only to say so."

To this, however, the Abbé Cérutti would on no account agree; and a scene of regrets, reproaches, and recriminations followed, of which it made one die of laughing to hear.

—The Cardinal de Gèvres told us he would never travel again with this young Abbé, to avoid giving cause for scandal as one of the robbers had insinuated that he might be a young lady in disguise!

"*Téméraire et malheureux ignorant!*" exclaimed the holy prelate to him, "do you not know that that would be sacrilegious?"

Cartouche struck the man a tremendous blow on the face which knocked him down, saying at the same time "Let that teach you to be respectful to *Nos Seigneurs du clergé!*"

I can assure you that society in those days was far more interesting and amusing than it is at the present time, for one was continually meeting with originals, male and

female, and as far as I was concerned I was surrounded by oddities.

Madame la Princesse de Conty told us one day that the Marquise de Beauffremont* distributed pass-tickets to be shown to the robbers at night, and that people were much surprised at the influence she had over Cartouche, but the secret of his handsome behaviour towards Madame de Beauffremont is as follows:

One morning she returned home at two o'clock, and when her maids had undressed

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* Hélène de Courtenay, of the line of the Emperors of the East. She was the last of this house, which descended from King Louis le Gros and Queen Adelaïs of Savoy.

The genealogy of the soi-disant Courtenays of England is a badly contrived fable, as are all those pretensions to French origin upon which they wish to pride themselves in that country. Walpole used to tell me that with the exception of Lords Neville and Harcourt, there was not in the British Peerage one family, in reality of French origin, and contemporary with William the Conqueror. I have already named to you the absurd pretensions (as it appears to me) of the Seymours.—*(Author's Note.)*

her, she dismissed them that she might sit at her ease by her fireside and write. She was writing a Journal which has not been found amongst her papers, and in truth this is to be regretted, since her talents were unrivalled.

However, it happened that night that she suddenly heard, first of all, a suppressed noise in the chimney—next, clouds of soot descended, then, swallows' nests and brick and mortar came rattling down helter-skelter, and last of all, a man appeared, armed to the teeth.

As he had sent the burning log of wood and the embers into the middle of the room, the first thing he did was, to take the tongs, and methodically replace them all in the grate, at the same time jerking away with his feet some burning pieces to avoid crushing them upon the carpet; then, turning towards the Marquise, he made her a low bow.

"May I take the liberty Madame of en-

quiring, whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"Sir, I am Mme. de Beauffremont, but I do not know you at all; you do not look like a thief, and as you appear to have great regard for my furniture, I cannot guess why you enter my room in this manner in the dead of the night?"

"Madame, it was not my intention to do so; would you have the goodness to accompany me to the door of your Hôtel?" he continued drawing a pistol from his waist, and taking up a lighted candle.

"But sir......"

"Madame, will you be so obliging as to make haste," he interrupted, cocking his pistol, "we will go down together, and you will order the porter to pull the string, and let me out."

"Pray speak lower sir," said the unfortunate woman trembling with fright, "pray speak lower, the Marquis de Beauffremont might hear you."

"Put on your mantle Madame, and do not stand in your dressing-gown for it is uncommonly cold!"

Well! at last it was all arranged according to his satisfaction, and Madame de Beauffremont was so overcome that she was obliged to sit down for a moment in the porter's lodge as soon as this desperate character had passed beyond the door.

She then heard a knocking at the window of the lodge which faced the street.

"Mister Porter," said the same voice, "I am Cartouche! do you hear? I am Cartouche; I have walked one or two leagues to-night on the roofs, because the officers were in pursuit of me—do not go and suppose therefore that it was an affair of gallantry, and that I am a lover of Mme. de Beauffremont; I shall have something more to do with you, and the day after to-morrow you will hear from me by the *petite-poste.*"

Mme. de Beauffremont went upstairs immediately, and awoke her husband who maintained that she had had the night-mare

and that it was only a horrible dream ; but two or three days afterwards she received a most respectful, and well-expressed letter of thanks, and apologies, in which was enclosed a safe-conduct for Mme. de Beauffremont, authorizing her to include in it, her family.

The letter had been preceded by a small box, containing a beautiful diamond, unset, which was valued at Madame Lempereue's at 2000 écus.

This sum was placed by the Marquis de Beauffremont, in the hands of the treasurer of Notre Dame, for the benefit of the sick of the Hôtel Dieu. Thus you see that every one concerned in this affair, acquitted themselves to perfection.

Madame de Maintenon again admitted me upon another occasion, into her apartments at the château de Versailles.

She made very honourable mention to me of the high estimation in which she held our family ; and when the hour was about to strike at which the King was expected, my grandmother rose to take leave of Madame

(she was always addressed in the third person) and to conduct me to the grand, écurie where I was to partake of a collation with my cousin's of Lorraine.

"Do not move, Marquise" was all that Mme. de Maintenon said ; and thus she discreetly avoided any question as to my remaining in a room where his Majesty could not fail to take notice of me.

The King arrived very soon afterwards, without any further announcement than the folding-doors being thrown open, and the entrance of a gentleman of the household, who, preceding his Majesty by three or four minutes, made a profound obeisance to Madame de Maintenon without speaking, just as they announced dinner to the King and Queen.

His Majesty had several steps to take on entering the room, and he appeared to walk with pain ; nevertheless, he made a very graceful bow to Madame de Maintenon.

"Here" she said, "is a young lady whom I have taken the liberty of detaining, in order

that I might present her to the King; it is hardly necessary for me to mention her name."

"I conclude then," replied his Majesty "that she owes her presence here to my god-daughter; there is a sort of spiritual parentage between Mademoiselle and myself, but we are also related in another way," he added; and all this time he was looking at me as though he would say "you may think yourself fortunate."

"I request the King's permission for you to kiss his hand," said my grandmother, with an air of proud humility, totally free from servility or obsequiousness; and his Majesty extended it as though he offered it for me to kiss—with the palm underneath—instead of which, he immediately closed it on taking hold of mine and deigned to raise it to his lips. *

*Here, on this very day Septide of the 3rd décade of the month Vendémiaire, in the year XI of the French Republic, I add these lines on my return

Nanon, the important and celebrated Nanon, came and whispered something in her mistress's ear, and thereupon Madame,† the widow of Monsieur, the King's brother, made her appearance. Mme. de Maintenon caused an arm-chair to be placed for her (having first risen to salute her), but Madame awaited it on the spot where she stood, looking as cold and cutting as the north-wind, and without making any sort of return for the civility. This Princess was dressed up something like an Amazon, in a man's cloth doublet, laced at all the seams;

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from the Tuileries, where General Bonaparte has kissed my hand. I could not help recollecting that I have received exactly the same politeness from King Louis-le-Grand, and from the first Consul of the Republic, with an interval of 95 years between the two circumstances! Bonaparte sent word that he wished to see me, and has since promised that our forests which were sequestrated, shall be restored to us. Should strength and time be allowed me, I will write, or rather dictate, an account of this extraordinary interview.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† Charlotte of Bavaria, mother of the Regent, died in 1722.

her wig was similar to that of his Majesty, and her hat exactly the same as his, which hat was not taken off, nor even raised whilst she was bowing to us, a ceremony she got through with considerable ease.

It is as well to add that this horrible Princess, had her feet in boots, and a whip in her hand; she was badly formed, badly set up, and evilly-disposed towards everything and everybody.

Madame de Froulay asked the King to allow her to present me to Madame, when she made me a bow *à la cavalière*, and began questioning me about the health of the grand prior de Froulay, about whom I knew exactly nothing! so that I remained mute, with my mouth open, and Madame maintained to her dying day that I was "*plus bête qu'une carpe!*"

I must tell you that this Mother of the Regent lived on soup *à la bièrre* and salt beef; she continually partook of a certain ragout made of fermented cabbage, which she had sent to her from the Palatinate and

whenever it was served, the whole quarter of the palace which she inhabited was perfectly unbearable from the smell of this noxious vegetable.

She called it "*schaucraout*," and as she wished to make every one who dined with her taste it, those who escaped had the best of it!

To make amends for my loss of Madame's delicacies, to which I had not the pretension to aspire, I went and partook of cream and fruits with Mesdemoiselles de Lorraine, whom my uncle the Grand Ecuyer had invited to see some dancing dogs dressed up as different characters, which he had provided for their especial amusement.

These two young Princesses, the prettiest creatures in the world, were then Mlles de Joinville and de Guise, since which, one became Duchesse de Bouillon, and the other was Maréchal de Richelieu's first wife. You will see hereafter that she had an only daughter, Mme. d'Egmont, who fully inherited all the virtues of her mother.

It was a few days after my return from Versailles that we heard of the death of the Duc de Berry, for whom we wore mourning the established time, which was more than his wife did.

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The King was completely overwhelmed by this dreadful discovery, and every circumstance confirms the belief, that owing to it he resolved to keep the father of this Princess, as well as all the Orleans family, separate from the person of his successor, and from all share in the government during the minority of the Dauphin, who was then only four years of age.

After the death of this last of his grandsons, the King's health visibly declined. For seven or eight months his weakness daily encreased, and on the 1st of September in the following year, he yielded up his spirit full of that hope and repentance with which he had been animated for the

last thirty-five years of his life, a period which he had spent in continued piety and in the practice of every virtue.

Vir primo imperii optimis principibus, et ultimo mediis comparandus.

You are already aware that I saw a great deal of Mesdemoiselles de Lorraine. We were resolutely determined to attend the opening of Parliament by the young King in person, and the President exerted himself to the utmost to gratify our wishes, but without success, as the Regent had ordered two places to be reserved for Milord and Milady Stairs.* We were such Jacobites that we could not endure the sight of these Orangists, and we refused to be in their company, so they placed us at the embrasure of a window, close to the *lit de justice*,*

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* The Earl of Stair, Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of France.—(*Translator's Note.*)

* Lit de justice. (Bed of justice.) The seat or throne on which the King of France used to sit when personally present in Parliament. As the debates were enough to send His Majesty to sleep, it

and there we stood under the guardianship of two officers of parliament who watched us as closely as the duennas of Calderon or of Lope de Vega would have done.

All that I witnessed at that first sitting of the House of Peers in the new reign has often afforded me food for meditation.

The young King was carried by the Grand-Ecuyer from his carriage to the door of the House of Parliament, and there the Duc de Trismes, performing the duties of Grand-Chamberlain, received him in his arms, and carried him to the throne, at the foot of which sat one of his aunts, that is, Madame de Ventadour, His Majesty's preceptress.

She was a person admirably adapted for that situation, as she was by nature prodigi-

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was right that he should be provided with a bed when listening to the speeches. Louis the Sixteenth was the last French Sovereign who assembled a Bed of Justice, which led to the Revolution; so that the saying, "as you make your bed, so you must lie!" was very pertinent to the case of that unfortunate Monarch.—*Punch. October* 1845.

ously formal, wonderfully grave, and a most determined disposition.

The King was dressed in a little plaited jacket of violet-coloured cloth with hanging sleeves ; he had on his head a little cap only, of violet-coloured crape* which seemed to be lined with cloth of gold, and he had leading strings which hung down behind to the bottom of his dress. This however, was only to mark his youth, for he was known to be able to walk alone, and could run quite well. I must tell you that his Majesty's leading-strings, which were crossed on his shoulders, were of cloth of gold, and not of the same material as his dress.

I believe Madame de Ventadour had decided that leading-strings ought to form a part of a King's dress as long as it was possible to continue them.

From his blue collar was suspended the

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* It is probably known to most people that violet colour is the mourning worn by the Kings of France.—*(Author's Note.)*

Cross of St. Louis, and of the Holy Ghost, and his beautiful brown hair, which curled naturally, fell in flowing ringlets on his shoulders. His beauty was most dazzling, and every one who has seen him will tell you that his portrait could not be flattered.

The royal child began by listening quietly, if not attentively to all the harangues, and studied speeches, the taking of oaths, and all the routine business, but we perceived that he kept his head turned to the left side and appeared to be continually watching Cardinal de Noailles, without ever having given a glance at all the Presidents and Councillors of whom he knew no more than of the Archbishop of Paris.

At length the old Maréchal de Villeroy, began to make signs to the little King with his great head and eyes, in order to induce him to look on the other side and straight before him, but his Majesty would not attend to them, and at last got out of all patience.

"*Laissez moi! Laissez moi!*" were the

first words uttered by King Louis XV, from the throne! But it was not only the little voice of the King we heard—we there recognized our great fundamental law, and the high maxims of hereditary Monarchy.

But it is now time to leave the Palais de Justice, and to return to the saloons of Paris; listen whilst I tell you a story which involves an unfathomable mystery.

The Comtesse de Saulx,* Tavannes, and Busançois had always passed for a very strange person. Her habits were wild, and her pursuits occult and mysterious. She was not suspected of having any liaison certainly, but she formed no friendships, and was neither in communication with her own relations, nor those of her husband.

She lived almost always in an old and gloomy Château, called Lux, close to Saulx-le-Duc, in Burgundy, which Château is the centre of a barony which descended from the

* Marie-Catherine d'Aguesseau, sister of the Chancellor of that name.

head of her family. Mme. de Saulx disappeared sometimes from home without the knowledge of any of her establishment; no one having seen her go out, and no one being able to imagine what had become of her! Then, after an absence, and a profound silence of seven or eight days, they would hear her ring the bell of her room, and would find her there just as if nothing had happened, always in the same clothes which she wore on the day that she disappeared.

The Prince de Condé, governor of the province, and M. Bouchet, *intendant* of Burgundy, used to say, that the most inquisitive and prying of the country could never see anything, nor account iu any way for all they heard.

One saturday night the Comtesse de Saulx retired to her room and sent her maids to bed, saying, that she should not undress then, but would see about it later. They heard her draw the bolts of her door, and, as they retired, the two maids discussed

this circumstance, because their mistress hardly ever read or wrote; and, moreover, there was neither a book nor writing materials in her bedroom.

"Can you understand what Madame is going to do, shut up in that old turret, all by herself?"

"God knows!—and may He watch over her!"

I ought to tell you, that this room was in one of the turrets of the Château. It was lighted by one solitary window, closely and strongly barred; and the vent of the chimney, according to ancient custom, was also barred with a double cross of iron.

This same room was without any closets; it was without egress or opening of any other kind than the barred window, the barred chimney and the door, which this extraordinary person had taken the precaution to bolt. Lastly, the only apartment which led to this, was a large chamber, where an old Demoiselle d'Aguesseau slept; to whom her niece afforded protection, be-

cause she was a sort of idiot, and, perhaps, also, because she could pay handsomely for her board!

That is a plan of the locality, and now for the state of affairs.

The next morning, at seven o'clock, they entered, as usual, this large room, where Mlle. d'Aguesseau slept, and which as I endeavoured to explain above, was a sort of passage-room, or ante-chamber. They found her lying on the floor in her night-clothes, senseless, and having in her right hand tight hold of the bell-rope, which she had pulled down.

All that they could elicit from her when she came to her senses (and they were never very strong at the best of times) was, that she had been very much frightened, and that she could remember nothing more.

They then began to tap gently at her niece's door, after which they knocked violently for a long time, but still there was no answer.

They sent for the curé, the *bailli-seigneurial*, and the chief persons of the neighbour-

hood; who consulted, and, at last, determined upon breaking down the door, but not until having legally verified that the said door was bolted from within, whilst the key was in the lock outside the room, on the side where stood those who signed the *procès-verbal.*

The Comtesse de Saulx was never seen again. Nothing was disarranged in her room, and the bed was not even turned down. Two wax-candles, which the maid had brought the night before, and placed on a little table near an arm-chair, had been blown out in the middle of the night; for they calculated that they could not have burnt more than two hours and a half. One of her slippers, which I have seen at her son's (it was of green velvet with a red heel) was lying on the floor near the arm-chair; and that was all they ever found belonging to her.

It was known that her son, the Cardinal de Tavannes, had hastened to the spot, in order to institute a legal enquiry; but it was generally supposed that the *procureur-*

général of Burgundy gave him to understand that the honour of his house might be compromised thereby ; and certain it is, that the Cardinal suddenly abandoned his intention, and hastened back to his diocese of Châlons. (He was not Archbishop of Rouen at that time.)

Some spoke of sorcery, and illicit dealings with the Bohemians ; others mentioned the Deacon Páris, and the Chevalier de Follard ; and many discussed vampirism, which, however, would not have helped to explain the mystery of how a tall woman of five feet four inches could evaporate and leave no trace behind !

It was on the lips of every one for a long time, and for this good reason, that no one knew what to say about it. The Chancelier d'Aguesseau has told me a hundred times that he knew no more of it than I did, and that it was perfectly incomprehensible.

Apropos to these ancient Counts, now become Ducs de Saulx, and more especially apropos to stories about doors, I must tell

you of a cousin of mine, Marie-Casimire de Froulay-Tessé, who was married to Charles Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, grandson to the mysterious lady above-mentioned. Marie-Casimire was buried in the vaults of the Holy Chapel of Saulx-le-Duc, on the 18th of August, 1753, two or three days after her decease. Eighteen months afterwards they had to re-open these vaults, in order to deposit therein the body of the Chevalier de Tavannes, her husband's uncle.

They were surprised at first, and then terrified at finding that there was an unaccountable resistance from within, when they attempted to open the door. By dint of force and perseverance, however, they succeeded, at length, in turning it upon its stone hinges; they then heard an appalling noise of bones rolling down the steps from the door to the bottom of the vault; of those who had the courage to descend, the first entangled his feet in a handkerchief; and when they proceeded to place the body of M. de Tavannes beside that of his niece, they

found that the coffin of this ill-fated young woman had fallen onthe ground, and was broken !

They then discovered to their utter horror, that she had been buried alive! that she had had sufficient strength to burst the two coffin-lids, and that she had come forth and died of hunger at the entrance of the sepulchre, from whence her pitiable voice could not reach those who were weeping for her!

She was adored by her husband, her children, and her brothers ; and particularly so by the Maréchale de Luxembourg, who has repeatedly spoken of her to me with tears in her eyes.

There is no saying how many unfortunate people have been buried before they were dead! the famous Boerhaave told my father that he had to combat in opinion all the Hague, with regard to a certain *grand pensionnaire*, by name Van Nollier, whom they wished to put underground, but who lived, thanks to Boerhaave, thirteen or fifteen years after that.

You had an instance of this in your family. The lady of the Connétable de Lesdiguières uttered an awful shriek, and raised herself up when they commenced opening her, in order to embalm her; she seized the surgeon's knife with her hands, and cut her fingers nearly to the bone; but the poor woman then fell back insensible and died, beyond mistake, two days afterwards.

When the wife of that accursed Baron de Lohesme was exhumed, whom he had buried two days before in the cemetery of St. Médard, they found that she had knocked the skin off her elbows and knees in her coffin! In fact, burials, and particularly dissections, do not meet with the attention they deserve, when, as you will allow, they merit the very greatest.

I have met, occasionally, a certain Marquis de Gomès, de Perès, de Cortès, *y otros, y otros, y otros*, with forty names of grandmothers, and four pages of these *y otros*, (which answer to our et cætera) who used always to be present at the dissection of his relatives

when he was in Portugal; and this said Marquis made them continue the operation of opening one of his uncles, regardless of the cries and entreaties of the patient, who had revived; "but' said he, "he had good reasons for the act" since on it depended his becoming heir to the Comté d'Abrantes.

My uncle de Tessé always said that these Portuguese, but especially the nobles, were creatures of another world and that in comparing them with the Spaniards, these latter would be found models of perfection and modesty!

CHAPTER VII.

The Jacobites—Milord Walsh—Dukedoms of the Earls of Perth and Melfort—Chevalier de St. Georges—A question of marriage—Suitors—Interview and choice—An awkward mistake—Eclaircissement—M. de Créquy—Visit to the Hôtel de Lesdiguiéres—The Duchess Margaret—Ermine—An expensive wig—The marriage of the Authoress—The Cross-Palatine—Death of the Duchess.

THE connection of the Breteuil family with the Maréchal Comte de Thomond, who was then only Viscount de Clare, brought us into frequent intercourse with the Jacobite refugees, and especially with those about the court of St. Germain, for whom the Hotel de Breteuil was the *rendez-vous* in Paris.

Their meetings took place in the drawing-room of the Marquise (on the ground-floor) and all relating to them, that reached us up stairs used to interest us warmly, but we were somewhat reserved before Madame du Châtelet, who was on the side of the Duke of Hanover, without, as a matter of course, being able to assign any reasonable motive for it ;—perhaps it was the natural consequence of her great abilities !"

I always thought that the wish of attracting the attention of Milord Georges Keith, and in the end, the wish of *driving him mad*, as she childishly termed it, had a great deal to do with her partizanship for the House of Hanover, but the Maréchal d'Ecosse showed his utter disregard of her by letting her speak on without listening, so it always ended by the beautiful Emilie being driven mad herself !

Amongst those refugees who were distinguished for their fidelity to the King their master, and for their generous devotion and

personal sacrifices was Milord Walsh.* He was the son of that brave officer in the English Royal Navy who, after the battle of

* Lord Mahon, (*Vol.* iii *page* 550) tells us he was acquainted at Baden with a Count Walsh whom he understood to be the descendant and representative of that gentleman. The following is Charles's letter, dated "à l'ancre dans le baie de Longhaylort, 2d Aout V. S. "Sire, j'ai réçu des services si importans de M. Antoine Walsh qu' il n'y a rien que je ne me croie obligê de faire pour lui en temoigner mon agrément. Ainsi je lui ai promis d' employer tout mon crédit auprés de V. M. pour lui obtenir le titre, de Comte d'Irelande. Il est issu d'une fort bonne famille, très en état de soutenir la dignité de ce nouveau titre, et n'a pas besoin d' autre chose. C'est la première grace que je vous demande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays. J' espère bien que ce ne sera pas la derniere, mais en tout cas, je vous supplie de me l'accorder. Je la regardrai comme une obligation particulière accordée à votre tres obeissant fils, Charles P."

The title of Earl had however been already conferred on Walsh's father by James the Second. Charles's request was not simply that Walsh should be made an Irish Earl, but that he should have the title of Earl of Ireland.

According to the "Jacobite Memoirs," edited by Robert Chambers, Charles knighted Walsh immediately after his landing, paid him 2000*l* as an indemnity and presented him with a sword, on the blade of which Charles had had engraved the words "Gratitudo Fidelitate."—(*Translator's Note.*) *Vide Klose's Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart.*

the Boyne received all the Court of England on board his ship and brought them to a French port.

To recruit his fortune, which he had sacrificed in Ireland, where of course all his property had been confiscated, Milord Walsh had established at Nantes a *bureau d'armateur*, or, as they would call it in the present day, a *maison de commerce*. From this, he realized considerable profits and it was one of the principal resources of his party. He was the guardian angel of the Pretender whom he assisted "*consilio manuque.*" *

It does not enter into my plan to relate to you the ill-fated expedition of the

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* James the Second conferred the title of "Lord" upon Captain Walsh as a reward for his services, at the same time that H. B. M. raised the Earls of Perth and Melfort to the dignity of Dukes at St. Germains. The Walsh's were proved to be an old and noble family of Ireland. These Milords and Messieurs Walsh ended by settling in France, and one of them, whom Louis the Fifteenth made Comte of the estates of Serrant, is now Colonel-proprietor of a regiment of his name in the Irish Brigade.

(*Author's Note*)

Chevalier de St. Georges to Scotland.†
A few months afterwards he retired to the Roman States, where he passed the remainder of his life, and there I had the honour of paying my court to him in the year 1721.

My Father, in conjunction with the Marquis de Breteuil, arranged the preliminaries of the Prince's marriage with the grand-daughter of the great Sobieski. We shall find them again at Rome, and you will see how nearly the Princess Marie-Casimire Sobieski, sister of the Pretender, became the wife of the Duc de Créquy before she married your great-uncle the Duc de Bouillon.

One day my grandmother de Froulay said to me,

"*Mon petit cœur,* there appears to be some idea of arranging a marriage for you,"

† "The Pope lent a kind of religious consecration to the enterprise, bestowing on the young Prince the title of "*Chevalier de St. Georges.*"—*Vide Jesse's History of Pretenders. (Translator's Note.)*

and then she suddenly turned the conversation without having looked at me. I felt myself getting red, so I was grateful for the delicate attention.

The next day my father came to see me.

"My child," said he, "a proposal of marriage has been made for you which seems to me to be in every respect suitable; I beg you to listen to what your aunt will say to you on the subject."

That is every word my father uttered respecting it!

My aunt (the Baroness) asked me two days afterwards if I had never remarked the Marquis de Laval-Boisdauphin.

"He would have no objection to marry you," she said with an air of the most perfect indifference in his cause.

"I should be inconsolable!" was my answer.

"I cannot find fault with you for that," she replied, "therefore you may rely on my not naming it to you again;—but you have another suitor whom you have never seen—

your grandmother thought you might meet without any embarrassment in a parlour at the Abbaye de Panthemont. It is a young man of very high birth; he has become the head of his family, and for further information you have only to open the history of the great officers of the Crown, to learn who the De Créquys are."

"Oh, my dear aunt, I know all about this grand genealogy! It is a name that is like the sound of a clarion to my ears—a glorious family, and, if I recollect rightly, the only one of all Europe which is mentioned in a record of Charlemagne. From it have sprung Cardinals and Marshals! there have been Dukes of Créquy, Lesdiguières, De Retz and de Beaupréau; Princes of Montlaur, de Blanchefort and de Poix—but how is it that this one is not a Duke?"

"Apparently, because they do not seem to care about it; since the late creations every one allows that titles are worth nothing."

The divine Emilie here entered unexpectedly to see her mother, who raised her finger to her lips and we were silent. "*Ma*

toute belle," said my grandmother to me " put on your new dress *de dauphine à bouquets* to-morrow, and be ready by eleven o'clock precisely; I should wish you also to place *pompons* in your hair, so I am going to send you some dark purple and dark green; we will pay a visit to Mesdames de Panthemont, to whom I promised to take you when I was able. *Bon soir, ma reine!*"

" Will you take me also, my dear aunt?"

It was Mlle. de Preuilly who made the request, and my grandmother hesitated for the space of a minute.

" Most assuredly *ma charmante.* I have no objection," she then answered, and her air of annoyance gave me matter for reflection on the important and mysterious intention of this visit.

The Dowager Marchioness always thought it proper to adhere to old customs; her first marriage interview with my grandfather took place through the grating at Belle-chasse. It was therefore befitting, it was indispensible, in her eyes, to treat with Monsieur de Crèquy as though I had not yet quitted my convent

Here we were then at Panthemont, in the middle of the cloister, by virtue of the permission of Cardinal de Noailles, and we began by paying visits to the lady Abbess, the *coadjutrice*, the Prioress, and to Madame Guyon, who was there by a *lettre de cachet.*

The Prioress was Mme. de Créquy Lesdiguières. It had been arranged that her cousin (Monsieur de Créquy) should ask to see her in the parlour, whilst the Duchesse de Valentinois, who lived opposite the Abbey, should call upon us there at the same time.

When we entered, we found the Marquis holding a conference with his Nun at the other end of the same grating ; he merely made us a low bow. His appearance was very noble, and he looked towards us several times, but with so perfectly unconcerned an air that Mlle. de Preuilly suspected nothing.

One glance was sufficient to satisfy me and my decision was made. He only waited, according to custom, until we were gone, but it so happened that my intended had mistaken Mlle. de Preuilly for Mlle. de

Froulay—taking me, in fact, for my cousin Emilie. This damped his ardour and delayed the negotiations, so much so, that it became doubtful whether the marriage would take place at all.

I was very much grieved; (why should I not allow this to my grandson, since I so frequently avowed it to his grandfather?)

"I would rather marry Mlle. de Breteuil," said he to M. de Laon; "her cousin looks like nothing but a tomboy! I must beg of you to name this to M. de Rennes in confidence, that he may report it to the Baron de Breteuil. I am quite aware what I lose in point of fortune, and nobility for my children, but I must have it in my power to love my wife thoroughly! Mlle. de Breteuil is charming, and Mlle. de Froulay I cannot endure!"

(We have often, since, laughed heartily at this.)

M. l'évêque-duc de Laon could not understand it, but the Baronne de Breteuil saw through the mistake immediately, and ex-

plained it to him in a proper and satisfactory manner.

"But you will allow that it was all M. de Créquy's fault!" my grandmother used to say, and these words she was in the habit of repeating for fifteen years—to the end of her life in fact—and M. de Créquy never disagreed with her.

When I first began writing to you, I fancied that I could not refrain from telling you every circumstance relating to M. de Créquy; I am become old and withered, but my heart is not so my child! behold how it still bounds when I think of your grandsire, to whom I am indebted for so many years of peaceful happiness; but my tears blind me when I recall him to my thoughts to produce him before you, endowed as he then was, with all the charms of youth.

I had not the good fortune to die first, and my grief is renewed to that extent that I can no longer speak of him to you—moreover the portrait I should draw of him would never satisfy me, and I might incur the charge

of partiality; you will learn to know your grandfather in reading the memoirs of his widow. The facts will speak for themselves more eloquently than I have done.

After seven or eight months of talking, conferences, and other preliminaries, which my relations thought were positively necessary, it was decided that we should go and pay a visit to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, inasmuch as she was the Dowager and principal survivor of the eldest branch of the house of De Créquy.

Marguerite de Gondi, Duchesse de Créquy-Lesdiguières was Duchesse de Retz, and de Beaupréau. Since the death of her amiable son, and that of the Archbishop of Paris, M. Harlay, this famous Duchess had never gone beyond the grounds of her grand palace; the Chapel is still open to the public, and the gardens were of immense extent; the timber-yards of the arsenal occupy at present the greatest part.

One room for instance, of this more than regal abode, had hangings of cloth of gold

worked in arabesques of mother-of-pearl and coral, so you may form an idea of the rest of the furniture. To tell you here of the valuable pictures and the rich draperies, the vases and the girandoles of rock-crystal—the quantity of Buhl, antique bronzes, rare marbles, jewels of inestimable value and profusion of trinkets, would be, to copy some old memorial of the Louvre or catalogue of the Vatican.

I must tell you that refreshments were served to us on gold-enamelled plates bordered with fine pearls, split, as we see them set round watches or in the medallions of collars.

The Maréchal de Richelieu always said that the Duc de Lesdiguières was the last *Grand Seigneur* that would be seen in France. He never went to Court without a retinue of sixty gentlemen —he never refused a poor person, and never gave a beggar less than a pistole!

This beautiful Duchess had retained her beauty unimpaired, and I never saw any other person so distinguished by nature in person,

grace, and physiognomy, added to the most elegant simplicity of manner. There remained in all her movements an air of preoccupation and restraint over her feelings, with a sort of *nonchaloir* and graceful apathy towards all that surrounded her. One could see that the great business of her life had not been to shine with outward display or to dazzle indifferent eyes—you could perceive no trace, no spark of vain pretension in the midst of such an array of splendour.

But she had been born in magnificence—she had lived in it—and it having thus become habitual, it now failed to attract her notice. Since the death of the only two beings whom she loved, the world had become less than nothing to her, though that did not check the current of her benevolence, nor prevent her keeping up the polished forms of society.

She preceded us as far as a sort of throne-room filled with *écuyers*, pages, and other gentlemen belonging to her, all dressed in handsome mourning, as well as their mistress,

on account of the King's death; for the innovations of the Duchesse de Berry had not penetrated the gilded and emblazoned gratings of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières.

In her own apartments she was waited on by young ladies, who were in great numbers, and who had been, for the most part, former *pensionnaires* of St. Cyr. When we had seated ourselves in her room, M. de Créquy made me a little sign with his eyes to look at the portrait of a young man, who appeared to me to be the handsomest in the world; and this picture, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mignard, was the only one in the room.

As my eyes reverted to the Duchesse de Lesdiguières, she smiled upon me with an air of mournful resignation. The mother's feelings had been awakened and I understood them.*

I remember that the carpet in this beauti-

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* This picture is no longer in existence. It was destroyed when Conflans was pillaged and ransacked in July, 1830.—*(Note of French Editor.)*

ful room was of grey velvet bordered with gold fringe, but that part which was then called "*tapis-de-milieu*," was made of real ermine, and, valuing it at what a ducal mantle costs, my uncle de Breteuil estimated its worth at ninety thousand livres.

Apropos of ermine, let me tell you that the animal becomes very scarce, so it will be well for you to be provident of the material. An ermine mantle never costs us less than five or six hundred louis; the creature itself is very small, therefore you must take care to write to our Ambassador at Constantinople that he may give his orders in Armenia several years before a coronation of our kings. The coronation of Louis XV was delayed three or four years in consequence of the Duc de Bourbon, his prime minister, having neglected this precaution.

In former times, the requirements of fashion were not a whit less expensive than certain obligations of rank and ceremony. I have heard Mme. de Coulanges say that in Burgundy she had expended more than eight

thousand francs in one year alone, to furnish light hair for the Duc de Berry ! and every one knew that the Regent used to pay one hundred and fifty louis for each of his wigs.

On Thursday, in Easter week we were married with great pomp in the Chapel of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, by the Cardinal de Rohan-Soubise, to whom the Cardinal de Gèvres-Luxembourg insisted on acting as assistant, which was considered an unprecedented honour.

As a great distinction we had been allowed to have the Cross-Palatine at our wedding. My grandmother had been engaged a fortnight beforehand in soliciting the Cardinal de Noailles to lend it to us, because she said it was sure to bring us luck, and this the Cardinal did not deny ; but the conscientious scruples of the Prelate ran counter to his kinder feelings, and he was divided between obliging us, and acting up to the letter of his duty.

"But," said my grandmother to him, "is it possible to do enough for Monsieur

de Créquy, the last of his family?" and that decided his Eminence to send us the Cross-Palatine, accompanied by six Canons of Notre Dame, who were not to lose sight of it.

They arrived at the chapel to the noise of drums with an escort of forty grenadiers of the *Gardes-françaises*; the troops all presented arms as the Cross was carried past under a canopy from the Archbishop's palace to the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, and the people followed in procession. The Leyden Gazette was full of it for more than three months, and for an account of the rest of the ceremonies and fêtes at our wedding, you must consult the supplement of the "*Mercure de France.*" *

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* The Cross-Palatine was left as a legacy to the Church of Notre Dame by the Cardinal de Richelieu, who had caused all the sanctuaries of Europe to be opened to form this reliquiary. It was made of gold, in the shape of a Latin Cross and magnificently ornamented with precious stones. It disappeared during the Revolution of July.—*(Note by French Editor.)*

We went and established ourselves under the chaperonage of my grandmother at the Hôtel de Crèquy-Canaples, rue de Grenelle, where the Duchesse Marguerite had paid me the compliment of herself arranging our apartments. The hangings and the furniture were of cloth of gold covered with vine-leaves in crimson velvet; but that was a small portion only of her wedding present, for she had placed in my jewel-case diamonds worth about a hundred thousand *écus*. All the family jewels were delivered to us at her death, which took place unexpectedly two months afterwards of dropsy.

It was eleven years since she had left her apartment when she quitted it for her grave, in the fifty-second year, only, of her age.

M. de Créquy accompanied the funeral as far as Blanchefort, where she had wished to be buried in the same chapel with her son and Francois de Blanchefort, of blessed memory. My feelings for the Duchess were

what M. de Créquy called "*un attrait miséricordieux;*" your grandfather had a strong and sincere affection for her, and I have always regretted that our acquaintance was not of longer duration.

CHAPTER VIII.

Duchess de Berry, daughter of the Regent—Her treatment of the Clergy—Sacraments refused—Her death—Her surviving sisters—Gardens of the Luxembourg—A fine lady—Comte de Horn—Origin of the Regent's animosity towards him—The Horn family—Melancholy story—The Count in trouble—Exertions of his friends—Petition of his noble relatives.

The next two years of my life glided by in all the charm of serenity, the consequence of a mind at ease; our happiness would have been complete but for the abominable misgovernment of the Regency and the dreadful enormities of the Duchesse de Berry. It was really quite humiliating for

the Royal Family of France, and made all respectable people miserable.

This horrible woman was the plague-spot of our existence. She had burnt up her inside by the abuse of strong liquors till at last she fell ill, and when her danger became manifest, the Curé of St. Sulpice, (the famous Languet de Gerzy) presented himself at the Luxembourg to offer his services in fulfilment of his duties as pastor.

Madame de M—— gave him an impertinent answer; she said that she should not announce him to the Duchesse de Berry, as she was quite sure that Princess would not receive him; he could gain nothing more from this creature, and he then sorrowfully declared that he should be obliged to forbid the administration of the sacrament to the sick person, after which the good Curé made his way towards the Palais-Royal, when the Duke of Orleans admitted him instantly to his cabinet.

After half an hour's painful conference, one of the Prince's carriages was seen to

leave the Orleans' stables in the direction of the Archbishop's palace to fetch the Cardinal de Noailles, whom the Regent begged to come to the Palais Royal without delay. The Cardinal arrived in his own carriage, because the Orleans' arms were on the other, and this gave sovereign displeasure to M. de Ségur, Master of the robes to H. R. H. who was the bearer of the message.

The interview lasted a long time ; all the ministers, councillors and courtiers of the Palais-Royal awaited the result in a gallery adjoining the Cabinet of the Prince ; at length the door opens—the Cardinal crosses the threshold—and then, before every one assembled, and close to the Regent, who seemed in a state of consternation, he addressed to the Abbè de Gerzy the following sentence word for word.

" M. le Curé, in virtue of my authority as Archbishop of Paris, and as your ecclesiastical superior, I forbid you to administer, to cause to be administered, or to allow to be administered to the Duchesse de Berry,

the sacraments of the church, unless the Comte de Riom, and the Vicomtesse de M—— shall have quitted the Luxembourg, and shall have been dismissed by order of that Princess."

But all this time the Duchesse was dying, and imperiously demanded to receive the unctions with the holy Viaticum; their refusal maddened her to desperation—she broke or tore everything that came within her reach! she bit her hands—and her pages, guards, and even her footmen at the other end of her apartments, heard her screams and imprecations of frantic rage and fury.

The wretched Duke of Orleans, who idolized her alas! and who feared that they might deny her a christian burial, and such an one as became a Princess, sent off M. de Ségur to the Archbishop's palace, and to the Presbytery of St. Sulpice to request the Cardinal and M. de Gerzy to come to the Luxembourg where the Regent awaited them with terror on his countenance and in his inmost soul.

When the three arrived and met, they were all positively and pertinaciously refused admittance by the Princess! She would not even see her father, who remained transfixed at the door of her room, and shed tears when he heard her call out that it was cowardly and infamous of him to annoy her, for the sake of pleasing some bigots, whom she was going to order to be thrown out of the windows!—The Regent returned home in despair.

Youth and a strong constitution retarded the death of the Duchesse de Berry however, for five or six weeks. As she felt assured she would never be permitted to marry M. de Riom secretly, she knew that she risked nothing by insisting on it with her father and at last the Regent became enraged!—He sent off his daughter's favorite and their confidant; the one to the frontiers of Spain to Marshal Berwick's army, and the other with permission to return to her home, and get herself buffetted by her husband, which was sure to happen, for no convent would

receive Madame de M——. Not that she could not afford to pay handsomely for her maintenance, for she had amassed at the expense of the Duchesse de Berry, and by collusion with M. de Riom, an income of about 80,000 livres, levied on different provincial estates, on the clergy of France, and on the Hotel de Ville.

To ensure their gains, no hungry dogs, nor devouring wolves could be more greedy in quest of prey, than they were.

Marie-Louise d'Orleans died on the 22nd of July 1719, at the Pavilion de la Muette, and I believe, all things considered, that the Regent thought himself fortunate when the Monks of St. Denys did not refuse her interment in the royal vaults.

Of the four daughters who remained to the Duc d'Orleans, one became Duchesse de Modena; another was Queen of Spain and became a widow almost as soon as married. Her habits were so depraved that she was sent back at last as a worthless and wicked mad-cap, which in fact she was.

Next came the Abbess de Chelles, and then Mlle. de Beaujolais who died of a broken heart. I have not thought it necessary to mention here the Princesse de Conty because she was in leading-strings at the time of her eldest sister's decease.

Immediately after the death of the Duchesse de Berry, the gardens of the Luxembourg were re-opened for the enjoyment of the public at Paris, this Princess having had the gates walled up, and there one fine afternoon M. de Crèquy took me with my grandmother and Mlles. de Breteuil.

We obtained chairs from the gate-keepers, having asked them to bring us some, and when we were seated we saw a handsome person approaching, elegantly attired in deep mourning, with a dress trimmed with black feathers, and rows of jet mixed with bronzed steel, which had a most rich and brilliant appearance. She was surrounded by a swarm of gallants, abbès, musqueteers, and pages, but marching before them all was a young and handsome German Prince whose

hand she held. (You will soon hear the sad and remarkable adventure of this ill-fated stranger, whose name was Comte Antoine de Horn.)

'The servant who carried the train of this fine lady was in a crimson and silver livery, and she came and installed herself with all her young flutterers, close by our side, on velvet chairs and benches fringed with gold, which a *garçon rouge* of the house of Orleans kept for her. She walked past us without bowing, my grandmother and M. de Crèquy appearing not to notice her, but this did not prevent my cousins and myself staring at her with all our might.

"Pray tell me who she is!" said I to M. de Crèquy,

"It is a woman of rank," replied he coldly and aloud," whose name one does not dare to mention before her relations!"

There was a dead silence, and then the fine lady said to one of her young people who had just whispered something in her ear,

"I really think that is Monsieur Paintendre!"

These words she uttered smiling ironically, and impertinently looking M. de Crèquy full in the face. Now I must tell you that this M. Paintendre was an *écuyer* of the Duc de Chartres, and was actually something like my husband, a resemblance of which that person was very vain, whilst your grandfather's annoyance was so great, it was amusing to witness it. Thus, the malicious woman had touched a tender chord in a vulnerable part.

"Eh! *bonjour* Marquis de Crèquy!—*bonjour mon cousin!*" exclaimed this Comte Antoine in a very off-hand manner. The Marquis bowed without answering; and Madame de Froulay said to me with a disdainful toss of her head;—

"It is your Aunt de Parabére!—let us change our places!"

I have never met her any where else, save once in the vestry of Notre Dame, to be

present at a strange ceremony, which I will tell you of further on.

The *Marquise de Parabére Marie-Madeleine-Olympe-Henriette, du Cosquaër des ducs de la Vieuville,* had made herself so notorious during the regency, that her husband's family refused to bear the same name, Her old husband, César de Baudéan, Marquise de Parabére, left her a widow in 1716.

I have already mentioned to you that my Aunt de Breteuil had married M. de la Vieuville, who was the father of this Marquise ; but her conduct so completely banished her from good society, that my aunt never even returned her bows.

"Officers of the guards and light-horse—that is quite ridiculous enough!—and counsellors ?......one can even imagine that, but *laquais* or Princes of the blood!—it is too unpardonable!" exclaimed the Duchess de la Ferté to us once.

There was a story told of the Regent having surprised her shut up in a room with

this same Comte de Horn. "*Sortez Monsieur!*" said he. in a disdainful tone.

"Our ancestors would have said "*Sortons,*" replied the lover, with incredible assurance, and from that moment his destruction was determined on. *

The Princes de Horn and d'Ovérique, Sovereign-Counts of Haute-Kerke, and hereditary grand-huntsmen of the empire, were undoubtedly one of the most ancient and influential families of European nobility.

In 1720 the house of Horn comprised the reigning Prince Maximilian-Emmanuel, at that time about four-and-twenty years of age; a sister, a *chanoinesse* at the Abbey de Thorn, and the *grand-forestier* of Flanders and Artois who, in a fit of insanity, had killed his wife Agnès de Créquy. It is as

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* Voltaire repeated to me one day a similar answer of which he had just heard, only it was said to have been made by the Comte de Chabot to the Prince de Conty—" My dear Voltaire," I replied, "there was once an old Jew whose name was Solomon, who said, 'There is nothing new under the sun!"—(*Author's Note.*)

well to add here that the mother of these young people was a Princesse de Ligne; her father had been deranged, and her brother in confinement from the same cause. Their last grandmothers were the des Croüy, d'Egmont, Créquy and Montmorency; Princesses of Bavaria, Lorraine, Gonzague, Luxembourg and Nassau; the beauty of their quarterings was unequalled.

The Prince de Horn was a remarkably well-conducted young man, and lived in a manner suitable to his rank in the low countries, residing entirely in his Comté de Baussigny.

The Comté de Horn began by entering the Austrian service; he was reproached with having been wanting in respect to Prince Louis of Baden, general of the armies of the empire, to whose brother he had also given some cause of dissatisfaction and by the latter he was placed under arrest in his old castle of Wert in the *pays* de Horn. The grandson of the famous Jean de Wert was the governor of this fortress, and his

ill-treatment so exasperated his young prisoner that he fell into a state of continual fury and complete aberration of intellect; he was confined in the same cell in which Jean de Horn, stadtholder of Guelders had imprisoned his father, and this furnished Rembrandt with the subject of that admirable picture which Madame had brought from Germany, and which is now to be seen in the Orleans' collection.

After six months of rigorous captivity, he found means to escape from the Castle of Wert after having knocked down two of his goalers with a bottle; he committed all sorts of extraordinary acts, and finally presented himself before his brother at Baussigny looking like a spectre.

The Prince de Horn, from whom the governor of Wert had concealed everything relating to the state of the young Count, and the ill-treatment of which he had been the object, welcomed the unfortunate youth with the tenderest compassion; he placed him in his own private apartments, and three

servants sat up and watched him carefully day and night. The eldest brother instantly dismissed the stadtholder of Wert whose brutal conduct had brought on the Count's illness, and when the stadtholder heard this he incited the peasants for five or six leagues round to revolt that he might still maintain his government. For this he was put under the ban of the empire, and he died shut up in the castle of Horn-op-zee. Had it not been for his grandfather's memory he would have been hanged a hundred times over.

The Princess de Salm-Kirbourg, was a relation of yours and my intimate friend ; she was the eldest daughter of this same Prince de Horn, and from her I received these particulars, with most of those which follow.

Kindness and gentle treatment, proper regimen, and especially the marks of affection he received from his brother, produced the most beneficial results on Count Antoine ; he ended by recovering his reason, but the least contradiction irritated him ; violence

was always lurking in his constitution, and therefore his family never ceased to treat him with the most soothing and assiduous attention.

It was in this state of mind that he escaped from the Low-Countries, and came to Paris where he had to arrange money matters relating to his share of the property of the Princess d'Epinay.

He lost no time in calling on your grandfather, who received him very politely but he would not introduce him to me because he had not brought any letters from his elder brother. Our brothers and our husbands were very fond of him; they gave him the prettiest suppers in the world in their apartments, and took him to their boxes at all the theatres, but we never met him except at church, where he regularly repaired to see us come out, and to have people he did not know pointed out and named to him.

It was impossible for us not to remark him amongst the crowd that lined our passage, on account of his appearance. He was

perfectly handsome although somewhat pale; his eyes were bright as fire, so much so that we could hardly bear the glare of them. It was known that there was a full understanding between himself and Mesdames de Parabére and de Lussan, de Plenœuf and de Prie, and this gave rise to much charitable and *disinterested* regret, which used highly to amuse Monsieur de Créquy.

As this fine handsome young man sometimes disguised himself when he went out at night, the press-gangs for the Missisipi * had already seized him several times to send him off towards Havre-de-Grace; one would have said that they laid in wait for him in particular, and as he had once been ill-treated at the depôt, or wherever these

* The following passage from Lord Mahon's "History of England from the peace of Utrecht," may be found explanatory of this sentence :—"John Law, a Scotch adventurer, had some years before been allowed to establish a public bank in that city, (Paris) and his project succeeding, he engrafted another upon it of an "Indian Company," to have the sole privilege of trade with the Missisipi."—*Vol* ii *Chap*. xi. (*Translator's Note.*)

press-gangs met, your grandfather went and complained to the former *garde-des-sceaux*, who, although he had retired from office, had just as much influence and authority as ever. M. d' Argenson's answer was mysterious.

"Do not you interfere, except it be to make him leave Paris ; I know nothing, and I can do nothing ; but if he do not go, he is lost. I can say no more."

It was Passion week—I shall never forget it !—when they came and informed M. de Créquy that the Count Antoine had been for the last four-and-twenty hours in the *conciergerie* of the Palace, and that he would probably be brought before *La Tournelle* on a charge of murder.

We were informed that the accusation set forth, that the Comte de Horn had stabbed, in the Rue Quincampoix a stock-jobber and broker of Law's bank ;* he was

* John Law was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh ; he was obliged to fly from Great Britain

a Jew and a money-lender—in short, we could make nothing at all of the story.

Your grandfather, who had been pondering over the words of M. Argenson, now hastened to assemble at the Hôtel de Créquy all the relations and friends of the house of Horn; a deputation of them waited on the chief-president de Mesmes, when it was ascertained beyond a doubt that the Jew was dead and that the Comte de Horn had confessed to having stabbed him with a knife.

Great excitement prevailed, and it was debated whether they should not first of all communicate everything to the Regent, but this plan was not adopted. It was decided that they ought to begin by petitioning the magistrates, taking care to make them acquainted with the extraction, malady, and

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and took refuge in france; he gained the confidence of the Duke of Orleans and instituted a bank, founded on excellent principles of self-aggrandisement. He afterwards became Comptroller-General, was deservedly detested, dismissed, and died in poverty at Venice.—(*Translator's Note.*)

character, of the Comte de Horn, as well as the melancholy occurrences of his former life.

The evening before his trial we presented ourselves in a body as relatives of the accused to the number of fifty seven persons of considerable distinction, in the long corridor of the palace which led to the court of justice called *La Tournelle*, and this we did that we might bow to the judges as they passed.

I felt very sad ; every one else entertained sanguine hopes, with the exception of Mme. de Beauffremont, and she also was gifted with second sight (as they call it in Scotland) therefore we both had presentiments of coming ill, with an awful sickness at heart.

The result of the examination was, that the Comte de Horn had entrusted eighty-eight thousand livres in bank-notes, to this usurer, who denied having received them, and after behaving brutally to his noble and fiery creditor, even gave him a blow on the face. This scene took place in a room at a

tavern, which the Count had entered to seek this stockjobber, and there, in a transport of rage, he seized a kitchen knife which was on the table and wounded the man slightly in the shoulder. A Piedmontese, whose name was the Chevalier de Milhe, brother to one of the Princesse de Carignan's *écuyers*, then despatched the Jew with a poniard, after which he possessed himself of his pocket-book, having begged the Comte de Horn in vain, to take charge of it, that they might divide the contents, and thus repay themselves in proportion, as each had lost through the roguery of the money-lender.

Such is the whole story, as it was proved in evidence at the examination. I know that our version of it differed from that of the Regent and the Abbé Dubois ; but you will allow that that is no reason why it should be less accurate or less true. The Comte de Horn had certainly rendered himself liable to punishment, and De Milhe was well deserving of death ; but this did not prevent M. Law and M. Dubois, the natural pro-

tectors of the stock-jobbers and sharpers of the Rue Quincampoix (the head quarters of the system) from making use of the most singularly odious means of obtaining from *La Tournelle*, an iniquitous, execrable, and atrocious sentence! They made no allowance for the sums of money of which this unfortunate stranger had been robbed, nor for the provocation of a blow in the face; they never considered that he was scarcely recovered from a fit of temporary derangement, and that the blow he had inflicted was too slight to have caused death;—lastly, that he had never, until then, seen or known this Piedmontese murderer, and that he had resolutetly refused, not only to open but, even to touch the pocket-book.

To be broken on the wheel!......I cannot think of it, even at the present moment without horror of the Regent!

As soon as the sentence was pronounced, we put on mourning and assembled in the same numbers and in the same place as on the preceding day. They consulted for

about an hour ....

.... *(a blank of twenty pages)* ....

we took up our position in the *salle des gardes* and had the following petition presented to the Regent, the prayer of which was, to obtain at least a commutation of the ignominious punishment of the wheel, for that of imprisonment for life ; ....

....

....

..............The following is a copy of our petition, with a list of those who were allowed to sign it as relatives of the house of Horn. It was in every respect embarrassing for us, not less on account of the rejection or admission of signatures than in the difficulty of drawing up a petition in the name of a foreign Prince.

Your grandfather was besieged with requests (made from motives of vanity) to be allowed to be enrolled among the number of relations, all of which he prudently referred

to the decision of the Prince de Ligne. (The Maréchal de Villaroy was inconsolable at not being included in the convocations at the Hôtel de Créquy!)

PETITION OF THE RELATIONS OF THE PRINCE DE HORN AND THE COMTE DE HORN TO THE REGENT.

"Monseigneur,

"The faithful subjects of His "Majesty, whose names are here subscribed, "have the honor humbly to set forth to "your Royal Highness:

FIRSTLY,

"That Count Amboise de Horn, *grand-* "*forestier* of Flanders and Artois, has been "deprived of reason and liberty for seventeen "years! It is well known that in a fit of "madness he caused the death of Madame "Agnès-Brigitte de Créquy, his wife, yet the "sovereign-courts of Flanders and Brabant "did not consider himself amenable to any

"other law save that of interdiction. It
"appears by affidavits herewith enclosed,
"firstly, that the said *seigneur-comte* obsti-
"nately refused, whilst at the *Château de*
"*Loozen*, to partake of any nourishment but
"raw flesh; secondly, that he reserved his
"daily ration of wine until it amounted to
"a quantity sufficient to intoxicate him;—
"3rdly, that he wounded himself on the
"4th day of April 1712 by means of an
"iron hook which he attempted to drive
"into his neck, and that he lost a great
"quantity of blood, by which his life was
"endangered;—4thly. that having found
"means to escape from the aforesaid *Château*
"*de Loozen*, he met on the road two Capucin
"monks of Ruremonde, aud that he made a
"most furious attack upon them declaring
"that they must renounce their God. He
"was armed with two brace of loaded
"pistols, which he had taken from some
'of the travellers. One of the monks,
'mortally terrified at the unfortunate Count's
"violence, was weak enough to pronounce

" some words of apostacy which his fears
" supplied, whereupon the Count blew out
" his brains, telling him that he was a
" wretched apostate whom it was right to
" send to the Devil. The other monk who
" had remained firm was shot all the same
" with another pistol, the madman saying
" that he would make him a martyr to his
" fate, and send him straight to Paradise.

SECONDLY,

" That Prince Ferdinand de Ligne and
" d'Amblise, Major-General in the Imperial
" army, is under the guardianship of the
" Prince his brother, as having been legally
" declared of unsound mind since the year
" 1717.

THIRDLY,

" That the father of the late Princesse de
" Horn and d'Ovérique had lost the use of
" his reason for about three years before
" his death.

FOURTHLY,

"That Count Antoine Joseph de Horn "and du Saint Empire, is the legitimate "younger son of Philip the Fifth, and of his "wife Antoinette Princesse de Ligne, in "regular descent to the reigning Prince of "Horn and d'Overique, Sovereign Count of "Baussigny, of Hautekerke and de Bailleul, "Stadtholder of Guelders, and Prince and "hereditary grand huntsman of the first "class, &c.; that he has been attacked by "a malady recognized by the Brabant doctors "as well as by the judicial authorities of "the Austrian Low Countries, as bearing "all the features of mental aberration, as "it appears by the documents annexed to "this prayer of the petitioners.

FIFTHLY,

"That if the undersigned forbear enter-"ing upon any discussion of the ground of "the charges, or the formality of the arrest "of the said Count Antoine, it is entirely from "feelings of deference, without any regard

"to the trial, and they reserve to themselves
"all reasonable means for obtaining justice
"for their aforesaid relation.

"For these reasons, May it please your
"Royal Highness to obtain from the King,
"our Sovereign Lord"—(all the rest of the
Petition is in the customary phraseology
which I have not copied, but I have mentioned all the substance of it.) "We are,
"with respect, your Royal Highness' very
"humble and most obedient servants,

Claude, Prince de Ligne.

Jean de Croy, Duc de Havré.

Anne-Leon de Montmorency.

Joseph de Mailly, Marquis d'Harcourt.

Louis, Sire et Marquis de Créquy.

Procope, comte d'Egmont, Duc de Gueldres et de Clèves.

† L'Archevêque et Prince D'Embrun.

Joseph de Lorraine, Prince de Guise.

Charles, Duc de la Trèmouille and Prince de Tarente.

Charles de Lorraine, Prince de Montlaur.

† L'Archevêque Duc de Rheims.

Charles de Lorraine, Sire de Pons.

Guy Charbot, Comte de Jarnac.

Charles Roger, Prince de Courtenay.

Anne de la Tremouille, Comte de Taillebourg.

René de Froulay, Maréchal comte de Tessé.

† Le Cardinal de Gèvres-Luxembourg.

Antoine de la Trémouille, Duc de Noirmonstier.

Louis de Rohan, Prince de Soubise et d'Epinoy.

Antoine-Nompar de Caumont, Duc de Lauzun.

Louis de Beauffremont, Marquis et Comte de Listenois.

Emmanuel-Théodose de la Tour d' Auvergne, Duc de Bouillon, d' Albret et de Chateau-Thierry.

Hugues de Crèquy, Vidame de Tournay.

† Armand-Gastron, Cardinal de Rohan.

† Henri de la Tour d' Auvergne, Abbê-gènèral de Cisteaux.

Louis de Mailly, Marquis de Nesle.

Henri Nompar de Caumont, Duc de la Force.

Louis de Rougè, Marquis du Plessis-Bellière.

† François de Lorraine, Evêque et comte de Bayeux.

H. de Gontaut-Biron. (for my father, who was ill.)

Charles de Rohan, Prince de Guèmeneé.

Louis de Bourbon, Comte de Busset.

Emmanuel de Bavière.

Louis, Duc de Rohan-Chabot.

Paul de Montmorency, Duc de Chastillon.

Just de Wassenaer, Burggrave de Leyde.

Claire-Eugènie de Horn, Comtesse de Montmorency-Logny.

Marie de Crèquy, Princesse de Croy.

Charlotte de Savoy.

Elèonore de Nassau, Landgrave de Hesse.

Henriette de Durfort-Duras, Comtesse d'-Egmont.

Victoire de Froulay, Marquise de Crèquy.

Charlotte de Lorraine d' Armagnac.

Geneviève de Bretagne, Princesse de Courtenay.

Marie-Thérèse de Montmorency, Comtesse de Dreux de Nancré.

Hélène de Courtenay, Marquise de Beauffremont.

Marie de Gouffier, Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset.

† Blanche de Lusignan, Abbesse de St. Pierre.

Charlotte de Mailly, Princesse de Nassau.

Marie Sobieska, Duchess de Bouillon, d'-Albret, &c.

Francoise de Noailles, Princesse de Lorraine.

Marie de Créquy, Comtesse de Jarnac.

Marguerite de Ligne et d' Aremberg, Marquise Douairière de Berg-op-Zoom.

Elizabeth de Gonzague, Duchesse de' Mirande.

La Princess Olympie de Gonzague.

Marie de Champagne, Comtesse de Choiseul.

Anne du Guesclin, Douairière de Goyon.

It had been decided that every one should sign this petition as they arrived at M. de Créquy's, without regard to the rights or

pretensions of precedence, and when it became known that the list was composed of all the most ancient and illustrious names, a considerable number of people were much annoyed at not finding their own included therein ; sulky looks and angry words without end, and even quarrels ensued in consequence, for, fifty years after this, the Duchesse de Mazarin was still complaining of an affront which she said her father had received from M. de Créquy. I could not imagine what this could be, until at last I discovered that it was on account of this very petition !

CHAPTER IX.

Interview with the Regent—A promise of alleviation of punishment—Last confession of the accused—The Bourreau—Letter from the Duke de St. Simon to the Duke d' Havré—Dishonorable conduct of the Regent—The Place de Gréve—Note from the Duke d' Havré—The Regent offers the confiscated property of the Comte de Horn to his brother—Rejected by the latter—More acts of the "good Regent."

We were shown into the council chamber by order of the Regent, the chief officers of his household doing the honours in silence, and there, in ten minutes, His Royal Highness sent to inform us that he awaited the deputation in his cabinet. Those whom it was agreed beforehand should present the petition, were, the Car-

dinal de Rohan, the Duke d' Havré, the Prince de Ligne and your grandfather.

The deepest anxiety was depicted on the countenances of all; you might see by the gathering together of some of the women of our party that they were arranging themselves in attitudes of prayer, and I remember that that good Princesse d' Armagnac began to count her beads.

The Duke of Orleans commenced by telling our gentlemen that those who could ask pardon for the criminal (that is the word he used) showed more interest in the House of Horn than loyalty to the King. M. de Crèquy besought him to deign to read our petition.

"Granting the possibility of his being mad," replied the Regent, "you will be obliged to allow that he is a dangerous madman, and that as such, it is right and prudent to get rid of him."

"But Monseigneur," rejoined the Prince de Ligne, sharply, "a Prince of your blood might possibly become deranged; would

you have him broken on the wheel if he committed any acts of madness ?"

The Cardinal interposed between them, and prayed His Royal Highness to take into consideration that the ignominy of the punishment would attach itself, not only to the person of the condemned and the house of Horn, but would be a blot on the escutcheons of all the princely families and others, wherever a quartering of this sullied name should be found; this would cause a marked prejudice against the high nobility of France and the Empire, excluding their members from entering noble chapters, princely abbeys, sovereign bishops, Teutonic commandries and even the order of Malta, where, besides being unable to substantiate their claims, all these families would be debarred from their advantages down to the fourth generation!

"Monseigneur!" exclaimed the Prince de Ligne, "I have, in my genealogy, four escutcheons of Horn, and consequently four ancestors in that house!—I must then be obliged to scratch them out and efface them

for ever!—there will be blanks and blots in our pedigree; there is not a single sovereign family in existence who will not be injured by your Royal Highness' severity, and all the world knows that in the thirty-two quarterings of your mother will be found the shield of Horn!"

Your grandfather here threw himself into the breach, whilst the Regent answered mildly,

"Then, gentlemen, I shall partake in your disgrace."

(It is not true that he said, "When I have bad blood I get rid of it.)

When they saw that there was no chance of pardon, they were obliged to fall back upon the hope of obtaining a commutation of the punishment, and as soon as it became a question whether Count de Horn should be beheaded or put to death upon the wheel, the Cardinal de Rohan withdrew from the discussion.

On his return to the room in which he had left us, we were fearful that some point

was being argued in which the Cardinal as a clergyman could not participate, and from this we augured most inauspiciously. M. de Crèquy also would not solicit for anything more than imprisonment for life! he rejoined us a quarter of an hour after the Cardinal, looking awfully pale, and in this state we remained until nearly midnight, without speaking. It was Saturday—the eve of Palm Sunday.

It was agreed and decided on after great trouble and difficulty, between the Duke of Orleans and the Duke d'Havré, (who was constantly interrupted by his cousin De Ligne) that His Royal Highness should sign and seal an order of commutation, which should be forwarded to the *Procureur-général* on the Monday, March 25th, by five o'clock in the morning. According to this promise and the Prince's word of honour, a scaffold was to be erected within the precincts of the Prison, and there Count de Horn was to be beheaded on the morning of the same

day, immediately after that he had received absolution.

The Regent bowed to us as he passed out of his cabinet, and embraced old Madame de Goyon whom he had known from his infancy, calling her also his good aunt. He condescended to say that he was charmed to see me at the Palais-Royal, which was scarcely àpropos, as he saw me there for the first time, and furthermore he conducted the ladies to the door of the second room himself, though he took care to show that it was on account of the presence of the Duchesse de Bouillon, and in honour of the King of Poland, Jean Sobieski.

If the favor which had been promised to us, afforded any one any consolation, it was only the Prince de Ligne, who was far more engrossed by the honors of his heraldic bearings than by the death of his nephew.

This unfortunate young man, would allow no one to visit him in prison except the Bishop de Bayeux and M. de Crèquy. He had just received the communion, when

your Grandfather entered the prison chapel; Count Antoine still knelt before the holy table where they were concluding a mass for the dead, celebrated at his own request. (This is not in the canon-law, nor is it allowed to be used in the Low-Countries.) He said to M. de Créquy,

"Cousin, with the body of Jesus Christ on my lips, I solemnly protest my innocence as far as relates to the intention of murder."

He would not demean himself by touching on the infamous supposition of theft.

He detailed the whole affair with clearness, simplicity, resignation and courage, and he added moreover that what he could not understand was, that after having partaken of the prison-fare before proceeding to his examinations, he always felt a sort of giddiness and incoherence, with a quickening of the pulse.

"They must have been sensible of this in my replies," said he, "and it is not my judges who will have to answer before God for my conviction!"

He made these two gentlemen promise that they would go and see his brother and bear witness to him that he died protesting his innocence, and a good Christian; in other respects he said he was not sorry to die, and these words he repeated five or six times before his two cousins, though without assigning any reason for them.

There was something fearfully mysterious in the fate of this young man, and one could almost fancy that his countenance bore the impress of his destiny.

M. de Créquy went and found the executioner of Paris who lived at la Villette that he might recommend the sufferer of the morrow to his especial care.

"Do not give him unnecessary pain," said he, "bare his neck only, and remember to provide a coffin in which I can have his body deposited until it can be sent to his family."

The executioner promised to take all possible care, and when your grandfather offered him a rouleau of one hundred Louis, he said he never accepted anything.

" I am paid by the King, to discharge the duties of my office," replied this man of justice.

" And in truth my good fellow," said M. de Crèqui, " it is no ordinary calling, that of putting to death one of God's creatures !"

The executioner told my husband that he had refused exactly the same sum two days previously, offered for the same purpose in favor of the same person.

M. de Créquy returned home in a state of indescribable affliction ; he retired immediately to bed, and when I entered his room to wish him good-night, I found him ruminating over a letter which had been forwarded to him by the Duc d' Havrè, the latter having received it from the Duc de St. Simon, who was intimate with the Regent.

The following is a copy of the letter the original of which I have always preserved.

Letter from the Duc de St. Simon to the Duc d' Havrè.

"My dear Duke,

I am just setting off for la Ferté according to my custom during Easter. I did not fail to represent to the Duke of Orleans how utterly different were the effects of different punishments in Germany and in the Low-Countries, as also the grievous injury inflicted on a house so nobly and powerfully allied. I despaired of saving his life, in consequence of the machinations of those two men who are, as you are aware, such partisans of the Stock Exchange and such warm defenders of the brokers, without which their credit would certainly fall to the ground. I have earnestly solicited (and I flatter myself I have had the happiness of obtaining) the commutation of the ignominious punishment of the wheel, to that of decapitation, which is in no country regarded as a brand of infamy, and this will leave the illustrious House of Horn power to provide for the proper establishment of descendants, should there be any. The Duke of Orleans admitted that I was

quite right; his word was passed for the commuting of the sentence and I am bound to believe it as a thing placed beyond doubt; I even took the precaution of informing him as I withdrew, that I was going to leave the next day, and I conjured him not to allow his word to pass into oblivion, seeing that he would be assailed by two men who are clamorous for the wheel, and were capable of falsifying to the Regent the consequences to be expected from this horrible execution. He faithfully promised me to be firm, and that which inspires me with still greater confidence in his resolution is, that he himself gave me a number of good reasons why he should maintain it—reasons which had not even occurred to myself. I can assure you he spoke as a man of high birth and feeling, otherwise I should have thought it necessary to defer my departure.

You know how much I am beholden to you, my dear Duke—

St. Simon."

Imagine what must have been our feelings, and picture to yourself, if you can, our utter astonishment, deep dejection, and indignation against the Regent, when we learnt on Tuesday the 26th of March at 10 o'clock in the morning, that Count de Horn had been exposed on the wheel in the Place de Grève, from half past six in the morning on the same scaffold with the Piedmontese de Milhe! and that he had been subjected to the torture before being executed!

Your grandfather dressed himself in his uniform of a general officer with his ribbon on his coat—he ordered six servants to attend in their state liveries—he had two carriages harnessed with six horses each, and set off for the Place de Grève; there he found that, amongst others, he had been anticipated by M M. de Havré, de Rohan, de Ligne and de Croüy.

The Count Antoine was already dead, and indeed there was some reason to believe that the executioner, out of charity, had

given him his death blow (on his breast) at eight o'clock in the morning.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, that is to say as soon as the *juge-commissaire* had quitted his post at the Hotel de Ville, these gentlemen had the mutilated remains of their relation removed and even assisted in the office with their own hands. No one except M. de Créquy had taken the precaution of bringing a carriage; they had the shapeless masses placed in one of ours, which happened to be that bearing my arms. My husband and I had agreed that the corpse should be brought to our house, and I had already prepared a lower room in which an altar was to be erected, when Mme. de Montmorency-Loguy sent to say that she claimed the melancholy privilege herself, begging us to remember that she was born Comtesse de Horn.

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.........................since the return of M. de St. Simon whom M. d' Havré answered by the following note :—

" My dear Duke,

I can fully understand the regrets which you have been obliging enough to express to me, and I receive them with gratitude. I know not whether it be true that the Marquise de Parabère obtained from the executioner that act of charity which is attributed to her, but this I know, that the Count de Horn's death is the result of the false policy, mercenary nature, inconstancy, and perhaps jealousy of the Duke of Orleans.

You know my feelings of especial regard for you—

Croy d' Havré."

If a collection were made of all that was written against the Duke of Orleans on this occasion, a hundred volumes could be filled. The Regent was not slow in repenting, and

when he saw himself the object of animadversion to all Europe, he bethought him of restoring to the Prince de Horn the confiscated property of Count Antoine, whom, in violation of his word of honour, he had allowed to be broken alive upon the wheel!

The following is the reply of the Prince to his Royal Highness, as it was reported to us by M. de Créquy on his return from his sad pilgrimage to the Low Countries, with Prince François, (Bishop of Bayeux.)

"Monseigneur.

"The object of this letter "is not to reproach you with the death of "my brother, although the rights of my rank "and nation have thus been violated in "your Royal Highness' person, but to thank "you for restoring his property to me, which "I beg to refuse. In accepting any favour at "your hands I should be acting infamously "and in strange opposition to him.

"I hope that God and the King of France "will one day treat your Royal Highness and "family with more justice than you have

" shown towards my unfortunate brother, and
" I remain with every good intention for your
" Royal Highness's service,

Emmanuel, Prince de Horn."

That which was not the less extraordinary part of all this was, that the conduct of the Duke of Orleans appeared so revolting and became the object of such general and well-directed indignation, that public opinion espoused the quarrel of his victim, and the honour and estimation in which his family had been held, remained unimpaired.

His brother's daughters have married Princes of the empire, and every time that the quarterings of the Horn family have been presented for inspection as aspiring to grand chapters or even electoral benefices, such as the Archbishoprics of Mayence, Cologne, and Trèves, no one has even thought fit to insinuate, or to offer in opposition, that they might be branded with infamy by virtue of the Germanic laws or the custom of Bra-

bant,* *ce bon Régent, qui gâta tout en France,*" (as Monsieur de Voltaire used ironically to say to us, who in fact is nothing more than a philosophic hypocrite and a flatterer in disguise ;) " this good Regent," let him then be called, failed not to restore to favour the Duke and Duchesse de Maine (of whom he was always afraid) whilst at the same time he persecuted, and condemned to death twenty three Breton gentlemen who had plotted in concert with the Duke and Duchess, (but of whom he was *not* afraid !) Their names however have been since re-instated, and I have remarked that all those judgemnts which were pronounced by *commissaires* under the Regency, have been afterwards reversed.

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* It is to be remarked that Madame de Créquy has made us look upon the character and career of the Comte de Horn in quite a new light. There is a curious document in the " pieces justificatives " to these memoirs which fully confirms the greater part of the facts advanced by her, and this document may be relied on as official.—(*Note of French Editor*.)

I have no doubt but that the Prince de Horn would have obtained the same justice, but then he must have recognized the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris, which, in his position, was impossible.

CHAPTER X.

Duels—Fatality attending the admirers of Madame de Parabére—Maréchale de Luxembourg, afterwards Duchess de Boufflers—Maréchale de Mirepoix afterwards Princess de Lixim—Reflections on dress—Family pride—A she-knight of St. Michael—Tuft-hunting—Comtesse de Vertus—A Quid pro quo, showing that politeness is sometimes rewarded—Mademoiselle Quinault's armorial bearings—Madame du Deffand, at that time Mademoiselle de Vichy—An invalid with a tail! —The aspirations of a dog-fancier.

The rage for duels was so much encouraged by the incompetency and neglect of the Duke of Orleans that one heard of nothing but young men killed or wounded, and every family was in a state of either anxiety or affliction.

In our own, we had to lament the loss of the Chevalier de Breteuil, one of the most amiable persons possible, who was killed by a brother officer in his regiment of guards. He was the younger brother of the Bishop of Rennes, and the Marquis de Breteuil-Fontenoy (whom we shall some day see Minister of War) and was one of the most famed admirers of Madame de Parabère ; it is impossible to say how many she had not lost either in some most tragical manner or by a violent death. Many young officers fell in duels, two Breton gentlemen lost their heads, a Knight of Malta was drowned during his pilgrimage, and a page of honour assassinated in a hackney-coach ; there were Abbés knocked down at her door, a counsellor who poisoned himself with mushrooms, and a youth thrown out of window, but above all, the poor unfortunate Antoine de Horn.

It was said that Madame de Parabère brought misfortune upon her admirers, but in certain cases, people were apt to attribute

to jealousy that which more fairly belonged to the "*influenza perniciosa,*" or the common course of events.

Another most scandalous duel was that between the Prince de Lixin, and the Marquis de Liguêville, his wife's uncle. The latter was killed by M. de Lixin, and M. de Lixin was killed by the Duc de Richelieu, as I shall inform you further on.

The Princesse de Lixin, (née Beauvean de Craon) became afterwards Marèchale Duchesse de Mirepoix and I shall often have occasion to make mention of her.

It was at this period if I mistake not, that is, at the close of the year 1721, that we made the acquaintance of our young and pretty cousin De Villeroy, who quitted her Convent to marry the Duc de Boufflers. She became a widow after that, and married the Duc de Luxembourg, and of her, also, I shall have plenty to say.

The Princesse de Lixin always conducted herself in the most exemplary manner; but as Marêchale de Mirepoix, she used to sup at

Madame du Barry's, and thereby forfeited the friendships and intimacies of her youth. She was more naturally elegant and distinguished looking than anyone I ever knew, but of all women the most alive to her own interests as far as regarded profit and pleasure. Her thirst for money (and a great deal of it too) reigned supreme, for she would have played away the revenues of ten kingdoms at *passe-dix* and *vingt-et-un*. Her only passion indeed was that of gaming.

But having mentioned the Duchesse de Boufflers to you, I ought also to make you acquainted with her as Duchesse de Luxembourg, when she was in all her glory. I may as well do so now as at any other time, anticipating, for the present, my story, which I shall again pursue in chronological order, from the time of my father's embassy, and our journey, to Italy.

There were in Paris, three old people, contemporaries, who were for a long time held in pretty nearly the same estimation, though the social existence of each was

widely different. The first of these was the Marèchale de Luxembourg, and it was impossible to conceive any one possessed of more good taste, good sense, and perfect amiability. Her appearance was distinguished ; late in life she had turned pious, because nothing sits so well as devotion on a woman approaching her sixtieth year, and she continued truly so without any effort.

The Marèchale had certainly her failings, but the only point which appeared really reprehensible in her character was a continual and excessive infatuation about the grandeur and (to speak plainly) the pretended superiority of the house of Montmorency.*

Surely the Maillys the La Tour d'Auvergnes, the Clermont-Tonnerres, and especially the Rohans, were at least as good as the Montmorencys! It is true that Mathieu de Montmorency married the widow of

* Her late husband was Francois de Morency, Duc de Piney-Luxembourg.

Louis-le-gros, but then we all know the reason of that! he was young and good-looking, and the Queen was an old fool!

Her house, her furniture, her table, her numerous livery servants, carriages, chapel, and state-room, in short, everything about her was of extraordinary magnificence. She had for her own use a work-box in solid gold, and her collection of snuff-boxes was the most splendid and curious in the world. Amidst all this gilding, amidst the great portraits of Constables, the lions of Luxembourg and the eaglets of Montmorency, it was somewhat startling at first to see a little woman simply attired in brown taffetas, without jewels, trimmings or furbelows of any kind; but on a nearer inspection her countenance was so animated and good-tempered, her features so noble and regular, her carriage so modest, and yet one might say so royal; and, lastly, her conversation was so cleverly varied, polished, and yet acute, that you listened and looked upon her with unutterable pleasure.

The dress of old people of that day possessed one great advantage for them, and that was, it bore no resemblance to the attire of the young; so that there was no chance of comparisons arising between the two, which could not but prove unfavourable to the dowagers. Old women were then distinct; set apart, as it were, as being no more objects for dress than for gallantry. I quite pity those of my age, when I see them decked out in gay caps, deceptive kerchiefs, and all their costume of the most juvenile description! for hence it happens that in an involuntary comparison with their grandchildren, they only become objects of disgust themselves.

I have no doubt but that the disrespect, or rather the impertinence of the young people of the present day towards the old arises in a great measure, from their foolish mode of dressing.

It would be impossible to describe the Marèchele de Luxembourg better than Mme. de Flahaut has done in one of her pretty

romances, for which, in my eyes, she deserves infinite credit, as she was never in the society of the Marèchale, nor ever likely to be!

It was said of old, that men of good society sometimes lost their polish and refinement after having been associated for a long time with women of an inferior grade, and that these same women often acquired the polite usages of the world and contrived to pick up good taste and manners from the crumbs that fell in the company of their superiors, which proves at least that good taste is not thrown away on all the world; but it was likewise said that this was but the ornamental varnish—that on examination you might detect the colours of the old picture appearing beneath the new colouring—that on the least provocation for instance, there would be an explosion of words, a deluge of gestures, and sometimes revengeful acts which betrayed the innate vulgarity.

I have had no opportunity of personally testing the truth of these observations, but

with respect to finding the perfection of good manners sometimes equally shared by the high-born and those of a lower grade, it appears to me a very natural transition to pass from the Marèchale-Duchesse de Luxembourg to Mademoiselle Quinault, on whom my grandmother (not less of a fine lady than Madame de Luxembourg) took me one day to call, evincing a tone of regard and ceremonious politeness which came naturally from her, and which it would be very difficult to feign in the present day.

There is a long paragraph for you! I began to think it would never end and my pen is quite out of breath!

But, apropos to the Montmorencys, I have not told you all I have to say about them, and whilst I am on the subject I may as well relate one more anecdote concerning them, lest I forget it.

The Vicomtesse de L... thought proper one day to ape her defunct cousin of Luxembourg, and so she wrote the following note to the Marèchal de Sègur who was at

that time Minister of War and had refused to entrust the command of a regiment to the son of the Vicomtesse :—

"I know not Monseigneur, whether you "have read the history of our family, but "you would there see that formerly it was, "apparently, easier for a Montmorency to "wear the Constable's sword, than to obtain "in the present day the epaulettes of a "Colonel!"

The reply of the Marèchal de Sègur was very apropos—he said that he had read the history *of France* and that he concluded the M. M. de Montmorency had always been treated *according to their deserts!*

Mademoiselle Quinault was an old maid who lived on a pension from the privy-purse, and she was descended from the famous Quinault, Poet and Actor. It was generally known that she also had made her *début* at the opera, but by common consent no one was to recollect that circumstance or to feel

certain about it, consequently if ever the scent lay in that quarter the hounds were to be whipped off.

It was allowed that she had been *l'amie intime* of the Duc de Nevers, who was Mancini, nephew to the Cardinal Mazarin and father of the present old Duc de Nivronais, so you see Mlle. Quinault was no chicken! They said she had once been very pretty but her great superiority consisted in her knowledge of the world and her incomparable tact. Mlle. Quinault did not care for money, but her ruling passion was for "grand acquaintance." She had played her cards so skilfully and her batteries had been so well directed that, besides placing herself permanently in good society, she had also attained to a perfect equality with the loftiest and most unapproachable heights in the world of fashion.

It was not known how she made her way, but certain it is, she obtained the collar and order of St. Michel with a considerable pension, and she had superb apartments at

the Louvre, overlooking the garden on the side of the Seine.

Thus, she was always rising higher and higher, from the old Duc de Nevers, to the Comtesse de Toulouse and the Duc de Penthièvre who were eminently the possessors of all the cardinal virtues; who distilled dignity as it were, and who, as authorities on conventional proprieties, were considered perfect oracles; in short, all the most powerful and illustrious at Court, and the most important in the city arrived in turn most reverentially to pay their respects in the drawing-room of Mlle. Quinault, who had the good sense never to pay visits, for, as she humbly informed you, she never took the liberty of calling on any one. The celebrated Madame D'Epinay had great difficulty in finding among her acquaintance some one who possessed a sufficient footing to present her to Mlle. Quinault.

We found then, Mlle. Quinault, comfortably established under the royal roof; she was dressed in black and white damask,

because the Court was in half mourning, and wore a large hoop. Her manners and appearance were as good as they could be, but she was not rouged, as we all were, consequently she disarmed the ridicule to which such an assumption might have given rise.

I have already mentioned that Mlle. Quinault was decorated with the order of St. Michael; it was bestowed upon her on account of a magnificent anthem which she composed for the Queen's chapel, and I should think that she was the first woman to whom the black ribbon was ever given. On our entrance, we found her seated side-by-side with the Duc de Penthièvre, who was, as you are aware, the grandson of Louis the Fourteenth. There were also present, the Dowager Duchesse de Bouillon, the Princesse de Soubise, and her sister the Landgravine of Hesse, Mlle. de Vertus, the *Vidame* de Vassè, the grand prior of Auvergne, the Comte d'Estaing—in fact all Madame du Defand's great people.

Mademoiselle de Vertus was an old Princess of the house of Britany, and, I think, the last of her family. There had existed some bad feeling between our families arising out of a law-suit which she sustained against us with the Marquis de la Grange, her nephew, and the most mischievous litigant that ever lived. That is all I know about it; but whatever it was, as we had quarrelled, I had never seen Mlle de Vertus, no more than Mlle Quinault, and in mistaking one for the other, a capital game of cross-purposes arose.

In the first place I commenced a fire of conversation with Mlle. de Vertus, next to whom I found myself seated; I made her all sorts of pretty little speeches, and she seemed touched and surprised by my politeness, for she was an excellent and religious woman. All this time my grandmother, who conversed with the lady of the black ribbon, whom I mistook for some Chanoinesse of Remiremont, kept watching me with the greatest uneasiness, and told me afterwards,

as we were leaving, that she had made up her mind that I had suddenly gone mad!

Mlle. de Vertus, finding me so well disposed towards her, imagined that I deserved some proof of her recollection; we were connected, and they told me she expected me to pay her a visit, but in four or five months she died, after having been obliging enough to append a codicil to her will, by which means a sum of forty-thousand francs in good louis d'ors, fell into my little exchequer, and all for mistaking Mademoiselle Anne de Bretagne, Comtesse de Vertus and a Peeress of France, for Mlle. Quinault, *chevalière de l'ordre du Roi!*

Imagine the congratulations that were showered upon me for having been so provident and so good a relation, quite unawares! and as we should endeavour to draw a moral from everything, we may say that in the olden times politeness sometimes earned its own reward!

Touching unexpected presents, unusual acts of generosity and Mlle. Quinault, I

must tell you that long after this, the Maréchale de Mirepoix who accepted everything and never gave aught in return, showed me notwithstanding, a beautiful seal which she had ordered for this lady, and which she was going to send her as a New Year's gift.

"What!" said I, "a seal with arms upon it for Mlle. Quinault?"

"And why not *mon cœur?*" replied the Marèchale with imperturbable gravity—"is not Mlle. Quinault a person of rank? her grandfather was ennobled by the late King; you see every day in the streets, arms with the coronets of Counts and Barons which are not a bit better than hers; moreover the President d' Hazier de Sérigny had these emblazoned for me from his register."

"And how about the opera?" said I.

"Oh! the opera—say nothing about that or they will call you malicious; besides, singing at the opera does not derogate from one's nobility! M. le Moine," she added with a smile, "M. le Moine, *écuyer, Sieur de Chassè*, and first singer at the Royal Acade

my, of Music, is cousin-german to Monsieur de Vaudreuil."

To conclude properly, the biography, panegyric, and apotheosis of Mlle. Quinault, I should add, that Princes of the blood sent their great officers and carriages to her funeral which was splendid, and the armorial bearings presented by the Maréchale de Mirepoix were displayed everywhere.

It remains to me only to speak to you of the Marquise de Deffand who was no longer young when I met her in the world, but her importance was so firmly established, and she was treated with such consideration, that some people were utterly confounded by it, and amongst these were the Maréchal d'Estrées, and the Duchesse d'Harcourt in particular; they appeared to know a great deal more than they chose to say, and I always thought they held their tongues from regard for the relations and friends of this blind old sinner. The following anecdote is wholly unknown to her biographers and even to her enemies; I had it from the Baron de

Breteuil who was in the King's household at the time, and he had it himself from the late Lieutenant of Police.

Mademoiselle de Vichy de Champron was a boarder at the Convent of the Madeleine de Traisnel, in the Faubourg St. Antoine; she was perfectly beautiful, and at that period was not more than sixteen years of age.

M. d'Argenson, the *garde des sceaux* was acquainted with the superior of this house whose name, (I happen to recollect it exactly) was Madame de Vèni d'Arbouze. A visit from Monsieur *le garde-des-sceaux* was quite an event as he never called on any one; he never went out of a foot's pace in the streets but seated in an arm chair alone at the back of his great coach, he was escorted by his archers, and followed by another carriage containing the casket in which the seals of France were kept, and further, by three counsellors *Chauffecire* who kept as close to him as his shadow or his Cross of the Holy Ghost.

The superior received him in the parlour.

"I have not time to stay," said he bowing, "but you have here the daughter of the Comte de Champron?"

"*Oui Monseigneur.*"

"I recommend you then to send her back to her parents secretly, as quietly and as quickly as possible; I wished to say this to yourself alone—adieu Madame."

M. d'Argenson had organized the Paris police himself, and this was the way their system was carried on in those days.

The Nun was thrown into the greatest state of alarm and nervousness; her anxiety came stronger upon her in the middle of the night, and she visited the cell of the *pensionnaire*; she found it empty and she remained in it until the return of the young lady, which was about four or five o'clock in the morning. It is not known what communication took place between them, but the superior wrote the following day to the Comte de Champron giving him to understand that his daughter could no longer remain at the Madeleine de Traisnel.

The father arrived from the Bourbonnais in all possible haste but he had scarcely alighted from his carriage before the Regent sent to tell him to repair to the Palais Royal, where the Prince wished to speak with him instantly, and this was, to propose to him to start forthwith for the army of Catalonia with the rank of Brigadier, whereas M. de Champron had never served higher than as a Colonel.

The unfortunate father guessed the truth, and left the Regent's presence without deigning to reply, and as he feared some violence, he carried off his daughter so rapidly that all the rest of the intrigue was knocked on the head.

And where do you suppose he placed her for safety? At the *chancellerie!* with M. *le garde-des-sceaux* in the Place Vendome where she remained under lock and key for above six months, and only left it to marry the Marquis du Deffand who was an officer in the *garde-du-corps* of the Duchesse de Berry.

We never appeared to suspect anything, but we thought we observed that whenever the Regent's name was mentioned Madame du Deffand seemed very uncomfortable and became suddenly dumb.

My aunt de Lesdiguières had another story about her which proves the cold-blooded nature of her character. My aunt went and called upon her in company with Madame de Bourbon-Busset, expecting to find her more or less depressed as M. de Pont-de-Vesle was dying, and for the last twelve or fifteen years he had lived in the enjoyment of her best of graces.

After the first compliments had been exchanged, Madame de Bourbon-Busset asked her (with a long face of tender interest) the news of the *dear invalid.*

Eh, mon Dieu! I was thinking about it," exclaimed the old Marquise quickly, " but I have only one man-servant here just at present, so I was going to send one of my maids to ask after him."

" Madame," replied the other, " it rains

torrents. I beg of you to let her go in my carriage."

"You are excessively kind, and I thank you a thousand times," said the Marquise looking highly delighted. "Mam'selle," (speaking to a maid who had answered the bell) "you are to go and inquire after our little invalid; the Comtesse de Bourbon-Busset allows you to go in her carriage on account of the rain, but you are by no means to trouble her footmen to accompany you! I am very grateful and quite touched by the interest you take in my favourite," she continued; "he is very good, and so clever, so amusing, so gentle and caressing; I suppose you know that Mme. du Chatelet procured him for me?"

The two friends looked at each other, not daring to reply to a communication so confidential and ill-timed! They talked about other things and at last the carriage returned.

"Well; how did you find him?"

"As well as he could possibly be, madame."

"Would he eat anything to-day?"

"He wanted to amuse himself by gnawing an old shoe, but M. Lyounais would not let him."

"Well!" exclaimed my aunt, "that was an extraordinary fancy for an invalid!"

"In short, is he able to walk now?" asked the Marquise.

"I am unable to answer that, madame, because he was lying doubled up, but I saw that he knew me quite well to-day, *for he wagged his tail!*"

"*Monsieur de Pont de Vesle?*" cried the visiters.

"*Allons donc!*" said Mme. du Deffand; "we are talking about my little dog; but, by the bye," she added, addressing her servant in a dry sharp voice, "do not forget to send and inquire after the Chevalier de Pont de Vesle."

As you are not obliged to know who M. Lyounais was, I tell you that he was a Doc-

tor who lived on the Place de Grève and who had made sixty thousand livres a year, by taking care of sick cats and dogs who were boarded with him. When they talked of putting up for sale the seigneurial estate and ruins of the old Château of Courtenay, I set about (to shame the heirs of this imperial family) that Lyounais was about to become the purchaser, and that his son would bear the name; which, by the way would have been a difficult thing to prevent, for according to custom in seigneurial matters in the *vicomté* of Paris all plebeians might acquire and hold, feudal lands.

It would have been a bad joke certainly for the cause of it was not generally understood, but the report spread all over Versailles, and so dreadfully alarmed the Cardinal de Fleury that he immediately despatched M. de Fourqueux to Paris to purchase the estate, together with the *seigneurie* of Courtenay, purposing to reunite them to the crown.

Instead, however, of becoming the pos-

sessor of the Lordship of Courtenay, Monsieur Lyounais contented himself with the noble estate of Pontgibault, which had descended through my aunt de la Trèmoille, the last member of the ancient house of Lafayette; but you must not confound this with the family of that philosophical and republican Marquis who has been waging war in America.

CHAPTER XI.

A disastrous year—Rejoicings on the King's recovery—A loss, Cartouche's death!—His favorite book and meritorious end—An adventure, a friend in need—A mal-apropos salute to the King of Cyprus—An old idiot *in spite of her teeth!*—A mitred fool—Gallican Joe Millers.

You have not yet heard all I have to say about that unlucky year, 1721; against which I have always had a spite, on account of the tragical end of poor Comte Antoine, and for other disasters which I must content myself by disposing of summarily.

First of all, there was the King's illness,

which kept us in a state of the most painful anxiety for upwards of a fortnight; then the bankruptcy and flight of Law, whom there was much difficulty in protecting from the fury of the populace, and the misery and the general ruin produced by the downfall of his system; next, the plague at Marseilles, and, not least, a fire which destroyed the whole of my village of Gastines, which cost us a hundred and twenty thousand livres, as much in what we disbursed in charity, as for the loss of our seigneurial rights and revenues, which M. de Créquy remitted for three years;* lastly, the Regent put a slight upon M. de Crèquy by favouring M. de Belisle: who was not at that time either a Marshal of France, a Duke, or a Peer; and he was very angry at this. Your grandfather carried the insult with a high hand; he wrote

* The peasants of Gastines were horribly ungrateful to us; we had their village rebuilt, and the first thing they did at the commencement of the revolution, was to set fire to our Chateau!—
1795. *(Author's Note.)*

to the King, then sitting in council, saying that he could no longer continue to serve him with honor; he also wrote four lines to the Regent, noways complaining, but merely tendering his resignation of the general-directorship of the infantry; and then we set off for Venice, where my father was ambassador extraordinary.

Before leaving Paris I should have liked to have told you of the universal depression which lasted during the King's illness, as well as of the rejoicings which took place on his recovery; but all the cotemporary writers have anticipated me in the description, so I shall only mention that the municipal bodies, the City of Paris, and the Marèchal de Villeroy, His Majesty's Governor, bore all the expenses of the *Te Deum*, and the civil rejoicings, for the Regent and his son never undrew their purse-strings.

The Tuileries were magnificently illuminated with coloured lamps which hung from tree to tree in garlands of *fleurs-de-lys*; all the avenues were embellished with tall yew-

trees trimmed in the form of *fleurs-de-lys*, and the fire works, which were discharged every quarter of an hour, bore the same shape.

No display, more regal or more national was ever beheld; the Tuileries, the surrounding streets, and even the roofs of the houses were filled and covered with crowds of people, and their joy was so frantic, that at last it made the little King giddy, and he rushed to take refuge in a corner of the *Salle-des-gardes*, where he seated himself on a bench by us, saying he could bear it no longer; it was only about a quarter of an hour afterwards, that the Maréchal de Villeroy came and said to him "*Mon Maître*, will you shew yourself again to your good people, who love you so well, and who are waiting for you."

That, I can assure you, is all that the Marshal said, and the King immediately returned to the balcony, without requiring any more pressing. M. de Villeroy always appeared to me the vainest, the most unrea-

sonable, and the most bombastic of courtiers; but upon that occasion I can certify that he never uttered one of those arrogant and stupid expressions which M. de St. Simon has so kindly attributed to him.

About this time, 1721, the friends of Cartouche had to deplore his death; but I cannot say that it was a loss which I felt very acutely. He had undergone torture, both ordinary and extraordinary, with wonderful endurance, and had never divulged the name of any one of his accomplices: but the curè of St. Sulphice, whose attendance he had solicited had not neglected to point out to him, that one of the first obligations of a Christian was, to speak the truth, when so ordered by the judge, that judge being appointed by the legitimate sovereign.

Religion obtained from this malefactor what the most dreadful sufferings could not extort; he named all his accomplices, amidst torrents of tears, and that effort was so super-human, painful, and meritorious, that

he will assuredly reap the benefit of it in a world to come.

This extraordinary man, Cartouche, had had some books of his choice brought to him in prison, and M. d'Aguesseau told us that the one whch he read over and over again with renewed pleasure, was entitled " The Deacon Agapet on the duties of an Emperor."* We had the curiosity to make ourselves acquainted with this work of Cartouche's selection, and Madame de Beauffremont and I found it was a silly and most tiresome book of the middle ages, the wearying translator of which is a Carmelite called Jean Cartigny. You will find the very volume in my library, and upon almost all the margins you will see sums, and little men drawn with a pen and signatures of Cartouche's. We could not comprehend what pleasure such a man could take in reading such a work.

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* " Le diacre Agapet, touchant les devoirs d'un Empereur."

The only adventure we had in crossing France, on our way to Italy by Monaco, occurred to us as we were walking on the Quay at Toulon ; they were leading a coiner to the gallows, who stopped short to look at M. de Crèquy, exclaiming that he knew of something very important for the King's service, which he would only reveal to my husband, who had had the command there for a long time and was, without any metaphor, idolized.

M. de Crèquy was at first a little surprised, but immediately whispered to me that though he did not believe a word of it, he could not refuse to listen. The crowd was accordingly kept at a distance, whilst I maintained tight hold of your grandfather's arm, that I might not be left alone in the middle of that copper-coloured, ragged, howling and garlic-smelling population, for the principal officers of the port who composed our escort, had been separated from us in the confusion.

"You do not recollect Thierry, Monseig-

neur ?—Thierry, who was your armourer ? is it possible that you have forgotten Thierry ?"

"What do you want of me ?" answered your grandfather.

"Monseigneur, pray have the charity to write to the King, that you have found poor Thierry here in a cruel state of trouble— that is all I have to say to you, but do not refuse me that service I beg of you, Monseigneur !"

My husband kept his countenance wonderfully, and said in a solemn manner to the Prevost.

"I must request you sir, not to allow that man to be executed until you shall have heard from me."

That very night he wrote off to M. de Maurepas, who expressed himself quite diverted at the idea of granting us the pardon of that poor coiner ! I always pity coiners who are put to death ; it is a law which one would say had originated with jobbers of the revenue and griping traffickers rather

than with noble councillors and Christian magistrates.

We passed eight days at Monaco with our fair cousin de Valentinois, who treated us sumptuously, and saluted us with a salvo of thirteen guns from her fortress. When M. de Crèquy enquired the reason of this and asked her jokingly why she received us in her metropolis with such civility, she said :—

" Never you mind, Louis-le-Débonnaire ! was not my grandmother's grandmother one of your family ? if you say another word about it, I shall have you saluted when you leave, with twenty-one guns, as I salute my neighbour, the Duke of Savoy, King of Cyprus and Jerusalem !"

I should here inform you that the late Duke of Savoy was desperately in love with her, and he often arrived at Monaco without drums or trumpets that he might give her an agreeable surprise ; Mme. de Valentinois, who was very fond of her young husband, and who most assuredly

did not at all like their neighbour of Cyprus and Jerusalem, (he being seventy years of age and humpbacked,) discovered nothing more effectual to put a stop to his amorous and gallant surprises, than to have salutes fired from all the batteries of the fort of Monaco as soon as he passed the frontiers of the principality.

This noble and powerful heiress of the ancient Princes of Carignano, Salerno and Monaco, was the last daughter of the sovereign house of Grimaldi. She had allied herself with the grandson of the Marèchal de Goyon-Matignon.

My uncle de Tessè always used to say that there were three sorts of people, whites, blacks and Princes! and as far as relationship was concerned Louis the Fourteenth was like the greater part of the nobility, or even a country gentleman, for he loved his relations and evinced for the Harcourts and the Crèquys a goodness which sometimes amounted even to tenderness. He always took cognizance of their affairs,

and of their children, and even informed himself of the economy of their houses; but where the King displayed most anxiety for his relations, was when there was a probability of their forming some bad match; all the world knew that he gave 400,000 ècus to the Marquis de Chabannes-Curton to free his estates and prevent the necessity of his marrying the only daughter of Colleteau, a rich merchant of Rouen.

Instead of carrying into effect this disgraceful shop-alliancè, Henri de Chabannes, Marquis de Curton, liberated his Comtè of Rochefort in Auvergne from debt, and the following year married Mademoiselle de Montlezun who was extremely handsome. She died of the small-pox, and in 1709 he married Catherine d' Escorailles, the widow of our cousin Sèbastien de Rosmadec, Marquis de Molac and Guebriant. In 1748 she was a ridiculous old creature who hid and shut herself up when she ate lest it should be discovered that she had no teeth. She died choked by a half ball of ivory which

she used to keep in her mouth to fill out and give a roundness to her right cheek, or perhaps the left, for I do not recollect which side of her jaw was the worst.

However, it was always in one or the other, and she died chirping like Punch, on account of the piece of ivory which she had in her throat. The priest, whom they had sent for to hear her confess, thought she was laughing at him ; her servants did not know what to say, and if the Vidame de Vassé had not arrived, this wreched woman would have died without receiving absolution.

When the Abbè de Matignon arrived at his uncle's, at Lisieux, they hastened to show him the Cathedral, telling him that the English had built it.

"I saw at once," said he, in a tone of disgust, " that it was not made here !"

The first thing he did upon taking up his abode in the Bishop's palace, at Lisieux, was to have straw littered thickly under his win-

dows and all over that part of the great court which at all abutted on his own apartment.

"That is the way they manage in Paris" said he to his uncle, "to keep away noise"

"But you are not ill!—and there is no great noise of carriages to be afraid of at Lisieux."

"Very true, Monseigneur, but it appears you do not take into consideration the noise of the church bells! I detest the sound of bells, and will neglect no means of deadening the noise of them!"

Some time afterwards, he said to my Grandmother, De Froulay;—

"There is M. de Lisieux just dead, thank God! You might as well tell Madame de Maintenon to make them give me the blue ribbon which my uncle had!"

"How old are you?" said she to him.

"Ah dear me! I am only thirty-two; that is one year less than the statutes exact; but you can say to Mme. de Maintenon that *I ought to be* thirty-three, because my mother had a miscarriage the year before my

birth—I have always computed," he pursued, looking quite satisfied with himself as an experimental calculator, "that that threw me back one year!"

When his sister-in-law the Princess of Monaco was brought to bed of her first child who was the Marquis de Baux, he hastened to announce the good news to his brother who was with the army, but he had neglected to inform himself of the sex of the new-born infant, and you will see how he got out of that difficulty.

(M. de Créquy happened to be at the same time with the army of Flanders, where the Comte de Thorigny was serving under him, and he took a copy of this curious letter which I faithfully transcribe for your benefit:—)

* "I am at present at Torigny where I

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* "Je suys de present a Torigny venu pour les cousches de vostre chaire femme, quy a failly de mourir et quy vient d'estre heureuxement délifrée d'un gros enfant, quy fait des crys de chouhette en colesre, au point que j'en suys si joyeux et si troublé

"came for the confinement of your dear wife;
"she was very near dying, but has just been
"safely delivered of a fine child, who screeches
"like an owl in a rage, to such an extent that
"I am too happy and bewildered to be able, as
"yet, to tell you whether I am an uncle or an
"aunt. Adieu; I remain with many compli-
"ments, your brother,"

"† Leon, Bishop & Count,"
of Lisieux."

"Why?" asked he one day of the maid who looks after his poultry yard, "why have you not wit enough to sell my chickens at four pistoles each as they do parrots, which are not half the size?"

"Do you not see Monseigneur, that your chickens cannot talk as parrots do."

"Well, even if they cannot," he replied in a rage, "they do not think the less

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"que je ne vous saurais dire encore, si je suis son"
"oncle ou sa tante. Adieu seyey Monsieur mon frére"
"et bien des compliments,

† Leon, Evesque et
Comte de Lisieux."

on that account!" and the saying became proverbial.

The Duchess de Brissac declared to us on her oath that she actually received from him whilst he was staying at Gacé with their cousin De Matignon, the original of that absurd letter which is now to be seen in every one's budget of jokes :—

" Madame,

" Being aware of your predilection for red-
" partridges I send you six, of which three
" are grey, and one is a wood-cock ; you will
" find this letter at the bottom of the basket."

In other respects he had all the inclination to become a flatterer and a courtier, but when he attempted that line, his folly was the more conspicuous, witness his interview with Mademoiselle de Sens.

He was commissioned, I never knew why or wherefore, to break the tidings of the death of the Count de Charolois (Louis-Henri de Bourbon-Condè) who was an abandoned creature, to the Princess. Mademoiselle de Sens saw him arrive in his Bishop's dress,

and knowing nothing further, began to question him as to whether her poor brother had had time to settle his mind as to......
......She intended to allude to certain testamentary acts, but he understood her to mean the affairs of another state, and interrupting her in the blandest tone, he said :—

" Alas ! Mademoiselle, I know that he was an abominable character ; that he killed his own sister with a hunting knife, and that he used to fire upon the country people at Chantilly just as if they had been hares, to say nothing of the number of workmen he used to bring down from the roofs, making them roll over and over into the court-yard of the Palais de Bourbon, but the Divine Mercy is very great Mademoiselle, and God ought to think twice before he passes judgment upon a Prince of the blood !" *

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* " Monseigneur," said Louis the Fifteenth to this Prince one day in the presence of all at his levee, " I forgive you this once, but I swear solemnly as a man of honour, that I would grant letters of free and entire pardon to any one who should kill you !"
(*Author's Note.*)

I will spare you the infliction of a host of stories which I could relate about M. de Matignon, but I must tell you one more which I had from the Marèchal de Tessè and which I believe to be original.

My uncle was passing a few days in the autumn at Thury at the Duchess d'Harcourt's, and the coadjutor of Lisieux happened to be there at the same time.

They were amusing themselves by discussing an old rogue in the neighbourhood who passed there for a very great man, because he regularly wore court mournings whenever there were any, and occasionally expended some of his savings in the ready-furnished houses, and Cafè's of the Capital. He used to tell his boon-companions that the King (Louis XIV) always treated him with unparalleled distinction, and seeing him once rushing from Paris to Versailles, the perspiration dropping off him, and covered with dust he had the goodness to receive him with open arms.

"Eh, good day, friend Gaudreville! it is

a thousand years since we saw you! How do you do?"

"Why sire, pretty well, thank you, if it were not for the fatigue of the journey."

"I dare say you would not be sorry to refresh yourself with a little of my Mâcon wine?"

"Faith! that is an offer not to be refused!"

Here the old Squire was interrupted by an ècuyer of the Marèchal de Tessé who happened to be one of the hunting party and who could not refrain from bursting into a fit of laughter.

"Well?" observed a country gentleman, one of the good-natured audience, "is the King's wine not the best that can be found?"

"But," replied Gaudreville, looking towards the ècuyer with a discontented air, "I did not drink any of it."

"How was that?"

"Why you see," he pursued, sacrificing a part of his story to preserve the rest, and gaining fresh courage, "they always used

to come and inform the King, that the Queen had gone to vespers and had taken the cellar key with her!"

The coadjutor thereupon observed with a knowing look:—

"What a fool! he might have seen that this was but an excuse of the Queen's, who did not wish him to have the wine at all!"

I think I may take upon myself to say that so gross a piece of stupidity never before escaped the lips of a grand seigneur!

CHAPTER XII.

An Ambassador extraordinary—Expediency—Death of the Pope—A d'Este—A wonderful telescope—Extraordinary instance of two monks "taking a sight," proving "a glass too much!"—The Jacobite conrt at Rome—French superiority—A Conclave—Adventure of a Conclavist.

My father had refused to be anything in Italy except Ambassador extraordinary, but whatever talents he might have fancied he possessed for negotiation, he very much preferred Paris life to a continued residence in any foreign country.

Since the death of the King, it appeared to be the general opinion that France would consult her own interests the most by mak-

ing common cause with England; my father could not adopt this idea as a principle, but he approved of it for the time being, on account of the establishment of the bank of Ostende, whither the Emperor Charles VI had undertaken to draw into his own nets, all the commercial advantages of other states and of the maritime powers in particular.

It was requisite to concert measures with the republic of Venice, where M. de Frèmont, the ordinary resident minister of France, was suspected of being favorably disposed towards the Imperialists; such were the apparent objects of this embassy of the Count de Froulay. But as the Pope's health was daily declining it was easy to foresee an approaching conclave, and my father had then a mission to go to Rome to advance the interests of France, by carrying thither the veto of this crown and that of Spain against the Cardinals Charles, Colonna, Pic de la Mirandola, and Zondodari, who were downright Imperialists, Prœtorians un-

der their purple, Cæsarians, and regular Ghibellines of the XIIIth century.

On our arrival at Milan, early in the month of March, we learnt there the death of the Pope, and the departure of the Count de Froulay for Rome, where we arrived after having stayed eight days at the Court of Modena. M. de Crèquy would insist upon proffering this politeness to the eldest of the House of d' Est, a relation of his, who gave us a profusion of fêtes in church, festivals at Court, balls at the theatre, and parties in the country.

The Duke of Modena (Renard d' Est, third of the name) had been a Cardinal before he married the sister of the first Duke of Hanover, whom he had survived some years; this Princess was the eldest sister of the Empress Amelia of Brunswick, wife of Joseph the First.

Prince François of Modena was quite shocked because his wife, (who, as I have before informed you, was a daughter of the Regent, and received us very ungraciously)

would sometimes wear Persian silks, and he asked me if it were possible that they were worn in Paris. I was obliged to allow that many young women had adopted this sort of material for morning dresses in the dead season, but never in the spring, nor for the evening; and still less for Court.

The Princess of Modena was the first woman of rank whom I ever saw wear these dresses of coloured silk, which, as well as those of muslin and lawn, always appeared to me to look wretchedly mean.

We were told such things of this Princess, that it is impossible to repeat them; all that I can possibly say is, that the late Duchess de Berry and the Queen of Spain, were prodigies of innocence and purity, in comparison to their sister of Modena!

At that time everybody in Upper Italy was talking of Ferracino, the celebrated Ferracino, who could not read, and yet had just set up a telescope of his own invention on the tower of Mirandola.

It was a wonderful instrument, the pro-

portions of which were calculated to enable one to observe, not only the spots on the sun or anything on the moon's surface, but to distinguish with perfect clearness all that passed within four or five miles of Mirandola. I have seen it directed upon a house in the little village of Strolla ; it was a tavern, and you might easily make out the sign, which was the figure of a Nun, with this inscription :—

"*Alla beata Giulia Falconieri,*"

At the very moment, a veteran was counting his beads, seated on a stone bench at the Inn door, and by his side was a child weaving a basket of rushes ; we could perceive by the alternate motion of their lips that the little fellow was responding to the rosary with the invalided soldier, who wore the remains of a yellow uniform and had a wooden leg ; I see them now !

We were credibly informed that the distance between Mirandola and Strolla is, as the crow flies, very nearly four geographical miles of twenty-five to a degree.

About three weeks after our arrival in the States of Modena, two monks in their novitiate, belonging to the Capucin Convent, happened to mount to the observatory that they might look through this same telescope, and one of them made the instrument to bear upon a little wood of evergreen oaks, in the midst of which another Capucin Convent was situated, far off in the country, where the monk had commenced his studies, and in which he felt a strong interest.

Scarcely had he applied his eye to the glass before he uttered a fearful cry and immediately whispered something to his companion, who gazed without uttering a word; they then both rushed down hastily, after taking the precaution of turning the telescope, telling Ferracino that if he were rash enough to look at what they had had the misfortune to see, he would commit a mortal sin; Ferracino paid no regard to this caution but all that he could perceive was, a tall Capucin emerging from the oak wood,

and making his way towards Mirandola, keeping the high road of the Secchia.

However, the two young monks went and revealed to the guardian father of their community, what they had seen with the telescope; he, on his part, departed forthwith to the Ducal Palace, where he forced his way through the guards, saying that he wished to speak with His Highness as soon as possible; they answered him that His Highness was taking his siesta, upon which the Capucin tore his beard, exclaiming that the honor of the Order of St. Francis was concerned; it was the Duke of Modena himself who told us all this.

"But why do you not go and see what this superior of the Franciscans has to say to me?" said he to the gentlemen of his chamber. They returned and said that he would explain himself to no one but the Duke in person.

What the two novices saw, and what could not have been seen except by means of a telescope, or by the fowls of the air, was, the

murder of a Capucin, whose body the murderer dragged to a ravine, after having stripped it of the gown. He then clothed himself in the garments of the deceased and came out of the wood in the direction of the city, where the Duke of Modena had arrived two days before, to assist at the solemnities of the festival of some patron-saint or other.

What the guardian-father wanted was, that the Duke of Modena should send some soldiers into his Convent, men of courage and resolution, and not such cowards as the *sbirri* were, (who, moreover were almost always in league with the brigands.) This was, in order that they might seize the murderer, who was sure to seek an asylum with the monks of St. Francis on the strength of his Franciscan habit, and still further, because he could not be harboured in any other house in the town.

The two novices had observed everything with remarkable attention ; they could not be mistaken in the person, seeing that the

monk's habit was much too short for the robber ; he was furthermore without beard, and if they removed the cowl with which he had concealed his head, it would be found that he had long hair, black and curly ; finally as he could not get his feet into the dead man's sandals, indubitably he would arrive with shoes, if not with bare feet, all of which proved perfectly correct.

In consequence of the report of the novices, and the request of their superior, the Duke wrote to the Commandeur Hercule d'Est, who was governor of Mirandola, and natural brother of His Highness. Soldiers were stationed within the cloister, and the murderer was arrested there ; he proved to be a Chief of Piedmontese brigands, and was hanged two days before our arrival, with his head downwards, after having first had his hand cut off.

The Chevalier de St. Georges whom the Holy Father received in the States of the Church with royal honours, and who, since his journey to France, had married the

grand-daughter of the King of Poland, Jean Sobieski, was living handsomely but quietly at Rome, whither all the Jacobites flocked to keep up his hopes, or at least to pay homage to the noble exile, their lawful and their only sovereign, according to their conscience and their laws of their country.

Queen Marie Clémentine was handsome, amiable and accomplished; she possessed good taste, a good disposition, and considerable attraction for the French nobility, among whom her sister made some grand matches, for after the death of the Duke de Créquy-Blanchefort, she married in succession (that is the proper term) the Duke de Bouillon-Turenne, and the Prince de Turenne, his brother's heir.

The English Court was established on a very good footing in the Borgia Palace, which the Queen Dowager Maria of Modena had purchased for her son from the Cardinal Howard of Norfolk, and they had placed over the door the arms of England, Scotland and Ireland, with those of France

in the first quarter; I never could hold my tongue on this subject, and I cannot imagine how "*les Rois très-chrétiens*" could ever tolerate such an absurdity.*

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* The English Government and the royal family removed the fleur-de-lys from the British shield during the reign of George the Third, according to a particular stipulation which Buonaparte had inserted in the treaty of Amiens. Bearing date from the same treaty, we may mention, that the Kings of England no longer assume the title of King of France, which they persisted in doing ever since Henry the Sixth usurped the crown of France.

(*Note of French Editor.*)

* The arms of France were first quartered in the English shield by Edward the Third, who assumed the title of King of France, in right of his mother Isabel, daughter of Philip the Fourth King of France, and they were not discontinued in the British shield until the union of Ireland 1801. George the Third was the last English sovereign who was crowned King of France. The question of this title formed no part of the articles in the treaty of Amiens; but in the negotiations for a treaty at Lisle under Lord Malmesbury, the French Commissioners appointed by the Directory, 1797, insisted that the King of Great Britain should henceforward desist from assuming the title of King of France, but those proposals were declined on the part of England, and the conference was broken off.—(*Translator's Note.*)

The motto of the British shield is in French, as are also, I am informed, the inscriptions which designate the names and titles of the Knights of the Garter, and of the Bath, in the Chapels of Windsor and Westminster, as are also the oaths contained in the statutes of these orders, and the formal messages of the Crown to the English parliament. It appears that everything you see or hear at the Court of England bears the impress of the Normans or Angevins, branded with the indelible traces of the Conquest.

It is perhaps worthy of note that the French cast off their old customs, whilst almost all the aulic customs of Europe owe their origin to French usages. In a proclamation of Henry the Third, the gentlemen of his Chamber are enjoined "not to neglect to wear henceforth their golden keys at the back of their doublet, according to the ordinance of the Court," and at the present time we see that all the gentlemen of the Chamber or Chamberlains, wear gold

keys, except those of the King of France. The ceremonial of the Holy Empire, the regulation of the Court of Austria, and the etiquette of the Palace of Madrid are all evidently derived from the "*loy des honneurs de la cour de Bourgogne*;" but among no people in any country, is the original so lost sight of, and the imitation so apparent, as in England.

All the English antiquaries agree in denying this, and the obstinacy with which they do so is supremely ridiculous; they cannot deny that the oaths, the statutes and the mottos of the Royal Orders, as well as the principal forms of the Crown of England and of the Chancery, are purely nothing more than French sentences. The Chancellor of England is moreover obliged, twice a year, to pronounce publicly and judicially, (if not judiciously), "*Le roi remercie son bon peuple de son bénévolence.*"*

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* Royal Assent. The right of saying yes, whichis

In fact all their coins and inscriptions, their temples and the palaces of their Kings, their tombs, and the British shield* down to the very coin of the realm, all are covered with emblems, gothic phrases and French legends. English subjects cannot even address their sovereign without making use of French, and calling him "sir;" they say

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sometimes dictated by the fear of saying otherwise. The Royal Assent is usually given by commission, and the clerk of the Parliament is compelled to repeat some Norman-French; but as some of these clerks have, on economical principles, attempted to acquire French without a master, they often make a sad mess of it. Cromwell, the Protector, who tried to protect the King's English, did away with the custom of assenting to a Bill in French; but at the restoration, the old barbarous method was restored, and prevails at the present moment."

Punch, Oct. 1845.

* The origin of some of these Gallic inscriptions, if recalled, would not afford much food for French vanity—for instance—The motto of "Dieu et mon droit" was adopted by Richard the First, in consequence of his having defeated the French at Gisors, A.D. 1198, those words having formed the English Monarch's parole on that day.—*Translator's Note.*

"madam" to their Queen and not "milady." I should fancy that that must be exceedingly mortifying to English pride, but what I find richer than all is, that His Majesty of England still touches for King's evil, in virtue of his being King of France!

I refrain from any remarks on his title of "*defender of the faith.*"

Queen Marie Clémentine had succeeded to a share in the royal inheritance of the Sobieski, exclusive of some fine estates in Poland and three millions of Roman crowns, a state bed, and three rubies of inestimable value. This splendid bed was a trophy from the battle of Vienna, and the material of which it was made, was taken from that part of the fortification where the standard of Mahomet with the Alcoran upon it, was placed for security. It was a brocade from Smyrna of cloth of gold, upon which Islamite verses were written with turquoises and fine pearls.

This magnificent piece of workmanship was a present from the immediate nobility

of the Empire, to King Jean the Third, as a reward for his services in delivering Vienna.

The three rubies belonging to His Britannic Majesty had been found in the tent where the grand-vizier Amural had kept his wives, at the very celebrated battle of Choczim. These are oriental gems of the finest water; the largest is of a circular form, the other two in the shape of a drop; they acted upon my advice in having them set in a foliage of emeralds and mounted as a rose with two buds. *

The arrangements for holding the conclave were in progress inside the Vatican, and the Queen of England had the goodness to take me with her that I might see the preparations.

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* These beautiful stones were bequeathed to the sacristy of the Vatican by the son of Marie-Clèmentine-Sobieska, the Cardinal Duke of York who died at Rome in 1807. The Countess of Albany, widow of the last Pretender and sister-in-law of the Cardinal, sold the Queen's (her mother-in-law's) bed to a Jew of Florence, but this is not the first, nor the last, nor yet the greatest act of indelicacy with which she scandalized Italy.—(*French Editor's Note.*)

To obtain such a favour it required to be nothing less than a crowned head, for no other woman, however qualified she may be, ever crosses the pontifical threshold of the Vatican, and the audiences which the Holy Father grants to illustrious foreign ladies, as well as to Roman Princesses, always take place in the sacristy of a Convent.

I shall not speak to you of the walled-up door, nor of the tower, nor of the chapel of the Holy Ghost, and I refer you to the letters of Coulanges for all these customary details of the interior of a conclave; I will only mention that what appeared to me the most remarkable, was the perfect uniformity of the seventy-two apartments, of which the walls, ceiling, and floor of the principal room were covered with violet damask, without any other ornament or furniture than a gilt crucifix, and two bronze candelabra, with yellow wax candles, an arm chair, (likewise covered with violet damask,) and last of all, a *prie-dieu* and cushion. The dormitories

of the Cardinal-electors, were merely alcoves adjoining the cell of their conclavist. *

Apropos of conclavists, I must tell you that the Cardinal de Gèvres had one who was called the Abbè de Beaumont; I shall often have occasion to speak of him, and during a protracted period, as he died Archbishop of Paris in 1781. He was at that time a handsome young man of eighteen or twenty years of age, of angelic modesty, but with the devil's own appetite! He was curious about antiquities, and was always making excursions in the campagna of Rome.

The Cardinal had another French Abbé as train-bearer, with whom little De Beaumont used to make archæological expeditions or pilgrimages beyond the walls, and upon one occasion they were obliged to sleep in a public house, being overtaken by a violent storm. The train-bearer went off at once

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* The person in attendance on, and shut up with a Cardinal during the conclave.—(*Translator's Note.*)

to bed without any supper, which would not exactly have suited the conclavist, so as soon as the latter had finished his repast, they gave him a little lamp and told him that he must go and sleep with his companion, for they had no other bed to offer him.

" The little door on the right, at the end of the long passage of the ground floor on the left—there are two steps to ascend—you cannot go wrong..." and there he placed himself by the side of his companion.

I must tell you that this room had formerly been used as a kitchen, and there was a fire of juniper branches kept up on the hearth for the purpose of drying and smoking sundry flitches of bacon.

The Abbé de Beaumont had not been in bed more than five or six minutes, when he saw the door open and a pretty young girl came in with a tallish lad; they went and knelt very properly at the two corners of the chimney piece and began to recite the litanies of the saints; the youth had im-

perceptibly approached the young girl on his knees, and when he was quite close to her, he was just going to kiss her, when she bounded to the other end of the room exclaiming.

" You are a regular Turk!—in the presence of a dead boby?"—

The Abbé de Beaumont then perceived that he had an icy cold leg by the side of his own, and he made a movement to turn himself round and look his neighbour in the face...It was a corpse!...

You may think how he got out of bed, and imagine the terror of the poor girl.

END OF VOL. I.

T. C. Newby, Printer, 72, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Sq.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 72, MORTIMER ST., CAVENDISH SQ.

1846.



FRENCH MARCHIONESS.

CHAPTER I.

The Brigand Marto, or "honor among thieves!"—The plague at Marseilles—A pilgrimage to Nanterre—A republican coachman—Impudent varlets—Superstitious vagaries—A *pigeon*-house—Classical groupings.

You need not fear that I should take any unfair advantage of the present opportunity to dilate upon the ruins and palaces of Rome. I believe I would a hundred times rather describe the Roman pigeons and buffaloes! At all events I should have the

chance of telling you something new, and I am so nauseated with the pseudo-learning, the pretended enthusiasm, and the continual repetition of our travellers, that I have taken an equal dislike to Guido's and Guercino's Aurora!

I should prefer relating to you the story of a robber, my little Prince, and if you would like to hear the grand story of the Brigand Marto, of whom all the world at Rome in 1721 were speaking, draw near and listen to your grandmother.

Once upon a time there lived in a town of Romagna called Palestrina, an armourer whose name was Domenico Marto; he used to walk about alone every night after sunset, in the great Square of the Cathedral with a long sword and a brace of pistols in his girdle. He was the brother-in-law of the Barrigel,* and all the sbirri of the prin-

* Le barisel, en Italien, *barigello,* est un officier chargé de veiller à la santé publique, et d'arreter les malfaiteurs; Il est le chef des Sbires."

Historiettes de Tallemant des Riaux, pour servir à l'histoire au XVII *siècle.* Vol. ii. p. 57.

(Translator's Note.)

cipality of Colonna bowed to him on terms of mutual understanding.

It was well known that a rich citizen came, and said to him one night :—" Domenico, here are a hundred ounces of silver which I give you. In half an hour's time you will see two young men pass dressed in scarlet ; you must approach them with an air of mystery and say to them in an under tone, ' Are you not the Chevalier Feltri ? One will answer, ' I am he,' you must stab him with your poinard and to the heart, if you can ;—the other young man is a coward, who is sure to run away and then you will finish Feltri if necessary. You need not be at the trouble of taking refuge in a church ; return quietly home where I will not fail to come to you."

Dominique faithfully executed the instructions of his jealous employer, and no sooner had he returned to his shop than he saw the rich citizen to whose vengeance he had ministered arrive,

" I am very much pleased with what you

have done for me," said he to Dominique, "and here is another purse of a hundred ounces for you to share with the first officer of justice who may come to you."

Soon after, the chief of the sbirri entered the shop on pretence of buying an *espingole*, and without any other explanation, Marto put into his hands the fifty ounces which were to be devoted to the justice of Palestrina, after which the chief Sbirro invited the armourer to come and meet some friends at supper at his house.

They repaired together to his lodgings which adjoined the public prison, and found there as guests, the barrigel and the jailer of the prison of the principality.

"Signor Marto," they said to him, "masses in the Cathedral cost only twelve *taris* each; they say that the Chevalier Feltri has been assassinated—have twenty or so said for the repose of his soul, and let us say no more about it."

The rest of the evening went off pleasantly enough.

It was said, that one day a servant who was unknown to him, came and proposed that he should follow him to the gate of the town, and that there he found an elderly man very well dressed, and accompanied by four servants on horseback ;—this same seigneur said to him ; " *Maestro Marto*, here are two purses of forty sequins ! I beg of you to come up to my château, but I hope you will not refuse to be blindfolded.'

" Willingly," replied the other, and after an hour's walking they arrived at the old château of the Duke of Andria, as was some time afterwards discovered.

The bandage which covered the eyes of the Bravo being removed, he found himself in a splendid room, where was a young woman bound in an arm chair and gagged, so that she could only give utterance to suppressed cries.

The old *Seigneur* said to him ; " *Mio Bravo*, I must tell you that my servants are nothing more than milk-sops, and you must be aware that my arm is no longer vigorous

enough to strike a decisive blow—therefore have the goodness to stab my wife."

Domenico answered :

" *Eccelenza*, you have been deceived in me ; I lay in wait for people who can defend themselves, at the corners of streets, or I attack them boldly in the wood, but I will not put to death a *Signora* who is fast bound in a velvet chair, and gagged to boot !—that is the part of an executioner, and by no means befitting a man of honour ;" and upon this, Domenico threw the two purses at the feet of the revengeful husband.

The latter dared not resist—(such an indiscretion would have been unseemly ;) he begged the armourer to allow himself to be blindfolded again, and then had him led back to the gate of the town ; Domenico Marto acquired much honour, and many friends, by this delicate and noble action, but there was another of his which was still more generally approved of.*

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* Popular clamour went so far as to affix names to the actors concerned in this affair ; the jealous hus-

In the two cities of Palestrina and Gallicano there were two rival families, and two men of rank who could not bear one another; these were, the Cirulli, (who were sprung from a cup-bearer of the Constable Pompey Colonna, Prince of Palestrina) and the Serra d'Ognano, who were descended from an incense-bearer of Pope Martin V. (Otho Colonna).

The Count Cirulli sent for Dominique and offered him five hundred sequins if he would assassinate the Marquis d'Ognano. The worthy armourer undertook to do it, but said he must have time, because he knew the Marquis was on his guard.

Two days afterwards the Marquis himself sent for Domenico Marto, to a very unfrequented and retired spot.

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band they said, must have been Tiberio Caraffa, Duc d'Andria, Comte de Montecalvo and Prince of the Academy of the *Otiosi* of Naples, and the name of his wretched wife was Améliane Imperiali de Francavilla—at all events this Duc d'Andria could never more leave his domains in Sicily, as the Roman and Neapolitan tribunals had condemned him to death in 1718.—(*Author's Note.*)

"My friend," said he to him; "here is a purse of five hundred sequins for the figure of St. Marc of Venice; it is yours—but promise to stab Cirulli."

Domenico took the purse and replied:

"Sir Marquis, I give you my word of honour that I will kill Don Fabio Cirulli, never mind by what means; but I must tell you of one thing, that I have already pledged my word to him that I would kill your Excellency."

"I hope you will do no such thing now," replied the Marquis smiling, but Marto answered him seriously.

"Pardon me, your Excellency—I have promised, and I am going to do it immediately."

The Marquis D'Ognano would have drawn his sword but the armourer took a pistol from his waist and blew out the Marquis's brains; he then, without loss of time presented himself before the Count to whom he announced that his enemy had ceased to breathe.

The honourable gentleman was greatly pleased ; he embraced Marto on both cheeks, made him drink some of his Syracusan wine and some Lacryma-Christi of the best year—presented him with a beautiful blade of Damascus steel, and lastly fulfilled his obligation of the five hundred sequins.

Dominique then began to inform him, his manner evincing some little confusion, that the Marquis d'Ognano, likewise, had promised him five hundred sequins (which he had paid before he died), to assassinate the Count. The Cirulli said to the armourer, he was delighted to have been before-hand with his enemy.

"Sir Count," replied the conscientious cut-throat, "that will not avail you, for I gave my word of honour!" and saying this, he stabbed him twice to the heart, with his stiletto.

The Count's servants rushed in at the cries which he uttered in falling, but Marto got rid of them, thanks to his poignard, and fled to the mountains of Benevento,

whither all the brigands of Italy came and flocked around him.

This was considered so honorable an action, that it became the subject of general conversation at that time; the bandits are the heroes of the people all over the south of Italy, and I think that in the Romagna Emiliana, and Flaminienna, they will always remember the Bravo Domenico Marto.*

On our return through Provence, we were prevented seeing Monsieur de Marseilles, who scarcely ever quitted his episcopal Town and he had recommended us not to tarry there until the atmosphere was entirely free from all plague.

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* An anonymous writer has printed a part of this anecdote in 1819, without any Author's name, and without giving himself any further trouble than that of changing the names of the actors and of the town.

It is pretty well known that the two little works attributed to this anonymous person have been copied in a Manuscript entitled "*Memoires inédits du Comte de Cagliostro.*" The Editor of the *Souvènirs de la Marquise de Crèquy* has already protested against this abuse of confidence.—(*Editor's Note.*)

Fifty thousand souls had perished in Marseilles, that is to say, about half the population of this great city; almost all the priests and the members of other religious orders who attended upon the sick, had fallen victims, either through excess of fatigue or from infection. * *

* * *

Madame de Marsan,* who used often to accompany me to church, called for me one day to go and drink water at the wells of Sainte Geneviève at Nanterre, it being the fête of her patron-saint, for her name likewise was Généviève;—accordingly we started in her gilt vis-à-vis, half the time saying our *pater-nosters*, the rest, diverting ourselves at the idea of our pilgrimage, for she said we must not wipe out the iron mug in which they drank the water of the well of St. Gènéviève; it was chained to the fountain—but above all we must not

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* She had been Governess to the Royal children—the Pavillon de Marsan at the Tuileries was named after her.

leave one single drop at the bottom of the mug, which held at least half a pint. I rebelled at these injunctions, but the good Princess urged the impropriety of hurting the prejudices of the ignorant, so I promised to abide entirely by her experience and direction.

This water is a sovereign remedy for bad eyes I must tell you, but we had nothing of that kind the matter with us; when we came in sight of the fountain it was surrounded by such a number of villagers and country people that it was impossible to get near it; whereupon we alighted from the carriage, and in a fit of modesty which was charming to behold, we stood on one side.

Guess whom we saw arrive to pay her devotions? Madame du Deffand who never believed in anything! and the Chevalier de Pont-de-Vesle, assisted by several lacqueys, opened a passage for her.

She was nearly blind, and her Cavalier did not see a bit better than herself, so this grand drinking was not for them as it was

for us, a mere precautionary measure. We had the satisfaction of seeing them each swallow exactly and scrupulously a full mug of this blessed water! We felt pretty certain that they would not go and boast of the act in their philosophical circles, and we determined that we ourselves would not mention it, that we might not afford any subject for joking on a devotional exercise, and especially to avoid any remarks being made upon these two strange pilgrims, for whom the charitable feelings of Madame de Marsan were alarmed beyond measure.

It was in vain that I told her that this Madame du Deffand had not much to lose in point of public estimation, or personal consideration, adding that the intimacy which existed between her and Pont-de-Vesle, had been for a long time food for scandal.

"It would be the means of preventing their pilgrimages for the future and of their ever putting their feet in a church again," was her reply, and certain it is, we

kept it a profound secret except from the Duke of Penthièvre, to whom we told everything, and who was secrecy itself.

He was very much amused at the pilgrimage of these two philosophical encyclopediastic-lovers to preserve the fine eyes of Madame du Deffand by the suffrages and through the mediation of the blessed Génèviève of Nanterre! If their friends Alembert and Holbach had ever heard of it, what a choke-pear it would have been for them!

The servant of Madame de Marsan who wore the colours of Lorraine and Jerusalem, were confounded at our humility and quite shocked to see us forestalled by Madame du Deffand; the Princess's first footman came and offered to have the competitors put aside that we might the sooner obtain possession of the mug, but we answered that we had no laborious duties to attend to, at home or abroad, as those good people had, and we ordered them to leave them alone.

The pride of our servants was deeply wounded, and drove them very nearly into open rebellion against us; I ought to add that Madame de Marsan's coachman who drove us to Nanterre, was envenomed against me to such a degree that he refused to enter my service.

"With whom did you live last?" said I to him, (naturally enough) when he presented himself before me.

"Madame, I lived with Monseigneur l' Abbè Duc de Biron, but he is gone to Heaven!"

"If he is gone there," said I, thinking aloud, "he will not stay long!" whereupon the coachman looked daggers at me. He told me that he was a gentleman; so were nearly all the valets of the Hôtel de Biron.

I replied that it was no degradation to wear the livery of the De Crèquy's and told him to go up stairs to my steward to settle about his wages.

"But," said he, "before going to engage myself, I should like to know from

Madame to whom Madame gives precedence?"

"To everyone! I give precedence to everyone except in the streets and courts of Versailles!"

"What? would Madame order her first coachman to allow the wives of Presidents to pass her in the streets of Paris?"

"Eh! undoubtedly, and with more reason, because I go and sup every Thursday in their *quartier* of the *Marais!*"

"But surely Madame would not allow *financières* to precede her, and Madame must be aware that if their servants tried to pass, it would be for Madame's coachman to strike them in the face with his whip."

"Oh, people of that kind ought to be able to distinguish liveries, and moreover *Monsieur le Cocher*, I do not understand having my carriages overturned and my people crushed, or at least my horses lamed, in order to keep up in the streets with people of no consequence whatever."

"It is true that Madame has but twelve horses; but hitherto I have been accustomed

to give place to Princes of the Blood only, so I shall not suit Madame."

He went off furious.

Madame de Marsan took him into her service with the entire satisfaction of both parties; he was the one who was inciting on our footmen to rebel, saying that we were disgracing ourselves and that we must have agreed to do it that we might bring contempt upon, and mortify, the livery servants who had the honours of the Louvre.

No scene in any play was ever like this; if it had not been for fear that we should have them consigned to the Fort l'Evêque they certainly would have left us alone on the high road.

The especial cause of their exasperation was, that they had had the humiliation of seeing the servants of Monsieur de Pont de Vesle pass before them, and he, as they contemptuously observed, was a *bourgeois*.

The most curious part of the story is, that this Coachman who was such a stickler for the privileges of the "Honours of the

Louvre," ended by becoming one of the most enthusiastic of the revolutionary radicals, and one of the most conspicuous orators of the section of "*Les Droits de l'Homme.*'

The citizen Girard made his first appearance in the republican government as commissioner of supplies; after that he became president of the committee of enquiry, and lastly he was public Prosecutor to the Revolutionary tribunal in 1793. I saw in the Newspapers that he had been guillotioned for being an *Orléaniste* or a *Fèderaliste*, I forget which.

Whilst he was anticipating his future career on the *pavé* of Nanterre, holding the reins of a vis-á-vis with seven windows, and exciting our footmen to rise against us, we had arrived at the brink of the well, where I swallowed my ration of Holy Water with most perfect docility.

Next, we thought of going and saying our prayers in the parish Church of Nanterre by the relics of the saint, and now our affairs

began to take a serious turn, for it may be readily supposed that this was the real object and reasonable motive of our journey; so we proceeded towards the Church with those feelings of deep affection, and that sentiment of confidence and tenderness which I have always experienced for the holy and venerable Patroness of Paris.

In my opinion there is something peculiarly touching in the devotion of the inhabitants of Paris towards Ste. Génèviève; like some child that we have all known, one would say that she had died but yesterday; and yet, she was but a lowly, simple, village girl; there was no reason for flattering her whilst living, or for unduly exalting her memory when dead. There was such simplicity of intention, so much that was straightforward and ingenuous in the chronicle of her life.

One sees that the foundation of this legend is authentic and incontestably true; and then this tomb—before which Sicambic

chiefs* and long-haired kings have knelt; these venerated bones, on which magistrates, people, and French princes have gazed for centuries! In short, all these traditions of our old Paris, all these memorable acts of charity, and the miraculous facts which are registered in profane history, possess this characteristic, that, at least, they have never been contradicted, nor been called in question by other sects: thus we may really say that the softness and humility of Sainte Gènèviève have disarmed the enemies of the faith.

The Church of Nanterre was so full, that we sent for the sacristans to ask, if they could not place us in the vacant space by the side of the reliquiary.

"Ah, Mesdames! no one is admitted now within the sanctuary! the dean has forbidden

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* Sicambri—a people originally from Spain; they afterwards fled into Italy and ultimately settled in Sicily. From this race sprang the Franks. "*Feroces Sicambri Hor. Od.* 4.—(*Translator's Note.*)

us to allow ladies of the Court to approach the relics; and no doubt you are aware that Madame de Crèquy stole from us last year a piece of the real cross!"

"Madame de Créquy, did you say?"

"Indeed, it was, ladies; she stole from the altar a piece of the real cross!'

I went off into a fit of laughter, and Mme. de Marsan asked what made them suppose that Madame de Créquy stole the relic?

"We were quite sure of it, Madame; she came here in her carriage and six, which, had a red top to it;* her servants were dressed in yellow with red lace, and there were two other servants present, who told us that it was Madame de Crèquy!......She was at least, double your height."

"You perceive, whispered the Countess to

* The roof of the carriage in crimson velvet was an outward sign of the honours of the Louvre, as well as the *daïs* erected in the drawing-room, the ermine mantle displayed over the coat of arms, &c. &c.

me, looking quite dismayed, "that this must have been the Marèchale de Noailles, for this is the only kind of theft the wretched woman ever commits!"

I remember that the Marèchale de Noailles had actually been accused of several felonies of the same sort; but it was notorious that she *filched* (as people would say) a little Jeanne de Chantal! She had borrowed this relic from the Sisters of the Visitation, who could never induce her to restore it; it was afterwards discovered that the unfortunate creature had employed it as a means to effect the cure of her son, the Duc d'Ayen, who had the measles, and that the relic had been diluted in his medicine, after having been pounded in a mortar, under the superintendance of the Maréchale herself!

However the case may be, our colours and honours were the same; so that coachmen less learned than Monsieur Girard, or servants lounging at the church door, might very easily mistake her carriage for mine. Some time afterwards it became known that

the Marèchale had really committed the theft at Nanterre, because she was determined to have some stolen relic in her possession at whatever risk.

I cannot say what superstitious fancy of hers this was to satisfy, or for what purpose it was intended, but it was just according to the whim of the moment. The Archbishop sent his proctor to the Hôtel de Noailles, and the Maréchale gave as her reason, that she had need of a stolen relic, and that she preferred taking upon herself the responsibility of the theft, than expose any one else to the penalty of sacrilege.

It was on this occasion that the Archbishop of Paris and the Bishop of Chartres thought it a necessary precaution to withhold the communion from her, which was generally disapproved of, because they did not choose the real motives to be noised abroad.

The relations of the Marèchale were extremely displeased at this sacramental interdiction; but had they known the real state

of the case they certainly would have felt grateful for this pastoral charity, and for the delicacy and attentive solicitude of the two prelates.

Those who lived on intimate terms with the Marèchale de Noailles entertained no doubt as to her sanity, and that she carried on an epistolary correspondence with the Holy Virgin and the Patriarchs. She used to deposit her epistles on the top of a pigeon-house at the Hôtel de Noailles, and as she always found answers to her letters, it was supposed that her almoner wrote them; he was the celebrated Abbé Grisel.

She was sometimes a little shocked at the familiar tone in which the Virgin Mary addressed her:

"*My dear Marèchale*—and at the third line," she would say, looking half sour, and half sweet, "that is certainly rather familiar for a little nobody from Nazareth—however, we must take into consideration that the Virgin was descended from the royal family of David; I have always thought" said she

to the Duchesse de Lesparre, "I have always thought that St. Joseph must have been the issue of some younger branch, whom misfortune or injustice had reduced.'"

The Maréchale de Noailles was always in quest of all the superstitious and ridiculous ideas that she could discover ; she was persuaded that the fairy Messulina never failed to appear at the foot of her bed every time that any descendant of the said Messulina, or of Count Geoffry, *à la Grand 'dent*, her husband, was about to die. But what was really curious about it was, that the Marèschale correctly prophesied the death of forty or fifty persons, by means of these warnings as she said—you must explain this as you please but it is an authentic fact.

The Abbess of l'Abbaye-aux-Bois, who was a person of piety and wisdom, had a charming story of the Marèchale de Noailles ; she was informed that she often came to her church, when every one was at dinner ; they watched the pilgrim, and discovered that she addressed interminable harangues to the sta-

tue of the Holy Virgin, with whom she seemed to have entered into a controversy, and sometimes she even quarrelled with it.

One day she came and stood before the Altar of Our Lady, making all sorts of obsequious curtesies, and performing little civilities without end. The object of her prayer that day was, that the Marshal de Noailles, husband of the petitioner, might obtain, first, eighteen hundred thousand francs, of which he stood in need at the moment; next, the Order of the Garter, which he most devoutly coveted, because it was the only distinguished decoration that had not been in his family; and, finally, a diploma of a Prince of the Holy Empire, inasmuch, as a princely qualification was the only hereditary title of which he was not possessed.

Suddenly, a small sweet voice was heard which spoke as follows:

"Madame la Marèchale, you will not have the eighteen hundred thousand francs which you want for your husband; he has

already an income of a hundred thousand crowns, and that is pretty well!—He is already a Duke and a Peer, a Grandee of Spain, and Marshal of France; he already possesses the collar of the Holy Ghost and that of the Golden Fleece; your family are overwhelmed with court favours, so if you are not contented, it is because it is impossible to satisfy you; and I advise you to give up the idea of becoming a Princess of the Empire!—Neither will your husband have the Garter of St. George!"

This extravagant Marèchale was not the least surprised, nor confounded......then came a burst of laughter......it was the little De Chabrillan, who was a wag, and had hidden himself behind the altar.*

The most extraordinary idea of the Marè-

* Henri de Moreton, Vicomte de Chabrillan, first page to the Queen, and musqueteer of the guard. He was a nephew of Madame de Canaples, coadjutrix, which accounts for his intimacy at the Convent.

chale's was, having all her little nephews painted by Boucher, all in the same picture, as cupids, and of course completely naked, with fillets on their heads and flambeaux in their hands, besides quivers and wings, in short, all the usual mythological appendages, and the proper paraphernalia of little loves! But as it would not have been right to represent the children of the house of Noailles as vulgar divinities, common loves and plebeian cupids, each little fellow had on his breast the plastron of Malta, in order to shew that they were born Grand Crosses of the Order! In the back ground of the picture, a scroll displayed on a piece of architecture, informed you that the mother of all these loves was a Venus, and that she was the last of the House of Arpjaon. Another of these cupids appeared as a *Grand Bailli* of Malta, and bore at the end of his arrow a pendant, on which were inscribed the initials of the device of the Order, F.E.R,T., *Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit, (Their valour preserved Rhodes.)*

Anything more heterogeneous was never beheld, and the Noailles laughed at it in all directions! It is to be remembered that the Noailles were people of good ability and better taste, with the exception only of the Prince de Poix, who never possessed either one or the other!

CHAPTER II.

Madame d'Egmont—Romance of Real Life—Marèchal de Richelieu, the hard-hearted Father—The Handsome Count—A Dutch-built Husband—A Calumniated Woman—The Vidame de Poitiers—The Abbè Cochin (qy. *Coqiun*)—*Rus in Urbe*—A Solemn Fool—Strange interview—"*Happy Returns.*"

As I have introduced you to my oldest and best friend, Madame de Marsan, I should now wish you to become acquainted with my last and dearest friend, Madame d'Egmont. Notwithstanding the difference between the dates, and the difference in their ages and characters.

No one was ever more perfectly sensible, or more highly esteemed than Madame de Marsan, nor was any one ever more thoughtless, or more unjustly calumniated than Madame d'Egmont; but it must be admitted that she gave some cause for it, by her romantic, absent manner, and above all, by the haughty and mortifying air with which she ever treated tiresome people; you cannot imagine the animosity which was excited against this charming young woman by her reserved and silent manner.

Sophie Septimanie de Richelieu was the only daughter of the Maréchal de Richelieu, and of the Princess Elizabeth of Lorraine, heiress of the Guises.

I will not undertake to give an exact description of this fascinating person, because she defies description, and she was, as I may say, the very personification of France in the olden time. She was a happy mixture of the charms of intellect and finished politeness; her mode of expression was perfect, and her originality piquante with

exquisite manners; and yet, under cover of all this elegance, one fancied one could see the germ of approaching death.

The recollection that I have of Madame d'Egmont is that of a sylph, and I always remember her like some delightful dream that is passed. She was tall and well-proportioned; her eyes were brown, black, or grey, according to the impression of the moment; never were there such eyes as those for the variety of their expression, or for the magical effect which they produced.

My good grandmother took it into her head that she ought to marry the son of the Marèchal de Belleisle, the Comte de Gisors, who was the handsomest, the bravest, and the most amiable young nobleman of his day.

"Thank you," replied the Marèchal de Richelieu to her, "I have no wish to give my daughter to the grandson of the superintendant Fouquet."

"But I tell you that they love, they adore one another."

"Well then, they will meet again in the

world—I have no intention of making a Nun of my daughter."

It was of no avail, and Septimanie was married, in violence to her feelings, to the greatest Seigneur and the fattest gentleman of the Low-Countries.*

The amiable Comte de Gisors was killed with the army, whereupon King Louis the XVth went and paid a visit of condolence to the Marèchal duc de Belleisle his father, and that, they said, was the only consolation which could overcome his paternal affliction, for the Marèchal was by far the vainest and most egotistical of beings.

Madame d'Egmont was idolized by her father; much has been said of the assumed ignorance of the Marèchal de Richelieu, who used to amuse himself by pretending not to understand the simplest things; to be sure

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* Casimir-Auguste d'Egmont died in 1786. He was twice previously married and was assuredly the most silent and tiresome husband in the world.

(Author's Note.)

he did not know much about geography, and orthography, but his quickness abundantly compensated for his deficiencies.

The Chevalier de Montbarrey told me that the Marèchal was walking one day in the Park of Versailles in the suite of the Dauphiness,* and this Princess asked him, I know not why, what was the difference between the Dryads and the Hamadryads?

"Why Madame," answered the Marshal who did not know a word about it, "in my opinion it is the same as one would say of the *Bishop* of Auxerre, and the *Archbishop* of Sens there.

The Duke de Nivernois who was a learned mythologist would certainly not have got out of the difficulty with equal sagacity.

Many stories of gallantry have been invented upon the Comtesse d'Egmont; she has been especially named with Rhulliéres,

* Marie-Josephine de Saxe, wife of the Dauphin Louis IX, mother of Kings Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X.

but the real truth is, that after the death of Monsieur de Gisors, she never had but one solitary attachment in which her heart and head were incessantly absorbed, and it accompanied her to the tomb, to which sorrow prematurely brought her.

It is such a romantic story, and yet so well authenticated that whilst half the world refused to believe it, the other half of the public could not doubt it, notwithstanding its improbability, and I found myself among this latter half, in consequence of our intimate relations with the Hotel de Richelieu.

The writers of romances have confused the adventures of Madame d'Egmont with one of the stories of the Duchesse d'Orléans.* The object was a young and attractive gentleman, whom misfortunes had obliged to enter the *gardes-Françaises* as a private soldier, and as he was unaccountably like the Comte de Gisors, but younger and more

* The mother of Louis Philippe Egalité.

agreeable if possible, one might assert in defence of the ill-fated Comtesse d'Egmont, that this last attachment was a proof of the solidity of her character, and a strong mark of her fidelity to the first object of her affection. As this amiable young man bore an extraordinary likeness in figure and face to Monsieur de Gisors, in his height and carriage even to the sound of his voice, it was supposed that he might have been the son of the same father, but however that may be, here is the story with all its details.

Mademoiselle de Richelieu became then Comtesse D'Egmont with all its advantages, which implies an elevation to the highest position in the aristocracy of Europe; she lived on good terms with her husband, and that is all.

Whilst they were marrying her to her *Marquis of Carabas,* they had married Mademoiselle de Nivernois to Monsieur de Gisors, who was killed some months after his marriage. Thus, our two lovers never had an opportunity of "meeting one another

again in the world," where hitherto they had only spoken in the language of the eyes, but so present and vivid was Madame d'Egmont's recollection of the Comte de Gisors that the mere mention of his name in her presence would make her faint. The Prince Abbé de Salm thought proper to try the experiment one day at the Hotel de Richelieu; the poor young woman was seized with dreadful convulsions, and all right-minded people forbade this mischievous hunchback to enter their houses. The Marèchal de Richelieu came and paid her a visit a few days afterwards in great state as though nothing had happened, and to show that he thought nothing of it; the good taste of which was fully appreciated.

There lived in the world, (or rather out of the world,) at that time, an old Seigneur of the house of Lusignan, who was called the Vidame de Poitiers. We knew that he *vegetated* in a large house in the Marais, but no one ever saw him, for he was uncouth and eccentric to a degree. Strange things

were told of him, but the principal one was, that if he did not leave his house, it was a *lettre de cachet* that prevented him; it was even said that if he attempted to go out, he would be sent back to the Bastile, where he had already passed many years, and that the Lieutenant of Police always kept two or three men in his house to look after him.

Ministers and magistrates were silent on the subject of this Vidame, and while I think of it you must let me digress and tell you what the charitable Abbé Cochin (the Curé of St. Jacques-du-Haut-Pas, and the founder of the hospital bearing his name, who was certainly a person of perfect veracity) told me with reference to this extraordinary Vidame.

In his youth, when he was leaving his father's house, (who was an old State-counsellor residing in the Marais,) at five o'clock one winter's evening, he wished to cross the Place de Grève, but found all the approaches obstructed and guarded by soldiers of the

Gardes-Françaises, they saw he was clerical, so the non-commissioned officer let him pass through, making him some sign, the purport of which he could not comprehend.

When he was close to the Hôtel-de-Ville, the great door of which was open, he perceived that there was something going on, and flambeaux flickering in all directions; his curiosity was excited, and as he was quite at home in the Hôtel de Ville, his family having held office there for many generations, he went up the stairs; imagine his surprise on seeing in the middle of the court all the preparations for an execution! He found there seven or eight sinister-looking figures, one of which was an executioner, with his weapon by the side of a block covered with black cloth, and another without any drapery.

There was a profound silence, but soon two handsome young men arrived who were made to kneel down beside the blocks, and great trouble was taken in adjusting their

position according to the directions of the executioner.

The Abbé Cochin, who trembled from head to foot, and who had retreated behind one of the pillars of the arcade which form a sort of cloister round this little court, next saw that these two unfortunate youths only bowed their heads without placing them upon the blocks—the executioner then drew his cutlass and tried the edge with his finger, but instead of cutting off the heads of these two gentlemen, he contented himself with drawing the blunt side of the sword across their necks, and this he did with an air of great importance, after which manœuvre he carefully wiped his great blade, returned it to its scabbard and stood stock still. The two victims remained seven or eight minutes before they were able to imagine that they were at liberty to raise their heads, and then an old magistrate began to read out to them letters of pardon, by which the Abbé Cochin distinctly heard,

that they related to the Prince de Conty and the Vidame de Poitiers.

He escaped from the Hôtel de Ville as best he could, and related his adventure to his young companions at the Sorbonne, which was the way it became noised abroad among his cotemporaries. They said that his father Monsieur Cochin was sent for next day by the Cardinal de Fleury who enjoined him to order his son to hold his tongue, seeing that the punishment he had witnessed concerned the honour of the Royal Family, and that it was in consequence a state secret.

At that time the Abbê Cochin lived in the seminary of St. Sulpice, and he was allowed a double louis a month for pocket-money by his family, which he spent in charity. Amongst the recipients of his alms was a poor mother of a family, whom the Abbé found on one holiday at the gate of the seminary, where she was waiting his coming out to beseech his charity, on account of some additional affliction.

It was the end of the month, and the Abbé told her she must wait a few days longer, for the good reason that he had no money. The woman upon this urged the impossibility of the thing, and however little he could give her, it would save her life; the Abbé, looking abashed, protested that he did not possess one farthing! The woman then seemed seized with a fit of inspiration; she exclaimed that he was a Saint, that it was in his power to work miracles, and if he would only take the trouble to feel in his pocket, she was quite assured he would find something that he did not expect, and which would suffice for her immediate wants.

For the sake of peace and quiet, the Holy Abbè was going to turn his pocket inside out, but in fumbling, what should he find, to his great surprise, but three six-franc pieces! He gave them, instantly, to the wretched woman; and then, full of joyful humility, ran to throw himself on his knees in the chapel of the Virgin of St. Sulpice, where

he spent the remainder of the day in thanksgivings for the miraculous gift that had been bestowed on him, and entertaining a holy fear of the power of which he was the depository.

On his entering the seminary he heard an exclamation of "There he is!—There he is!"

"Let us humble ourselves," said he; "let us humble ourselves!",

"Upon my word, Cochin! you have put me terribly out!" cried the companion, who shared his cell with him, and who was waiting for him at the door, "you have left your small-clothes here, instead of mine, in which I had eighteen francs!"

Fancy the disappointment of the young miraculist!

The Comtesse d'Egmont received a letter from the Vidame de Poitiers, beseeching her to take the trouble of coming to see him, as he had an important communication to make to her, and he was not *transportable*, that was the word he employed.

"Shall I go?"

"He must be mad!—do not go to such an old wizard!"

But the Marèchal said to his daughter "By all means, fail not to attend his *rendez-vous!*"

It was proposed to send to the Vidame, in the place of Madame d'Egmont, a great girl, a Comtesse de Ste. Aldégonde, but the Marèchal interposed with such a resolute air of authority, that the Comtesse d'Egmont was obliged to make up her mind to go. She has often repeated the extraordinary presentiments she experienced regarding this interview; however she set off to the Hôtel de Lusignan, which no one knew where to find, as no one ever went or sent there.

Without having anything peculiar outside, this house was a perfect fairy palace, and all-accustomed as Madame d'Egmont was to the elegance of the Hôtel de Richelieu, and the splendour of the Château of her great-uncle the Cardinal, which is unparalleled, she was thoroughly astounded!

The hall and the marble stair-case was adorned with statues and green trees; the antechambers were filled with servants in full liveries, who were drawn up in two rows; all the rooms were of unparalleled magnificence, and the whole of the apartments opened into a long and lofty gallery, laid out as a winter garden, and you walked on a carpeting of grass, under an archway of orange-trees, myrtles, and rose trees in blossom, to a sort of little rustic stair-case, the steps of which were made of trunks of trees; the interstices were filled up with moss, and the balustrade was of rough odd-shaped branches,

The Vidame's gentleman usher, who came to receive Madame d'Egmont, made many excuses on his master's behalf, as he showed her the way. She commenced climbing the little rustic stairs, which presented no difficulties, and then found herself in a sort of loft in a stable, where she saw in a small bed, an old gentleman with a nightcap, sound asleep; the usher had retired without enter-

ing this loft, and here Madame d'Egmont remained, feeling excessively awkward.

While waiting for the Vidame to awake, she observed minutely the whole arrangements, which were in the most completely rural style ; all the walls were roughly plastered, and there were four or five fine cows at the hay-rack. The furniture of the loft consisted of the bed alone, which had no curtains, but a green blanket and unbleached sheets, two straw-bottomed chairs, as common as those in a church, or a farm house, a little table with a brown looking cloth upon it, and a few articles of the commonest earthenware, but all of the most perfect cleanliness ; further, on the white washed walls there were rustic pictures, nailed at each corner, exactly as they do in the country.

This affectation of village simplicity in the middle of Paris, and in a palace, very much amused the Comtesse d'Egmont, who determined to sit down and wait patiently. At the end of a quarter of an hour, she hazarded a little cough ; after that, she

coughed louder, then, with all her might and main, enough to break a blood vessel; at last, seeing that it was all to no purpose, she thought it would be a good joke to go off without saying anything to the Vidame's usher, who was waiting for her at the bottom of the stair-case, and who conducted her back to her carriage.

Imagine our surprise, and what shouts of laughter there were at the Hôtel de Richelieu, where we had assembled for the return of Madame d'Egmont! The Marèchal came in unexpectedly to his daughter's, and then he began to screw up his little mouth and shut his little eyes, which was with him the pathological sign of displeasure.

"Comtesse d'Egmont!" said he in his most hollow and husky voice, "you ought not, it appears to me, to have acted in that manner, with respect to a person of his rank and age, without saying anything of his being very ill, and I advise you to return to the Hôtel de Lusignan, no later than to-morrow morning."

"Alas, Monsieur!" she replied, making that soft voice of hers still softer, and turning towards him those lovely eyes, half beseeching and half mischievous, "how am I to wake him?"

"Speak to his gentleman-usher about it."

"But what do you suppose he can have to say to me?"

"In order to ascertain that, you must have the very great kindness to return to his house to-morrow morning, and I confidently hope that you will not fail to do so."

The Marèchal tried to converse with us on other subjects, but he can never unbend. He left us to start for Versailles, where he was going to take the week's waiting for one of the first gentlemen of the chamber, who was ill, and would to Heaven that his poor daughter had never gone back to the Hôtel de Lusignan!

Madame d'Egmont was very much annoyed by this new injunction of the Maréchal, and as soon as he was off for Versailles, she told us impatiently that she thought it

was more than he had any right to expect; that she felt all sorts of objections to it, first of all, because it would be very difficult to prevent herself from laughing in the Vidame's face, with whom she would be in the absurd position of a great lady playing him off like a little girl; but principally, because she could not divest herself of an awful foreboding, and she experienced a dread, an oppression, a melancholy apprehension, whenever she thought she must return to the Hôtel de Lusignan.

"It se ems to me," she said, "that if I could speak with that unlucky Vidame anywhere but in his own house, I should not be so disquieted; and you know that I have never been mistaken in my presentiments.!" At last, she wound herself up, and her feelings were so keenly penetrated, that hot tears gushed forth, and I went and found her husband, who was in his library, at his constant occupation of turning over the leaves of his collection of briefs and bulls,

with his dissertation on the Decretals and the histories of the Councils.

Had I been Margaret of Austria, the Infanta Isabella-Clara-Eugenia, the Stadtholderess of the Low Countries—had I been Mary of Burgundy herself, the Comte d'Egmont could not have received my visit more ceremoniously, or with more obsequious embarrassment. First of all, he would not hear of my remaining in the library with him; he rang all the bells to have all the folding doors thrown open; he had no gloves on, this formal gentleman, so he took care to offer me his hand under the skirt of his coat; and we traversed I don't know how many rooms before we arrived at the drawing-room, where his canopy was, and on which I was obliged, whether I would or no, to take up my position, whilst he would only occupy a lower seat.

I had great difficulty in keeping my countenance; it was like a scene in a play where some little personage is enthroned for

the time being! I trembled lest any one should come in, for I should have burst into a fit of laughter! Think of the scandal of such a thing, and my consequent fear!

I informed him, however, that his wife was in despair at having to return to the Vidame de Poitiers, that the Marèchal de Richelieu never would have the heart to insist upon it, if he saw the state in which I had left her, and that he, Monsieur d'Egmont, ought to interfere with the command of the Marèchal, to delay this unaccountable visit to the Hôtel de Lusignan until the return of his father-in-law, with whom there would be plenty of time to enter into an explanation.

"Madame La Marquise," replied the Comte d'Egmont, with sententious and marked gravity, as though he were addresing the Supreme Council of Brabant, I feel acutely your extreme kindness to the Comtesse d'Egmont, and I am not the less sensible of the trouble you have been good enough to take in coming here to afford us

a fresh proof of it. It is, surely, highly to be desired that the Comtesse d'Egmont should be spared any annoyance respecting this visit to the Hôtel de Lusignan, the motive or utility of which, I confess my inability to comprehend any more than yourself, Madame la Marquise, or any more than the Comtesse d'Egmont; but still it appears to me no less desirable, that the Marèchal de Richelieu should have no cause for reproaching us for not having carried into effect those intentions, which he expressed to his daughter in your presence, and I do not perceive how we can reconcile to ourselves the abandonment of this injunction of his, until after his return to Paris; his return to Paris must infallibly necessitate a delay of a week, during which week we should incur the continued apprehension that the Vidame might die without having been enabled to speak with the Comtesse d'Egmont!"

I could gain nothing from this wordy man, and next day we learnt that he had gone off

to pass a week at the Ile-Adam with the Prince de Conty, so you see his policy was at least as good as his eloquence was great.

Good Heavens! what a number of presentiments I have seen realised! If you have ever a strong presentiment do not despise or neglect it, my dear child!—it may be dangerous or even culpable to do so, for what do we know, or how can we tell who ought or ought not to yield to their influence? It is remarkable that no one ever had a presentiment which led to the breach of any conscientious or religious duty, and as those kinds of foresight have always reference to something beyond the power of precept, I do not see why we should not attend to their warning.

Further on you will see the forebodings I. had, and how I resisted taking any part in the fêtes of the City of Paris on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XVI, but my obedience led me on, and I was very nearly crushed in the Place de Louis XV, after having been overturned on the Pont-au-

Change on going home from the banquet at the Hôtel de Ville ;—but let us return to Madame d'Egmont.

Her father came back from Versailles, and told her among other things that the Vidame had rendered him in old times, at the period of his early youth, so signal a service, that he might say he had saved both his honour and his life. He added that if Monsieur de Poitiers had asked to see him himself, he should not have failed to have paid the greatest attention to his wishes, but doubtless it was through delicacy and discretion, and to avoid bringing any discredit on the Maréchal, that he did not communicate more directly with him.

The Maréchal had no doubt but that his old friend had something that he wished him to hear—perhaps some service to ask of him.

"Return therefore," said he to his daughter, kindly but firmly ; "he has certainly some advice which he wishes should reach me ; he was a brave and generous fellow !

Fifty years ago he was the most amiable person living, and I cannot think of the additional proof of devotion which he is now giving me, without feeling it sensibly."

The Comtesse d'Egmont determined to return to the Vidame de Poitiers, whom she found still in his stable; he seemed to be in great pain, but his strength appeared to revive when he saw her, and, no-ways embarrassed by what he had to tell her, he proceeded in the following methodical manner.

After the first compliments of excuse, and his most respectful thanks, but without making any allusion to Madame d'Egmont's first visit, (which she took the trouble of paying when he was asleep, and without having awoke him!) he had a casket brought to him, from which he extracted some papers, begging her to read them.

These were letters from the late Comte de Gisors, addressed to the Vidame, which bore witness to their mutual friendship, as well as to the entire confidence and respectful

esteem which this honourable young man entertained for the said Monsieur de Poitiers. There was repeated mention of Madame d'Egmont in all these letters, and he spoke of her with such tenderness, that her heart, poor woman, was full to bursting. He complained of the inhuman conduct of his father, the Maréchal de Belleisle, with regard to a poor child whom he had abandoned to his wretched lot, and whom his son recommended to the Vidame with the deepest anxiety.

"I shall never return from this campaign where I am determined to seek my death," said he in his last letter; "but I recommend Séverin to you, and then, as far as he is concerned, I shall die in peace."

When the Countess had read all these letters and wept over them for nearly an hour, she dried her eyes, and the old Seigneur for the first time opened his, he having kept them closed all the time without uttering a single word.

"Madame," he then said to her, "he

whom we regret so much, and for whom you weep, had no secrets from me, and I had all the feelings of a parent for him ; he has left his second-self to us, a young man about his own age, whom he loved as a brother ; he is without fortune, and I only possess an annuity, for I sold my estates long ago, and even this house is not mine ; I shall always take care, though, that he has a share of my personal property, and I intend to leave him my plate and jewels, which are worth at least seventy thousand crowns ; but for reasons which I can hardly explain to you, and to which it appears to me unnecessary to call your attention, I should very much wish that it should not be known that this young man has been on such intimate terms with me, or that he has become my legatee. I therefore beg of you to accept in trust for him a legacy of twenty thousand pistoles, which I desire to bequeath to him, and for which I must request your permission to allow yourself to be named in my will."

He added, that since the death of the Comte de Gisors, this young man who was called Monsieur de Guys, had found himself deserted by the Maréchal de Belleisle, whose natural son they supposed him to be; that he had fallen into the deepest despair, and that in spite of all Monsieur de Poitiers could say or do to tranquillize him, he had gone and entered himself in the Gardes-Françaises, where, however, his conduct had given complete satisfaction.

"He is supposed," continued the dying man, "to be the legitimate son of a Chevalier de Guys, who died last year, and who commanded the cruisers at Belleisle-en-mer; with the seventy thousand crowns which I am going to leave him, he will not be a burden to any one, and all that I ask of you is, the honour of your protection for him."

There was no mention made of that of the Maréchal de Richelieu, but Monsieur de Poitiers was discreet enough to leave that to be understood. He said nothing that

implied that they had been acquainted formerly.

Madame d'Egmont, whose sins had hitherto been those of omission, or of thought, perhaps, felt uneasy at the idea of having to reproach herself with an action for which the world might blame her ; she felt with regard to the widowed Comtesse de Gisors, great respect mingled with embarrassment and constraint—she would have to manage the susceptibility of her father, and the *méticulosité* of her husband ; she would have, above all, to keep dormant the jealous pride and fierce vanity of the Maréchal de Belleisle who was Minister of War, and upon whom the present situation and future prospects of the young soldier particularly depended, so whilst she consented to be the Vidame's trustee, she took care to make the following stipulations :

First, that her name of Comtesse D'Egmont should not be mentioned in the will as being the legatee of the testator, but that of the Curé of St-Jean-en-Grève who was

her confessor, and who would remit to Monsieur de Guys the twenty thousand livres, which he might draw either from the Hôtel de Ville or the Clergy, which ever he pleased.

Secondly, that the young man in question should have no knowledge whatever of her having had any concern either in receiving the money in trust for him, or in handing it over to him.

Thirdly, that she agreed to deliver the title-deeds into his own hands, after the death of the Vidame, in his behalf, as he desired, but on condition that it should be in the presence of the Curé either at the parsonage of St. Jean or in any other place that she might appoint where she should take care to send for him without his knowing that she was Madame d'Egmont.

You see that the poor Countess neglected no precaution in order that she might not have any other communications with young Sèverin than what were strictly necessary,

and if it happened otherwise, at all events it would not be her fault.

The Vidame de Poitiers died five or six days afterwards, and the Queen of Portugal had died some weeks before, so there was a funeral service to be performed for her at Notre Dame. I found myself obliged to attend in the suites of *Mesdames, Filles de France*, although thank Heaven! (be it said without pride) I had most assuredly no sort of appointment at the Court of King Louis XV.

As there was a probability that Madame Adelaide would be affianced to the Prince of the Brazils, heir to the little crown of Portugal (a circumstance which afforded no satisfaction to this Royal young lady,) it was thought proper that *Mesdames* should attend the obsequies of Her Most Faithful Majesty, and as their households had not yet been formed, several ladies of rank were chosen to accompany them there, and I was selected by the King to perform the duty of Lady-in-waiting to Madame Louise de France, the

same who is at this present moment a Carmelite in the Convent of St. Denis.

The Comtesse d'Egmont told me that to please her husband she was obliged to attend this grand funeral ceremony, where her rank as a grandee of Spain gave her right to take her seat in the first row with the wives of our Dukes and Peers; but the bench reserved for the Duchesse was almost empty; there was only a great, shapeless, badly-made-up bundle which they supposed might contain Madame de Mazarin; next to that a sort of stiff immoveable poker, which ought to have been Madame de Brissac, and then a little bat who kept continually fluttering about, and who stamped all the time of the service, which convinced us that it was the Comtesse de Tessé.

There was nothing there at all like Madame d'Egmont; I had previously told my Princess that she could not mistake the Countess when she saw her make her graceful and noble curtsey in the middle of the nave

and choir of Notre Dame, but as it was we had a complete disappointment.

Madame d'Egmont, making her curtsey in full dress was a most extraordinary performance; I wish her picture could have been taken in the act of bowing to the Altar or the Royal Pew at the Chapel of Versailles, for I never saw but two women who bowed as well as she; one was Queen Marie-Antoinette, and the other (saving the respect due to the Queen of France) Mlle. Clairon of the Comédie-Française.

After the ceremonies of the absolution in which Princesses, and other women of rank never take part, we were informed on entering the Archbishop's Palace, that Madame d'Egmont had been taken ill in the middle of the Church, that she had uttered a piercing shriek and fainted away.

I found her at my house where she was waiting for me; she was as white as a sheet, and had not yet taken off her mourning attire;—she could hardly speak, and all that I could get from her was, that in ap-

proaching the *catafalque*, to make her curtsey to it before taking her seat in the choir, she thought she saw the Comte de Gisors in uniform and under arms.

"They carried me senseless to the sacristy," said she, "they revived me by sprinkling holy water over me, and here I am. Do not laugh at me—I saw him I am certain, and I am more dead than alive!"

I answered, that Monsieur de Nivernais had told me before of a young soldier in the Guards who was so like the late Monsieur de Gisors, that you might mistake one for the other, and no doubt it was the same soldier who happened to be standing sentry at the *Catafalque*.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, trying to suppress her sobs, "do you not see that it must be his brother, young Séverin, to whom I have to remit the legacy of Monsieur de Poitiers? I have promised to do it, therefore I must see him once more, but I am terrified at the idea—in short I am wretched!"

We both wept bitterly, for I never could

refrain from tears when I saw her in affliction, but at that moment the Maréchal de Maillebois was announced, with the Comtesse de Gisors and the Duc de Nivernais their father; we had hardly time to dry our eyes, and we swallowed our tears as well as we could. Fortunately for us we had not put on any rouge, on account of the ceremony of the morning, or the state of our cheeks would have been perfectly ridiculous.

In those days it was really necessary to choose one's own time for enjoying a *good cry* without its being detected. Suspicious lovers, and jealous husbands did not know how thankful they ought to have been to the rouge, powder and towering head-dresses of their *belles*, and especially to their paniers measuring four ells and a half when spread out!

When a woman in good society received the visit of a gentleman, if she were not old, the doors of the room in which they happened to be were never closed. No visiter ever sat down in our presence except at a

respectful distance, and you never would have seen a gentleman go and install himself on a sofa by the side of a lady. But it is time to return to poor Septimanie, who was dreadfully agitated, and her expressive countenance evinced that she expected, on seeing Madame de Gisors enter, some untoward calamity.

We parted very sadly, and the next day I received a visit from the Curé of St. Jean-en-Grève, who wished to speak to me on an affair of the last importance.

The Curés and notaries of Paris are, as everybody knows, the two most estimable bodies in the kingdom, but this Curê of St. Jean, who was called the Abbé Duhesme was the flower of the flock. The amount of alms that passed through his hands, and the restitutions of stolen property which he had effected, were immense. I made no doubt but that he wished to speak to me of his fair penitent and Monsieur de Poitier's legatee, but it proved that his only business with

me was, to return to me fifty-four francs, ten sols, and a handkerchief worked with the arms of Créquy, which he left with me without any sort of explanation.

CHAPTER III.

A repudiating trustee—"Mens conscia recti"—A generous friendship—Splendid attire—How to preserve pearls—A *tête à tête* to Versailles with no results—A row—The guardsmen—*Le Roi s'avisera*—*Dénouement*—Mysterious disappearance of the hero—Death of the heroine.

FROM this point you will find that I am much less well informed on my subject, and I confess I do not regret the circumstance.

The Abbé Duhesme had refused to administer to the will as a trustee, and his scruples were sufficiently well grounded; he had consulted Monsieur de Beaumont, his Archbishop, and he had forbidden him, under

pain of suspension, to allow himself to be mixed up in an affair devised to evade the law. Madame d'Egmont was therefore obliged to relinquish the idea of obtaining the assistance of her confessor, whose place she caused to be supplied in the will of Monsieur de Poitiers by another person whose name I never ascertained, because he had stipulated that it should not be known.

The natural heirs of the Vidame, who were the Marquis de Lusignan, the Marquis de Turpin, old Lafayette, &c., offered no resistance whatever, and Madame d'Egmont told me some months afterwards, with considerable embarrassment in her manner, that she had made Monsieur de Guys come to a church, whither she went on foot, without attendants, and plainly attired, in order to put into his hands in paper money the two hundred and twenty thousand livres, the produce of the sale of the Vidame's plate and jewels.

I perceived that she coloured as she told me this, and I thought I saw that she had

still something more that she wished to say to me, but I said nothing to induce any further confidence, because I had no desire to encourage her in her weaknesses; it would have grieved me to have given her a scolding, besides, it would have been of no avail, now that it was all over.

I merely told her that I was surprised and sorry that she had appointed him to meet her in a church; she looked down and bit her lips with a nervousness which she could not repress, but I thought I had better turn the conversation, which I did in a dry, off-hand manner, although the effort was painful to me. Madame d'Egmont was not deceived by this little manœuvre of mine—I saw it in her manner; she was not the less warm and affectionate when I met her at her father's, but her visits to the Hôtel de Crèquy became much less frequent, and it was five or six months before I heard the name of young Monsieur de Guys mentioned again.

One very stormy night—I remember it

perfectly, it was the eve of St. Louis's Day —I had been supping at the Hôtel de Richelieu, and the Marèchal asked me if I did not intend to pay my court at Versailles on the morrow, and attend the grand dinner? I told him that such was my intention.

"My daughter is going also," replied he; "which of you two will call for the other?"

I always thought that I was the person he preferred seeing his daughter with; I guessed that the cunning old fellow had discovered that there was some little misunderstanding between us, and fancied that it only required that we should be brought face to face, to procure an entire reconciliation.

Generous minds never harbour personal animosities for any length of time; we looked at each other—his daughter and I —and smiled, agreeing to go together to Versailles in time for mass.

I never saw Madame d'Egmont more brilliant or more beautifully dressed. She had

on a black dress, quietly but handsomely trimmed with a rich and elegant embroidery of nasturtiums, the colour and size of nature, with their leaves of gold; she wore all the hereditary pearls of the house of Egmont, which were worth at least four hundred thousand crowns, and which were as strictly entailed in the family as a *Majorat* of Castile or a principality of the Empire.

These were the very pearls on which the republic of Venice had lent so much money to the Comte Lamoral d'Egmont, to carry on the war of the Low-Countries against King Philip and the Duke d'Albe, his stadtholder. It is remarkable that of all these pearls there were only two which were spoilt since the 16th century. Monsieur d'Egmont used to say, that to prevent pearls from spoiling, or ever becoming discoloured, it was sufficient to keep them shut up with a piece of the root of the ash. Monsieur de Buffon would not believe this, but the test of it, handed down from generation to generation in an old family, is more to be valued, in

my opinion, than all the arguments of an Academician. Do not forget this receipt of the Messieurs d'Egmont when you inherit the pearls which have descended from the Venetian family of Gradenigo, and which my father bought for fifteen thousand crowns.

What was also magnificent and in excellent taste in these beautiful ornaments of Madame d'Egmont were, the clasps of her bracelets, and necklace, and the band of the aigrette, (where forty pendant pearls of the finest shape and greatest purity were suspended) which were composed of immense jacinths, sparkling, dazzling and of the richest nasturtian colour.

I asked Septimanie why she had put on a black dress on a fête day?

"Because Monsieur d'Egmont wished it," was her reply, "as he is *Condè-Pariente* of Portugal, and his mourning for Queen Donna Marianna is not yet over."

As I wished to do honour to your family, and had no desire to look like a Duenna of

the Infante by Madame d'Egmont's side (before whom I always took precedence, because, although we were equals in rank, I had the advantage in age), I had put on a very rich Court dress of brocade embroidered in gold; it was in three shades of blue, the darkest of which was the colour of Lapis-lazuli, which is at present called *œil de roi;* I had the most beautiful flowers of silver lace in the world, and I was at some pains to exhibit all the diamonds of your cygnal crown.* The Queen made me approach her, that she might better see the portrait of the Connétable de Lesdiguières, which I had on my bracelet, and it was decided that it was infinitely finer than any of the twelve Mazarins.†

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* This appears to be an allusion to the arms of Créquy, of which the heraldic coronet was surmounted by a silver swan with three necks.

(French Editor's Note.)

† These twelve stones of nearly equal size and beauty, had been bequeathed to Louis XIV by

The Commandeur d'Esclots, my uncle, was in consequence so overjoyed, that we had great difficulty in preventing his writing to the Queen to express his gratitude! The good old gentleman had arrived at that time of life when the slightest word from royalty or the least public favor appeared to him of inestimable value!

It seemed to me that Madame d'Egmont had no wish to enter into any explanation with me, for she sent at seven o'clock in the morning to beg I would come and fetch her in a *berline*, that we might be enabled to take one of our maids with us. She gave me to understand that she had not been able to sleep all night—she was ill—

Cardinal Mazarin. The *Convention* never could find any Sovereign of Europe, the Sultan included, who would purchase them. The *Directoire* had deposited them as pledges in Holland, from which Buonaparte withdrew them as soon as he became First Consul. They still composed part of the crown jewels of France up to May 1830, at which period we beheld them for the last time at the *Hôtel du garde-meuble* in Paris. (*French Editor's Note.*)

she was exhausted—but I assure you she had no appearance of this whatever......... We went to the Court together—we breakfasted and had luncheon at Mesdames de Tarente and d'Albret, and finally we took our seats.

The public at Versailles were admitted at one door and went out by another, describing in rapid succession a quarter of a circle around the great table. We were seated on the King's right, near the entrance door, and Madame d'Egmont was next to me, the last on the first row, that is, the nearest to the public.

I heard a sort of confused murmur, carried on from respect in an under tone, and looking up, I saw the officer of the *garde-du-corps* speaking to a soldier who kept his eye fixed on Madame d'Egmont. He was a remarkably handsome young man, dressed as a private soldier, but his intelligent and expressive countenance, his graceful bearing and his hair arranged *à la Létorière* would

have amply satisfied the vainest and most fastidious grandee.

You can have no doubt who this was?—but as Monsieur de Guys was not continually present to my thoughts, and as Monsieur de Gisors was not for ever in my dreams, I was not immediately struck by their resemblance. I gave Madame d'Egmont a look—I could not whisper anything to her on account of our hoops, and the formal distance at which we were placed...........the poor woman was evidently in great trouble—she kept her eyes fixed on the ground and half concealed her face with her fan, (in violation of the etiquette of Versailles, where at that time one never took the liberty of opening one's fan before the Queen, unless it was employed to present something to her Majesty.)

In the mean time this handsome young man remained motionless, lost in contemplation of the beautiful lady with the jacinths taking no heed of the King's presence, and not attending to the officer who kept telling

him to pass on and not persist in stopping up the entrance to the hall, as his standing still obstructed the passage of the public, and the *gardes-du-corps* could not perform their duties.

He would not listen to them—he heard nothing—they were obliged to drag him from the hall, upon which Madame d'Egmont gave utterance to an audible groan which threw me into despair.

The King, who always knew from the police of Paris everybody's adventures and proceedings, which he kept with the most inviolate secrecy, obeyed the dictates of his noble heart and the generous blood that animated him ; he ordered the officer of his guards to approach :

" Monsieur de Jouffray," said he to him, loud enough for us to hear, turning his head and directing his voice towards us, but without looking at Madame d'Egmont, " I dare say he was quite dazzled at the display—perhaps it was seeing the Queen ?" and as he said this, he bowed to her with a smile.

"Let the young man go home," he added; "order them to liberate him, and I thank you all the same for your zeal."

Madame d'Egmont breathed freely again, as though she had been relieved of some overpowering weight, or from some grievous pain; something like her former colour and expression returned, but there were certain titterings, of which one saw that she was the object; and the Maréchal de Richelieu darted two or three fierce glances at her.

How long the banquet seemed to me! and how I felt for his daughter! what a situation, and how distressing for her to have to explain herself with a person of my character! I, whom she feared would always blame her, and of whose severity she stood in such awe. Her fault was indeed great, but the friendship I bore her was so strong, that I went and paid her a shoal of affectionate compliments and the most marked attention to the enemies of the Richelieu's, and all those ladies who were supposed not to like Madame d'Egmont. I was in hopes that

these little devices of mine might turn to her advantage—poor Septimanie!

In getting into our chairs at the foot of the stair-case, under the Vestibule of *Mesdames*, the King's daughters, at the moment that my porters were going to raise mine, which was to go first, I heard a loud voice behind my chair exclaim in tones in which alarm and delight were commingled—

"Is it you?—Is it really you?"

I saw no one, and I did not hear Septimanie's reply; she did nothing but weep, and never said a word to me all the way back to Paris. Fortunately, my maid had fallen asleep whilst waiting for us in the carriage, and so perceived nothing.

I was just going to the Hôtel de Richelieu, the next morning, to see Madame d'Egmont, when her father was announced. He had, doubtless, hoped that my eagerness and surprise would pave the way for explanations, and that I should begin and open the trenches before him, but the Marèchal de Richelieu was not a man with whom I

should choose to speak openly on such matters. Persons of dissolute minds always mistake sympathy in the sorrows of others for participation in their feelings; they cannot understand disinterested benevolence, that virtuous and charitable gratification, to which theologians have given the name of compassion. They can form no idea of any middle course between rigorous austerity on the one hand, and culpable approbation on the other. Severity from virtuous women, and connivance from those who are not so, is what they expect, and all that they know of us.

I talked incessantly of our tiresome lawsuit against the Lejeune's de la Furjonnière, and I made him retreat at the end of half an hour, a few minutes more or less, as I had calculated beforehand. This was badly managed on my part, for he imagined that I had abandoned his daughter to the attacks of Mesdames de Grammont, de Forcalquier, d'Esparbès, etc., who were casting all manner

of aspersions on her, forgetful of my politeness to them at the grand dinner.

They had the insolence to dare to say (and most unjustly I do not doubt) that the Comtesse d'Egmont had had frequent interviews with a handsome young soldier, who took her for some little shop-girl, and that the place of their meeting was the Barrier St. Jacques, etc.......However, certain it is, that Septimanie came and entreated my mediation with her father in favor of young Sèverin, whom the Marèchal de Belleisle had been inhuman enough to have turned out of the *gardes-Françaises;* he wished to make him embark for Senegal, where no European can exist longer than a year.

"Come now, Marquise," said the malicious Richelieu, sneering at finding me engaged in this unfortunate affair, and triumphing at seeing me come to him, "how about your lawsuit with the Lejeunes de la Furjonniére, who wished to bear a *crequier* of gules on a field of gold?"

" Monsieur," I replied, " I am one of those unfortunately prejudiced women, who respect their husbands and the name they bear; I do not understand any jests upon our arms."

" At all events, Marquise, you appear to keep your own in readiness for action !"

" Have the goodness. Monsieur, not to make those remarks to me ;—you will find out to whom you are speaking, I assure you !"

" But joking apart," said he, pretending not to have been listening; " why and wherefore would they have me interest myself about this handsome youth ? they will say, I hope, it was to please my daughter ; but I will not treat my son-in-law as they do bulls in his country ! by putting bells round his horns."

"You had better put hay round them," said I, " as people did to protect themselves from the mad bulls of old, and be well assured if you abandon Septimanie to the calumnies of Mesdames such-and-such-an-one,

her husband will defend her, and maintain her superiority against the whole world! If we leave Monsieur de Guys to the mercy of his father, your unhappy daughter will lose her senses first, and die of grief afterwards; you will compromise her in the eyes of the world and of her husband, and what will you gain by it?—they will never see each other again I hope, and she assures me—"

The Marèchale interrupted me, saying; "I give you my word, I pity him exceedingly! I sent for him here, your young man, and I found that he really was the gentlest, manliest, most amiable, and handsomest youth possible; come now, tell me, if I gave him some appointment, suppose we say, as trooper in the constabulary, Lieutenant of the *Marèchaux de France*, or, perhaps, secretary to our tribunal of the Pointe-d'honneur, what would Monsieur de Belleisle say? Why, he would see nothing but open war in it! though, by the bye, he was no great admirer of that in his youth, be it said, without any jealousy!"

As I was quite aware of the dire hatred and deep animosity of these two old courtiers, I saw that the Marèchal de Richelieu would take pleasure in thwarting the Maréchal de Belleisle, by protecting him whom he called "my young man," to whom I had never addressed a syllable in my life!

I perceived that the Marêchal de Richelieu was very glad to have received the request from me, that he might have the excuse of the approbation of a person of consideration, and of one too who would not be accused of having acted lightly. I accepted his offer, and then I consented to see this amiable, interesting, and unfortunate Sevèrin at my house! At first, I regretted not having known him sooner, but since that, I have often and deeply regretted ever having know him at all! Monsieur de Crèquy loved him as a son, and my grand-aunts ended by idolizing him.

Alas! some time after the appointment was confirmed, we learnt that he had disappeared in the night from the house where

he lived in the Rue St. Jacques; but by what accident, or by what means, we were never able to discover, nor was it ever known at whose instigation!

This was my poor Septimanie's death-blow; she lingered for some years, as long as a ray of hope could sustain her. At last, I saw her consumed by a slow fever, and the torch of life which had been lighted so brilliantly and so fortunately, was extinguished in tears.

I shall never forget the fervency and simplicity of this double attachment; or the deep-seated affection of these two strange, inexplicable, unheard-of love affairs; she had found out the secret of being able to dwell with equal intensity, and, as it were, equally-measured attachment, upon two objects entirely different and yet perfectly similar!—on the dead, and on the living—on the renowned and brilliant Comte de Gisors, and on a poor, obscure young man;—a wretched, forsaken child!

I shall never forget her last moments, when the remembrance of those two loved brothers was united in one ingenuous, tender sentiment of fidelity!

CHAPTER IV.

Some account of Mme. de Pompadour—Mlle. Sublet and her barley-sugar king—A *soirée musicale*—Odd characters — Mischievous Osmond — impanelled in a *fix*—Pretty Poll— Mme. de Blot and her dog—The fat sacristan—Murder will (not always) *out.*

I have witnessed the deaths of my father and my aunts; I have lost my husband and my eldest grandson—if I sometimes resume my pen after such a succession of afflictions and of painfully overwhelming recollections, it will be as a pastime, to drive away my thoughts. The task which I had set myself has lost its object and is now become devoid

of interest to me—if I have courage to continue, my story will be but unconnected and without arrangement.

Of Madame de Pompadour I have nothing particular to say, except that I never could understand how anyone could think her handsome or pretty; her admirers said that her artlessness and vivacity were charming, but that was probably at the period of her early youth, when the favors that were lavished upon her were unknown, and for this reason I am unable to bear witness to them. My only chance of meeting her was at the Theatres, where I never went, and in Churches, where I fancy she seldom made her appearance; in fact the first time I ever saw her was in the gallery of Versailles on the day of her presentation.

She was a mean little person with eyes verging on blue, but of the dullest expression; her hair was yellow, about the same colour as her skin, so that deep mourning without powder or rouge, was fatal to her

appearance; her eyelashes were short, uneven and scanty—there were two red marks were eyebrows ought to have been, and her teeth were such as anyone might procure (provided he had courage enough) for about fifty louis the set! Her hands also were common and dumpy—her feet badly put on and stunted rather than small, absurdly turned out too, like those of an opera-dancer! In fact this adored-one of the greatest king and handsomest prince in the world, always looked miserable, her face wore an expression of pain, and her words were languid and dispirited.

It is rather remarkable that Madame de Pompadour appeared least at ease when in company with women of character, and this may be said of her from Queen Marie of Poland, down to her tire-woman, Mademoiselle Sublet, who never quitted the Chapel of Versailles except to take her meals, or to go and sleep in the Queen's dressing-room at half-past seven in the even-

ing. Fortunately for her, the Queen never made an evening toilet.

Sometimes we made parties of pleasure to go and surprise her in her nocturnal abode, where her couch was shaded by dried-up box-trees as though in a grove, and under a bower of branches which had been blessed ; she was certainly the most free-and-easy, and the strangest person that ever had the charge of fixing pompoons on a crowned head !

Louis the XVth, who was always ready for any joke, said to us one fine evening : "Let us go and contemplate Mademoiselle Sublet !"

"You will find her," said the Queen, "with a bust of your Majesty, which she has modelled in barley-sugar."

"That is excellent—we will go and eat it," replied he.

The Queen pushed me into the room, and I called aloud :

"Sublet ! the King sends me to ask if

you have not been struck by a *coup-de-soleil* whilst you were undressing for bed?"

"Why, what o'clock is it? Does the King pass the night with the Queen?" said the worthy creature, starting up in bed with a bound of joy.

The King, who was behind me, had hold of me by the cuff *(à l'engageante)* and I answered Mlle. Sublet with no slight embarrassment that it was past nine, but beyond that I had not a word to say.

"Would you believe," she continued, making the sign of the Cross, "would you believe it is near six weeks since the King slept here?"

"But Sublet," I enquired, anxious to interrupt her, "what little chapel is that at your bedside?"

"It is a likeness of the King, our master, with all sorts of nick-nacks, between two candlesticks with rose coloured wax-lights in them as you perceive, and draped *à la Sultane*, with perfumed silk. I used formerly to place superb bouquets there,

but in truth I am too angry with him now! you see that there is not a single little flower in those two medicine phials?"

"It is quite true," I replied.

"Last autumn I put there, two *pommes d'api* one on each side of his little bust, but I took them away and made the little Marchais eat them, on account of that blue ribbon of the Marquis de Marigny."

I was on thorns, as may easily be supposed.

"You see that fine orange, do you not? I took it from the grand side-board on purpose to place it before him! Very well!" she continued, with an expression of great rage, "I shall finish by eating it if he goes on in this manner! I shall eat it before his very eyes and nose! I will eat your orange," she pursued, apostrophising her barley-sugar king, and she set her teeth and gesticulated with her fists.

She was in such a transport of exasperation, that I fully expected her to mention a certain person's name, and I turned hastily

away in the direction of their Majesties, who had already preceded me to the drawing-room ; I there found the poor Queen, her eyes red with weeping, and her heart full; the King seemed to us in unusually low spirits, but without any appearance of anger.

"I must beg you to allow me to retire to my oratory ;" said the Queen in accents of ineffable sweetness, "as I wish to attend the communion to-morrow morning."

The King kissed her hand and pressed it to his bosom ; the expression of his eye softened as he looked upon her, and taking especial care to inform her, that he should sup with her the following evening, without fail, he then betook himself to Madame de Pompadour, who for the last two or three months had lived in the palace.

"I do not, command, I do not recommend any one, nor should I ask you to call upon ......you know whom I mean......" said the Queen to me, 'but if you ever intend to return the visit which she went and paid

you at Paris, (she who never visits at Versailles !) it appears to me, that the present would be the very best moment for doing so ; do you not think so ?"

I was on the point of wincing a little at this, when she added :

"The attraction is one of mind, and of pure friendship ; such is the charitable light in which we should regard it, as good Christians, and as good Frenchwomen ; and if you go this very hour to Mme. de Pompadour's I am sure the King will be pleased !"

The fact was, that she came the week before, and called upon me in my quality of Grandee of Spain, on the strength of her being now one of the sisterhood, and immediately after she had received her diploma. It would have been very difficult for me not to have returned her visit, either sooner or later ; and it was but the difference of a few days ; in short, I will confess that I was not proof against the little feeling of vanity, of causing some satisfaction to the amiable Prince, whom I liked so well.

The Queen embraced me, and my chair set me down in the *Cour des Ministres.*

I was announced, and Madame de Pompadour came and received me at the first door, evidently labouring to conceal her surprise and satisfaction. She would insist on placing me above her, and next to the King, who was playing at *ombre* with the Ambassadress of Spain, and the Duke de Saint-Aignan.

Madame de Pompadour began by offering me her thanks for "the honor which I had been good enough to confer upon her." Those were her very words, and I did not controvert what she said, but I turned off the subject, by immediately speaking of other things, particularly of the Bailly de Froulay, who had just arrived at court, as Ambassador of the religion of Malta.

As soon as we had talked enough of the good-for-nothing Maltese, the King's game drew to an end; and at the request of His Majesty, Madame de Pompadour seated herself at her harpsichord.

"I do not know what I would not give for the pleasure of hearing her *tutoyer* you!' said the Marèchal de Richelieu, coming towards me.

"Nonsense!" I replied, "she is but a Grandee of Spain of the third class, therefore, you will not have that pleasure!—pray do not come and put me out of countenance, but leave me alone."

The Marèchal de Richelieu went off to the other end of the room, where all the rest of the company stood, grouped close to the harpsichord, to be in the immediate circle, and, if possible, within reach of His Majesty.

I had risen, because the King was no longer seated, but I stood my ground, and behold, I heard Madame de Pompadour sing;

"Ah! que ma voix devient chère
Depuis que mon berger se plait à l'écouter!"

These words appeared to me to convey a meaning of *galanterie* so pointedly direct, and so mis-placed before me, that I felt per-

plexed and ashamed, and became "quite sulky" as Richelieu expressed it.

The King seemed to notice the coldness of my manner, but this did not put me the least out of countenance.

Madame de Pompadour had scarcely concluded her gallant allusions and her arietta of IRPYSE, when I approached to make my curtsey; I then retired backwards as though I were leaving the King's cabinet, and without saying a single word, I suffered myself to be re-conducted by this shepherdess to the second door, receiving the civility as proudly as though it were but my right.

This was the first and only time that I ever went to Madame de Pompadour's, but thanks to the Marèchal de Richelieu's indiscretion, my visit afforded food for remark to the Court, and conversation to all the town.

We afterwards ascertained that it was the King who had begged Madame de Pompadour to sing the piece of music in question, it being considered her master-piece; his object was to show her off, and engrossed

by this motive, it never occurred to him, that the words might be interpreted as having any particular allusion.

If I felt myself aggrieved, it was chiefly on account of this disregard of the forms of society, an unusual occurrence at Madame de Pompadour's, for she was strict in her outward observance of them, and it must be allowed that she always behaved with perfect propriety and discretion in public. Good taste, refined manners, and an appearance of retiring modesty, were her natural characteristics, and in these must have consisted her principal attraction.

How full the Court of the Palais-Royal was of odd characters! and indeed all the intimates of the House of Orleans were composed of the same materials. First of all, there were always Clermont-Gallerandes, who had been for five or six generations fit inmates for the mad-house; then there was a Brancas, who certainly ought to have been consigned to Bicêtre; and there was...to whom shall I give the preference?......a

Monsieur D'Osmond, a Norman gentleman, who declared himself descended from the Kings of Apulia, poor devil! and he destroyed or spoilt every single thing that came within his reach. They called him D'Osmond *Brise-tout* and his doings were all recorded in the annals of his day.

Do not imagine that he ever expressed any regret or uneasiness at the havoc he caused! he only betook himself to fresh subjects, and he was disaster personified. I believe he might have held some office in the Chambers, or in the Orleans stables, but so it was that he was never seen except at the Palais-Royal, the unlucky theatre of his misdeeds.

On New Year's Day for instance, he walked into the drawing-room of the Duc de Chartres, and began by upsetting a stand full of old china; he had already trodden on the tail of a huge cat, and on the toes of the Duc de Valois, who screamed as if he had been burnt.

By that time he had arrived at the chim-

ney-piece, where he found, and laid hold of, a *bonbonnière* of rock-crystal, and lo and behold, in restoring it to its place he rested his whole weight on his elbow on the porphyry slab !......There were two hundred and fifty *livres* well laid out, generous Prince ! there were two thousand crowns all in atoms !—you had better shut them up in your cash-box !

It happened that Madame de Lamballe once dropped one of her gloves ;—M. d'Osmond hastened to pick it up, and his great head came in rude collision with that of the young Princess, upon whose forehead he imprinted a frightful bump ! it was the butt of a furious ram against a lovely trellice of roses and jessamine !.........Twenty years sooner, Monsieur de Bernis would have written some delightful lines on the occasion, but the days of triplets in garlands and nosegays, are gone out of fashion, and the best thing that was said upon the occasion was, that Madame de Lamballe had been *demolished* by the Chevalier d'Osmond!

The saying was considered at the time to be very original, but I remember that the author of Estelle * had the courage to raise his voice against this metaphorical expression, and said that it was as devoid of delicacy and gallantry, as it was of beauty.

This destructive genius of the Palais-Royal, was here, there, and everywhere, lounging about in all directions; on one occasion he entered the palace chapel where some new wainscottings had been put up, and spying out a little knot in a new plank, he forthwith began to devise how he might displace it and supply the deficiency with his finger; it ended by the knot giving way —his finger went through, and remained firmly fixed in the panel! They were obliged to send for workmen to cut away

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* The Chevalier de Florian, Equerry to the Princesse de Lamballe, author of Numa Pompilius, and one of the forty members of the *Académie Francaise.* "His pastorals left one nothing to desire" said Madame de Crêquy—"no wolf had ever entered his sheep-folds.'—(*Editor's Note.*)

round the captive finger, a delicate operation which lasted all the evening; he meanwhile, foaming with rage, for of course everyone made a point of going and sitting in the chapel to amuse themselves at his expense. It was proposed that a *bribi** table should be brought in, but the Marquise de Montesson did not find herself seated comfortably enough, and the Duke of Orleans said it was not worth while.

Then again another time in Madame de Rochambeau's bed-room:

"D'Osmond! this is not to be endured! you have broken two Sèvres vases, and now you must smash my guitar with your elbow!"

"Then why did you put the hurdy-gurdy in such a place?"

"No more a hurdy-gurdy than you are! it is a first rate mandoline."

"Alas! how mournfully it breathed its last sigh!"

"Do me the kindness to go away, D'Osmond; I am going to my dressing-room and I will not let you remain here alone."

* A game of hazard.

"Now be good-natured and allow me to warm myself quietly."

He promised he would not touch anything except the tongs, but before five minutes had elapsed she heard her famous grey parrot scream......

"You horrid *Brise-tout*; abominable, mischievous being!" cried she through the door. "What are you doing to that poor bird?"

"*Ah, mon Dieu, Madame!* I have just had the misfortune to burn his tail, but I assure you it was not my fault!"

"Very likely that a bird would go and burn its own tail! Will you please to inform me how it is possible to burn a parrot's tail?"

"Madam, that is easily explained; I took a candle to go and look at him and he began turning round and round like a fool! consequently I am not responsible."

Passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," I will tell you something about Madame la Comtesse de Blot de Chauvignè,

lady-in-waiting to the Duchesse de Chartres, which same Madame de Blot was the admiration, the charm, and the principal feature of the Palais-Royal.

No one ever *seemed* to possess more taste and tact; no one was ever half so innocent or so wonderfully sentimental! "Moreover, "one might mistake her for one of the three "Graces," wrote the Duke of Orleans to old Damville, "for she is a well of wisdom and "an oracle of learning! she has a waist "which you might span with your fingers "and snap across your knee. It is only a "pity that all this is mere show, for it "throws everyone else completely into the "background."

The Countess would have felt quite ashamed to have taken soup, and as for drinking a glass of wine and water?—that is an act she certainly never would have committed (*before company*, be it well understood!)

"Drink wine like any vulgar creature?—and red wine too? ah, good gracious how

degrading!—and as for a woman who eats poultry and eggs?... ....*allons donc ma chère*; I should eat a quarter of an orange, a custard, half-a-dozen strawberries, and then a little milk, that is, milk mixed with water from that fountain at Ville-D'Avray, and sheep's milk, understand me; the same milk with which lambs are fed—those innocent lambs! How can anyone drink cow's milk?—milk, actual cow's milk, fancy such a thing?—milk that calves are fattened on! —and then the trouble of arranging one's mouth to utter that strange and terrible name of C-O-W! What! go and establish yourself in a sort of voluntary intercourse, a sort of nutritive intimacy with a cow?—a great animal with horns?—No, instead of that, one ought to live like the fairies we have read of, who could walk upon the ears of corn without bending them!.........oh! my dear friend, I cannot bear to hear these frightful creatures mentioned, who chew the cud, and *low!* I am sure that cows low;

and in my opinion they are the most abject and most odious animals in the world! I was saying the other day, to M. de Buffon, 'as it is necessary that there should be milk in the world, how comes it that doves are unable to provide us with it?'"

"That was spoken like an angel!" exclaimed the Marèchale de Luxembourg, "May I presume to enquire what M. de Buffon said in reply to you?"

"Why, he made a joke of the matter, I know not wherefore, and advised me to drink nothing but milk of almonds."

But, however, when undergoing the inconveniences of travelling, in a case of unusual exertion or unexpected and excessive hunger, Madame de Blot abated somewhat of her etherial diet, and had the courage to take upon herself the responsibility of going so far as even to suck the little wing of a stewed pigeon; that was the only meat she could put up with (*in company*, be it still understood). The flesh of chickens was too

coarse, too compact, and that of all *petits-pieds* too strong, and too *masculine* tasted!

"No one will ever allow themselves to entertain the idea, though a very simple one it is, that a woman is a rose!"

A charming simile, and quite new, which always ended in her launching forth most bitterly against pickled cabbage, black-puddings, and especially asparagus.

It was impossible to understand what asparagus could have done to her, except it was that her husband appeared to be very fond of them.

"Will you take some of these *oreilles de cerfs en menu-droits*, Countess?"

"Surely Madame does not take me for a huntsman, or a yeoman-pricker?"

"Do, Duchesse de Chartres, make her eat some of this boar's head *aux quatre-èpices!*"

"But Monseigneur does not think Madame's ladies are poachers and *sabottiers?*"

"Come Madame de Blot, let us be good friends; I am going to send you, as some-

thing extraordinary, a little glass of this capital Cyprus which I hope you will drink with good grace in honour of the Goddess Venus! It is from the Knight's cellars and is the best growth of the Island."

"Monseigneur! do you take me for a Bacchanal, an Erigone? do I look like a panther? if so, all I require is, to be bedizened with wreaths of ivy;—let them bring forth *erotals*, with the thyrsus and the tambourines of the Menades. Where are the vine branches? and where the carved cup of the son of Semele?"

"Why, that is exactly like that large picture which is in my dining-room in Paris."

"But, Monseigneur, how can women whose aerial nature...women, women of high breeding...how can they induce themselves to eat anything that is unworthy of them?—women of high breeding should be like the bees and butterflies, who live by suction on the juice of flowers, bathed in the

kisses of Zephyrus, and the tears of Aurora on the roses, &c."

"You are a *savante* and a sylph, Madame de Blot! one of Marmontel's own sylphs, and the quintessence of roses. Here is to your health as a sylph, Madame de Blot!"

This Countess had a little canine favorite; (she never would have it called a dog—see her horror of cows.)

"He has acquired the habit, and it has become necessary to his comfort that he should be taken notice of; nobody says anything good-natured to him when I am out, and I am sure it makes him unhappy," said she to Mademoiselle Minau de la Mistringue, her companion; "you ought to speak to him constantly, and not by snatches as you do, my dear young lady! you ought to tell him some story or recite something rather long, that would keep up the interest; such as some historical fact—a moral tale—or a play for instance; will you read him this new tragedy "*Les Guèbres ou la Tolérance*?"—no, no; rather let him hear

"*La Coquette corrigée,*" or better still "*Le Philosophe sans le savoir,*" and read it with expression, to amuse him.—Yes! darling creature! and to console it for the absence of its mistress, Mam'selle de la Mistringue will be good enough to read it a five act comedy!"

There was, connected with the chapel of the Palais-Royal, a very tall, fat sacristan from *Franc-comte,* whom no one ever saw or received, except on New Year's Day, as is the old custom. This man having as much as he could do to carry himself, called one morning, on the first of January, on the Comtesse de Blot in her turn, and sat himself down in an arm-chair, to which she had had the affability to motion him in silence.

Suddenly, he fancied that he perceived some faint movements of resistance under him......some opposing undulations...... he introduced his hand between himself and the chair, and found that he was sitting on a spaniel! The tail protruded, and the Abbé began by prudently twisting it round

and then poking it out of sight, beneath him; determined to act effectually, he then raised himself up and dropped down again with all his weight, so as to give it the finishing stroke! after that, he spread out his coat-tails and his great hands, and twisted himself about, manœuvring like a true *franc-comtois* as he was, and, ultimately, insinuating the little "canine favorite" into his coat-pocket, he went out and threw him down at the first convenient spot.

Madame de Blot never learnt what became of her dog! some told her that he had been turned into a sylph; others, that he had been carried off by the Nymphs, like Hylas. There was another version, of which my son was the author, and which Madame de Blot would feign believe, although it was the most ridiculous; my son told her that it was the Duc de Duras, who had had the meanness to have the dog stolen, in order that he might find favor in the eyes of His Majesty the King of Denmark, he (the Duke) being appointed to do the

honors of the capital, and point out the wonders of France to his admiring eyes.

Madame de Blot instantly believed this story, and they wished her to write to His Danish Majesty, to beg her favorite back again, or, at least, to recommend it to his care; but the Duchesse de Chartres interfered to prevent such folly. Some of our young friends were imprudent enough to write to M. de Duras in Madame de Blot's name.

CHAPTER V.

Voltaire's love of the marvellous—The Real Iron Mask—Common Practice of wearing Masks in Travelling—The Provost of Paris and his Notable Wife—"Kill or Cure," or the Innocent Experiment!—*Lettres-de-Cachet.*

Monsieur Voltaire was very fond of detailing curious stories, but above all, he wished to appear accurately informed as to certain historical facts and certain state secrets, which he always had from some high person, with whom he was on the most intimate terms.

The first time that I had ever heard the "Iron Mask" mentioned, was by Fontenelle, who had just been told of it by Voltaire; the latter declared that his authority was the Duke de Richelieu, who (said Voltaire) had learnt the whole affair from the Duke de Noailles, his father-in-law; which Duke de Noailles was supposed to have received it from his uncle, the Marèchal de Roquelaure, and from his father-in-law, M. Boyer de Villemoisson, late *Intendant* of Provence!

"That is all uncommonly well arranged," said the Marèchal de Richelieu, "it is quite true that I have heard of this man with the Iron Mask, but it has been invariably from Voltaire alone, and never from the Duke de Noailles; I will pledge my word that the Duke never spoke of old Boyer, his father-in-law, to any living soul!"

"One of Mother Goose's tales!" said the Duchesse de Luynes to the Marêchal de Noailles, and just see if it is possible that M. de Louvois could have travelled eight days, post, from Versailles to the Isle Ste.

Marguerite, without its being known? If he had only slept from home for three nights, it would have been spoken of for six months!"

"What is still better than that, and detailed more miraculously," replied the Marèchal, "is, Monsieur de Louvois' speaking to the prisoner with his head uncovered; a circumstance which could not have become known, except through this Minister, or the Iron Mask himself; and what do you think of that story of the silver plate?"

"Oh, as for that!" interrupted M. Brancas, who had only just emerged from the jail of Ste. Marguerite, after fourteen months' imprisonment, "that is as great a piece of folly as was ever uttered; for there is a moat round the ramparts, and a dead wall between the rooms of the prison and the sea!"

"It is quite clear," said the Duchesse de Damvillè, solemnly, "that the affair must be incomprehensible, since it is a State Secret."

"Wonderful secret," muttered the Duke

de la Vallière (who had been for a long time Minister of the Interior, and within whose jurisdiction fell *lettres-de-cachet* and state-prisons.)

"Oh! no doubt a profound secret," added M. de Moras, formerly Minister *de la marine*, "and one which will be strictly preserved, for it does not exist."

This conversation took place at my house, before the Duke de Penthièvre, who was fully convinced that Voltaire had invented the mysterious story, in order to pass for one of the best informed writers of the day.

As I promised to be just and to tell you the *pro's* and *con's*, I am bound to add, that the opinion of the Comte de Maurepas, was not quite so unfavorable to Voltaire, as that of the Duc de Penthiévre, for all that M. de Maurepas accused him of was, having concocted a sort of heroic-tragic poem on a chapter of Guzman d'Alfarache.

I should also add, that the Baron de Breteuil was entirely of M. de Maurepas' opinion, his predecessor in the ministry of the interior.

Here, then, are the slender grounds on which Voltaire constructed his romantic story.

Charles de Gonzague, Duke of Mantua and Montferrat, was married to an Arch-Duchess of Austria, the bitter enemy of France; and his private secretary, or principal confidant, was a Piedmontese, who called himself the Comte Mattioli. This bosom-friend of the Prince had an insatiable talent for intrigue; and the impunity with which he had exercised it, had so whetted his appetite and corrupted his views, that he actually had the assurance to stop and rob a courier, charged with dispatches from the King of France to the Duc de Créquy, his Ambassador at Rome. Pope Alexander was at death's door; there was a prospect of a conclave being shortly assembled; France had her creatures to protect, her antagonists to outwit, and her instructions to transmit to M. de Créquy; imagine the rage of Louis XV!

This Mattioli first commenced translating

the dispatches which he had purloined; afterwards, he began a mercenary calculation consistent with his venal nature, and the slender position which he felt he held at Court, depending solely on the favor of the Duke of Mantua, the most tyrannical and the most capricious, the most avaricious, and the most pernicious of all the petty Italian Princes.

Count Mattioli presented himself with an air of great mystery to the Chevalier Turgot, *Chargé-d'Affaires* of France to Modena, with whom Mattioli had appointed a meeting, on the frontiers of the Ducal States, in order that he might set on foot his negotiations.

The Chevalier advised the Count to bid a final adieu to the Court of Mantua, and to go and deposit the dispatch (detained *by order of the Duke,* as the Piedmontese assured him) in the hands of the Intendant of Grenoble, M. de la Moignon, whose duty it would be to reward the bearer handsomely, as soon as he was authorised to do so by the King, his master.

Mattioli's future fortune would be made, splendidly and firmly based on the sum of money of which he had come in quest, at the hands of M. Turgot, in remuneration of the service which he purposed rendering to His Most Christian Majesty. He was to carry off with him all the translations which might have been made, as well as the French originals ; in short, I know not all that the Chevalier Turgot said to Mattioli, but the result was, that the latter fled precipitately from Mantua, and went and took up a position near the picket stationed close to Mont Mélian, on the frontiers of France and Savoy.

It was beyond the jurisdiction of our *fleurs-de-lys*, be it understood, but this did not prevent the Intendant of Dauphiny from having him arrested by his mounted patrols, together with the dispatches from Versailles, and the translations, which he had wished to deliver for ransom.

M. de Lamoignon detained him until the return of his courier. They had received

direct information from Monsieur Turgot, that it was he, Mattioli, who was to be considered the author of, and the principal agent in, this insolent attempt; and you may imagine that an act of insolence was an unpardonable crime in the eyes of the King!

But what confidence could be reposed in such a character? or what security could there be in obtaining or paying him? who could restrain or prevent his going and making a traffic of the many secrets relating to French affairs, of which he was the depository, and which must remain in his possession until death?

I heard M. de Maurepas say, that many members of the *sacré-collège*, and the prime minister of a foreign court, would be found compromised by this correspondence being revealed. M. Colbert was of opinion, that Mattioli should be hanged; but M. de Pompone recommended a more gentle treatment towards the culprit, and declared his anxiety to maintain a good understanding with the

Duke of Savoy, which, in his capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs, he had every reason to insist upon. Any open and avowed violation of this Prince's territory would, undoubtedly, have produced a most impolitic irritation, especially as at that moment, the policy of the Cabinet of Versailles was moderation.

M. de Lamoignon had the subject of this story conveyed to the prison of the Isle of Ste. Marguerite, a convenient locality, inasmuch as it was not too far distant from Grenoble, and yet far enough from the frontiers of Savoy and the authorities of Chambéry, who did not dare say anything, on account of the negligence of their agents on the frontiers.

It is possible, indeed it is very likely, that on his way from the frontier to prison, they may have obliged Count Mattioli to wear a mask, as he might have been recognised by some of his countrymen, who are always to be found in great numbers both Piedmontese and Savoyards, in one or

two provinces *ultra Rhodanum*. In fact, it was customary in those days to mask State-prisoners, and they were generally conveyed on horseback, on account of certain local difficulties. One of my uncles once met M. Fouquet, wearing a black velvet mask, and mounted on a mule, in the middle of the Cévennes; and it was only on his return to Paris, that my uncle learnt who the State-prisoner was, whom he had passed on the road.

My Aunt de Breteuil was one day in a litter with a little boy, her god-son, who was frightened at everything, for which reason, his godmother was conveying him to Picardy, to the Jesuits, with as much precaution as if he had been an invalid lady.

This little fellow had held masks in especial dread, and my aunt had the great kindness not to put on hers, from feelings of compassion. She was very fond of the poor child, for he was infirm and sickly, and nobody noticed him much.

My Aunt was followed by a couple of

lackeys on horseback. In the course of the journey they found the high-road stopped up by a post-chaise surrounded by *cavaliers de marèchaussèe,* in which was seated, a man masked

"Madame de Breteuil! Madame de Breteuil!" exclaimed the prisoner, "will you not have the charity to allow my wife to be informed, that I have been arrested at her father's house, and that they are taking me to the Château of Ham? You will do me a great service, and I hope you will not refuse me this consolation?"

"Do you see anything improper in this request?" said my aunt addressing the commander of the escort, "and would you tell me the gentleman's name?"

The Brigadier replied, that that was impossible, but that he did not wish, nor could he prevent the prisoner from telling his name on the highway, while his carriage was being repaired; that his orders were to make him wear a mask, but not to gag him; in short, the state-prisoner with the mask

was the famous Count de Roucy (La Rochefoucault), and my aunt's god-son, who had such a dread of masks, became—guess who? —the husband of my cousin Emilie, whose mother and godmother were two madcaps, of whom the Baron de Breteuil was guardian-substitute.

But to finish with the prisoner Mattioli, who died in the Bastile, in 1703, and whose death is recorded in the registers of St. Paul, bearing date the 20th November; here are several contradictions, which emanated from the Comte de Maurepas, and when you shall have read "*Le Siècle de Louis XIV*," you will see that each of these contradictions has reference to some assertion of Voltaire's.

It is not true, that the prisoner in question ever wore an *iron* mask; a mask of the colour of iron was the utmost he ought to have said.

It is not true that he was conveyed, first of all, to the Château of Pignerol, of which M. de St. Mars was governor, or that

this was in 1662; for this officer was not put in command of this fortress till 1664, as M. de Maurepas has certified in the archives of his department. It is not true, that M. de Louvois was ever away long enough from Versailles to enable him to go as far as the Isle of Ste. Marguerite; and this minister of Louis XIV was not in a position to absent himself, nor to travel incognito.

Voltaire started by saying, that his Iron Mask had written something or other on a very fine shirt, which he had thrown out of the window of his room, and that a fisherman had found it floating on the sea. He was reminded that the prisoners' rooms do not open towards the sea-shore, and that this very fine shirt would have fallen within the inner court of the Fort, inasmuch as the outside wall is forty paces from the *Tour-Magne*; it was to avoid this difficulty, that M. de Voltaire metamorphosed the shirt into a silver plate!

The Baron de Breteuil, a minister of the present day, adds to all this, that there

exists in the archives of the Bastile a letter from M. de Barbesieux, a minister of Louis XIV, addressed to M. de Saint Mars, governor of that fortress, and dated the 19th December, 1697, in which is the following; "without relaxing aught in the care of your "old prisoner, and without holding any com-"munication with whomsoever, as to what "crime he may have committed, still you may "afford him any indulgence that the King's "service will admit of, &c." which proves beyond doubt, that there was *something* that M. de Saint Mars' prisoner had done, and this makes another assertion of Voltaire's fall to the ground, about an answer which he makes Louis XV to have given to one of his *valets-de-chambre.* People of the highest consideration and the best informed of my time, have always thought that this famous story never had any further foundation, than the capture and captivity of the Piedmontese Mattioli. All the details which Voltaire has given, are manifestly and ridiculously fictitious. I think I may as-

sure you, that that is all the truth of THE IRON MASK.

Madame de Boulainvilliers, the wife of the Provost of Paris, is, as every one knows, a most charitable and angelic person. She usually passes the greater part of the summer in her beautiful château at Passy, whither her husband goes to sup every evening and returns to Paris at five o'clock in the morning for his audience at the Châtelet.

I always wonder how respectable people can be found to take such judicial duties upon themselves for the sum of nine hundred and thirty six *livres-tournois* a year! but I thank my stars when they are such as Monsieur Bernard de Boulainvilliers, Comte de Coubert, and the Marquis de Passy-sur-Seine to fill the office, with their hundred and sixty thousand *écus* of their own, and with honour to spare! (The former we used to call *le petit Bernard*).

As he was leaving Passy-sur-Seine one

fine morning, he heard repeated cries of pain issuing from a house in the *Rue de la Basse*, a mean and dilapidated tenement. He got off his horse and knocked at the door of the house, but as they did not open it, and he was in a hurry to reach Paris, he wrote a few words with a pencil on a little piece of paper and despatched it to his wife; the messenger could not inform Mme. de Boulainvillier's maids what was the matter, but they were desired by her husband to wake her immediately. Mme. de Boulainvilliers dressed herself in great haste, and sent to rouse her domestic medical attendant, an old and faithful servant who always accompanied her in her visits of charity, and they set off for this house, which was at a short distance from the Château de Passy, but the door obstinately resisted further progress; on approaching a window on the ground-floor, the shutters of which were closed as were the door and all apertures on the side of the Rue Basse, they heard at intervals the groans of a person in pain,

suppressed sobs, and every now and then a very shrill cry ; but beyond that they heard nothing moving, nor any sort of noise in any other part of the house.

In the mean time M. de Boulainvilliers had arrived at the *Roque des Bons Hommes* and in passing before the doorway of the convent he perceived two persons dressed in a very strange way, who were endeavouring to conceal themselves behind some building rubbish. "*Monseigneur?*" "Hold your tongue," replied he to his groom, and the first thing he did on arriving at the barrière de Chaillot was to send a dozen customhouse agents to arrest the two men, whose dress had aroused his suspicions. They offered no resistance (which indeed they were not in a position to do) for one of them was clad merely in a night-shirt tied with bows of pink ribbon, and the other, who appeared older and less timid, had on a dressing gown of brocade, the which was spotted with blood on the right side, and particularly on the right sleeve. They made

him open his hands, which he tried to keep closed, and the Provost at once observed that his right hand was deeply stained with blood, and his nails even encrusted with it.

It was probable that these two culprits might have run out of the house from whence issued the cries which had struck M. de Boulainvilliers, and that when they heard the knocking at the door they fled through the garden which led to the quay of the Seine. However that might be, every thing confirmed the supposition that they were watching an opportunity for stealing past the barrier and so attain some conveyance which might carry them to a hiding place in the obscure quarters of Paris; but our early and very careful magistrate disappointed them in that, and detained them at the Custom-house until he should send some of the Provost's officers to bring them to his Hôtel in the *Rue Bergère*, there to undergo a strict examination before

they were sent to prison, if it were necessary.

You must not suppose that the magistrates in those days could apprehend and imprison people without sufficient grounds; excepting in cases of *Lettres de cachet*, or of being caught in the act by the Police, every one might feel perfectly certain of resting in his own bed.

How shall I tell of the astonishing and revolting spectacle which Madame de Boulainvilliers encountered, when acting upon the advice of her bailiff, she determined to gain entry to the room by breaking open the door? She beheld a woman bound upon a carpenter's bench; one of her legs was flayed alive, and her blood had deluged the floor of the room!—on the ground lay a surgeon's scalpel and pincers, and I know not what other instruments steeped in blood... In a room on the second floor they found a bed unmade, a man's embroïdered clothes, a sword, perfumes, a pot of rouge, and last not least, a small portfolio containing a letter

addressed to "*The Comte de Sade, poste restante à Paris.*"—It bore the post mark of Marseilles and contained a horrible account of the discovery of two bodies which they had fished out of a pond.........The wretched woman had fainted away from anguish, and mental sufferings ; Madame de Boulainvilliers had her wounds dressed, and herself assisted in adjusting the skin on her leg, with wonderful strength of mind. At last when her senses had returned and the hemorrhage was stopped ; the following is the substance of the deposition which she made, and which the bailiff wrote at her dictation.

A man between thirty-four and thirty-six years of age, tall, rather stout, and all his features perfectly regular, with a very red face, deep blue eyes and an insidious soft expression, came and hired this house of which she was the porter's wife. He paid two quarters in advance, he would not allow the necessary repairs to be completed, and he would not tell his name. He sometimes

came home in the middle of the night with others, but generally he let himself in with a pass-key without any noise, he never would enter the Porter's Lodge, nor would he allow of his coming out, but always turned the key upon him, and shut him in until he went away again.

* * * * *

" it would only be," he said pursing up his mouth and smiling with his tiger-like eyes, " a slight incision to test the effect of a wonderful ointment—it would not be perceptible in a quarter of an hour—and she would gain ten louis, so the wretched woman suffered herself to be tied to the bench " * * *

* * * * *

When she understood that they were talking of flaying her alive, she gave a start which removed the cloth they had placed to gag her ; she then began to shriek violently, and Providence so ordered that at that very

instant M. de Boulainvilliers should pass by the house.

To cut short this horrible story, I must tell you that this unfortunate woman whom they had carried to the Château de Passy, died the evening of the same day of lock-jaw, according to the Doctors, for they could not discover any traces of poison in her body. She had neither time nor strength to enable her to sign her deposition, of which the bailiff of the Marquisite of Passy, who had written it, and the Marquise de Passy who had heard her make it, were the only witnesses, and thereupon arose a strange complexity as to the drawing up of the prosecution, for the exercise of the Seignorial jurisdictions was encumbered by a multitude of requirements of recent date, and the Provost of Paris, (who always kept a strict and jealous watch over the justices of the dependences of the Louvre) did not choose that it should be in their power to say that he was less severe on a deposition subscribed by his feudal officer, and in a

case which came under his own personal knowledge.

The Comte de Sade demurred to the indictment, on the plea that there were no grounds for the prosecution, he having acted, as he had the impudence to assert, with the concurrence of the deceased, and it was for the purpose of making experiment of a balsam which was to heal wounds with a touch, and would be of the greatest importance in the armies of the King of France, and to the human race in general.

The judges listened to the case with horror, but their respect for the letter of the law upset it, and the Comte de Sade had to thank the impartiality and probity of M. de Boulainvilliers that he was not hanged. The King's prerogative was untouched, as it was right and proper that it should be, and this abominable man was confined for life with the brothers of Saint-Lazare by *lettre-de-cachet*, and wonderful to relate, that did not give any displeasure to the gentlemen of the Encyclopœdia, who would fain deny

the right of the King to imprison bad characters, and criminals cunning enough to evade the law.

I defy them to mention one solitary instance of abuse in the *lettres-de-cachet*, except it be in the case of that banker of Bourdeaux whom Madame de Langeac had a spite against; and what was the consequence? Madame de Langeac was banished by *lettre-de-cachet* to Saint-Etienne-en-Forez.

To whom then and for whom would Voltaire and Monsieur Diderot address their protests against *lettres-de-cachet*? To cut-throats and swindlers apparently!

CHAPTER VI.

A romance of life—An invitation—M. Tiercelet de la Barotte—Heraldic notions—An amiable *chanoinesse*—The intended victim—A zealous friend-in-need—*Les suisses*—Awful moments—The Archbishop—A row—All's well—Another invitation.

A FEW years previous to the time at which I am now writing, an event took place which presented nothing very extraordinary in its progress, but its *dènouement* appeared delightfully romantic, and as I was carrying on a very close correspondence with the Marquise de Louvois during her vice-royalty at Navarre I wrote an account of it to her

in the form of a novel, in which I left blanks for all the names, that I might call her ingenuity into exercise, and perhaps also, try my ability in drawing likenesses.

Madame de Louvois recognized everyone, and replied by sending us a charming play on the identical subject with every name correctly given, which was the cause of endless compliments to us both. As the little composition has the semblance only of a romance, and as all the details are perfectly true, I have determined on introducing it here, such as it is, without connection, to spare me the fatigue and annoyance of description. What encourages me to present it in its original shape of short dialogues after the English fashion is, that my characters were supposed to speak exactly as the originals would have done; however, here is the original novel, which I had entitled "THE TWO RELATIVES; OR, THE DOUBLE INVITATION."

'M.,

'Your company is requested at

'the inauguration, investiture, and religious
'profession of the *Very Mighty Damoisel*
'*Mademoiselle Henriette-Jacqueline-Olympe*
'*Anastasie-de-Lenoncour-de-Hérouwal-de-*
'*Baudricourt.* The ceremony will take
'place on Saturday the Fourteenth of
'March, in the Church of the Royal Abbey
'of Panthemont, Rue de Grenelle, Paris.

'The profession will be received by the
'most illustrious and very reverend Seigneur,
'*Monseigneur Christophe-Henry de Beau-*
'*mont de Repayre,* Archbishop of Paris,
'Duke of St. Cloud and Peer of France;
'Prelate-Commander of the Royal Order of
'the Holy Ghost, &c.

'Monseigneur Pie-Sinibald-Andrè-Doria of
'the Princes of Melpha and Colombranon, a
'noble Genoese, Archbishop of Amathonta,
'*in partibus infidelium,* and apostolic nuncio
'to the Court of France, will give the *salut*
'and the papal benediction, and grant ple-
'nary indulgence.

'The sermon will be delivered by Messire
François-Joachim-Gabriel-Archange de

'*Pierres* de *Bernis*, Canon and Counts of
'*Lyons*, Grand Chambellan of -the archi-
'primatial basilisk of St. John, and first of
'the forty of the Académie Française.

VENI, CREATOR OPTIME.

"Well, I do not care what other people might say, but this note is just as it should be!—quite the thing! The Countess belongs to a superior order of beings, one of the good old times; pedigrees and heraldry are the only things which seem worthy of her attention, and one might call her life a continuation of her ancestors'; she talks of nothing but crests, and dreams of sinopes, gules and vairs; she is quite aware of the value of a rebatement, and the meaning of a pale; she is a wonderful woman!—"

"Here then, are the seventy four invitatations for Versailles," said a little gentleman dressed in a suit of black, to a tall man in livery laced *à la Burgogne*. (He was, evi-

dently, the lackey-in-chief of the house.) "Here are three hundred and ninety for our own quarter of the Faubourg St. Germain; about twenty for the *quartier des Capucines*, from the place Vendôme to the outside of the Porte St. Honorè inclusive, and five or six for the Marais. (Madame says it is bad policy to show any neglect to parliamentary people.) You will send off a man on horseback, express, to convey this note to the Comte de Mercy, the Imperial Ambassador."

Monsieur Tiercelet de la Barotte, secretary and steward to the Comtesse de Rupelmonde et Warangest, had placed on one side, eight invitations in manuscript, not printed as the others were.

"These are our notes for the Princes and Princesses of the blood-royal," said he to himself, eyeing his fine *mongrel* writing with inward satisfaction. He had been particular not to sprinkle them with sand or powder, for fear of endangering their Serene Highness's eyes, but chiefly on account of a point of etiquette, originated by the Marquis de

Villeroy, who was always afraid that the King would be poisoned by some petition.

Monsieur Tiercelet then betook himself to a large seal parted by two bars and couped in three, which made a fine quartering of eight alliances, and eight achievements, without counting the escutcheon of pretence.

It was a handsome, spinster's seal, (a lozenge) with chapitral decoration and the Rupelmonde motto, QUY-QU'EN-GROGNE? He carefully sealed the princely invitations with black wax, as enjoined in all cases of votive ceremonies, signifying thereby, that all persons who devote themselves to the religious profession, are under an obligation to wear black, *ipse facto.* This operation was also performed entirely to Monsieur Tiercelet's personal satisfaction, except that, perhaps, the cross of the Chanoinesse in one of the impressions, was not quite as clear as it might have been, and the motto was rather imperfect.

"Now then, La Barotte!—now then!—do

hurry yourself, if you can!" were the words uttered in the masculine tones of the Comtesse de Rupelmonde's voice, as this personage entered the private sitting-room, where her secretary was at work. "What have you been doing here?" she continued, with much bitterness and exceeding irritation.—"What have you been thinking of? have you just dropped down from the clouds? Is it possible, M'sieur d'la Barotte, that, after having been in my service so long a time, you should not have learnt better than to do such a foolish thing?—allow me to tell you—"

"Madame, really I have not the least idea what—"

"Why, sir, you are going to put black seals on the letters to the Princes of the Blood, when the Court is not in mourning! You wish to have me thought a fool, and become the by-word of both court and town? —There!—I commit to the flames the letters you have sealed with black!—black seals to the Princes of the Blood not in

mourning !—I should most likely have had a dangerous illness in consequence, and a pretty position I should have been in, had I not been inspired to come and see where you were !"

Monsieur Tiercelet set to work again, looking quite resigned and repentant, because Madame la Comtesse Brigitte de Rupelmonde was a tall lady, between forty and sixty years of age, tolerably stout, *exigeante* haughty, rather violent, and wonderfully impatient, (with her servants.) Her voice was masculine, her skin the colour of bistre, and her eyes green ; she was bountifully supplied with a pair of extensive eyebrows, and added to all this, she was coadjutrix of the very noble and distinguished chapter of Sainte-Aldegonde de Mauberge, in succession to the Princess Marie de Beauvau, who was justly considered the youngest and most agreeable Abbess of the canonical world.

The Comtesse Brigitte then, was *Chanoinesse* of Mauberge, and on the strength of

this, she wore an ermine border to her dress, a corset closed like those of the favorites of Henry the Third, and over all, a beautiful ribbon of the same dimensions, and the same blue, as that of a Knight of the HOLY GHOST.

Moreover, it is proper that I should state that she was the aunt and guardian of Mademoiselle Henriette de Lénoncour, who, on Saturday, the fourteenth of March, was to take the vows of absolute obedience, claustral seclusion, and perpetual chastity, at the Abbey of Panthemont.

"One would have supposed, that you might have received and kept her with you, in your chapter," said the *Presidente* Hocquart, insidiously and maliciously.

(Observe, that this was on the eve of the thirteenth of March at the Hôtel de Beauvau.)

"*Madame*, she has unfortunately two quarterings of law on her mother's side," was the tart reply of the coadjutrix; "her nobility no longer belongs to the chapter,

and moreover she is too giddy and romantic for me to take charge of her."

("That is to say," was the charitable reflection of the *Présidente*, "she is too young and too pretty for you to suffer her to remain near you.")

The Marquise de Boufflers upon this immediately observed, in her off-hand thoughtless manner, that it was really quite committing a murder, and that she ought to marry her niece to her cousin the little de Gondrecourt. Madame de Rupelmonde made no reply; it was affirmed that she blushed, but it was difficult to detect it; they might as well say that they had seen a brick or a piece of crockery blush, or if you will, a coach wheel under its thick coat of vermilion!

As soon as she had left the room, Mme. de Craon took upon herself to say, in an under tone evincing some vexation, "I fear that the Coadjutrix is a bad woman!—'

"Sister! she has always passed for a devil incarnate," answered the Maréchal de Beau-

vau: whereupon the Princesse de Craon, encouraged by this reply of her brother-in-law, undertook to justify the remark she had just made, by the following details—

She said that two days previously, she went to pay a visit to Mlle. de Lènoncour at the grating of the Convent Parlour, and after a silence of some moments, occupied in looking at one another sadly, the pretty novice said in accents of despair, that she hoped that Heaven would one day bestow upon her the power of being able to forgive her cousin for all the sorrows she had heaped upon her for the last six months! "Dear me! What is this? What sort of sorrows, *mon enfant?* I thought from what your aunt told us, that your vocation was entirely your *own* choice?"

"He is married," she replied, half choked with her sobs.

"Married? I was not aware of it *ma coute belle* are you quite sure of it?"

"Alas! it is perfectly true, Madame! my aunt de Rupelmonde told me so herself."

"He married! the Viscount!" sudden'

exclaimed the Chevalier de Chastellux ; if he is married, it is either in desperation or madness ! Oh ! the wicked Rupelmonde, the jealous and vindictive fury ! Let her do her worst, she will never triumph over the feelings of execration which are in store for her !"

"*Eh, mon bon Dieu!*" said la Marèchal de Mirepoix, "who would suppose that the Countess could be guilty of such a folly at her age, and towards the Viscount too, who is young enough to be her grandson !... I should rather think that she has devised the infamous plot, to obtain the inheritance of this poor Henriette, who is her ward and niece, and who has at least sixteen hundred ècus a year !"

"What an abominable shame !" was the general exclamation, "How degrading for a person of her rank ! what an infamous proceeding for a relation, but especially wicked for a *Chanoinesse*, a *religieuse !*"

"Never mind," said Madame de Coislin, "there are no people who give themselves such impertinent airs as vulgar people who play the Lady, and there are no creatures

worse than they who play the Saint!"......
"Prince," interrupted the mistress of the house, addressing her husband, "would you approve of my going to speak to the Archbishop about it? I should not have a moment to spare," she added in a calm and dignified manner, "you hear the profession is to take place this morning? the vows will be taken in a few hours!"

The Marshal bowed his head in token of respectful assent, and twenty minutes afterwards the Marèchale-princesse de Beauvau found herself at the gates of the Archbishop's palace, having had considerable difficulty in awakening the porters, and no wonder, for it was half past two in the morning.

The clock of Notre Dame was striking three, as the two porters whom she had startled from their dreams, methodically approached her carriage door, halbert in hand. They had donned, with care, their full-dress buff livery so richly laced in silver, nor had they omitted to sling across their shoulders their fringed baldricks to which

long rapiers were appended; on their heads they wore a small cocked-hat surmounted by a plume of the Beaumont colours. It was for all this preparation that they had kept Madame la Marèchale waiting one half hour, and when she had explained that she wished to speak to the Archbishop, they informed her that his Grace was (or ought to be) in privacy at the seminary of Saint-Magloire, unless he had gone to spend the festival of Saint-Bruno with the Reverend Fathers Chartreux in the Rue de l'Enfer, or he might be gone to rest himself at his château at Conflans-sur-Seine. They also thought it likely that Monseigneur had gone to sleep at St. Cyr, where the Bishop of Chartres invariably invited him for the anniversary service performed in memory of Madame de Maintenon; in short it was impossible to say where Monseigneur de Beaumont could be found before the moment of his entering the church of Panthèmont for the ceremony of the morning. The day

was beginning to break and Madame de Beauvau returned, sadly, home.

By seven o'clock in the morning, she was at the Monastery of Panthèmont, and sent in word to the Abbess that she should be very glad to speak to her as soon as possible; Madame de Richelieu sent back to say that she could not repair to the parlour, because she was obliged to attend service in the choir at the canonical honrs.

Madame de Beauvau then asked, if she might not be allowed to enter the Convent, as she had a most important communication to disclose. As may be imagined, Madame de Panthémont answered, that such a thing was impossible, without previous permission from the Archbishop of Paris. Madame de Beauvau, accordingly, returned to her carriage, to wait the arrival of the Prelate.

In the mean time, the richly gilt carriages, vis-à-vis with seven windows, princely and ducal equipages with their crimson roofs, the magnificent sets of six horses with plumes on their heads, and rich harness, a

noisy crowd, in short, dotted every here and there with lackeys, filled the broad street of Grenelle, and obstructed all the approaches to the Abbey of Panthèmont.

It was past eleven o'clock, when a servant, in a livery of cloth of silver, turned up with crimson velvet, hastily approached the carriage which contained his mistress;

"*Madame la Marèchale,* the Archbishop is arrived, he entered by the cloister gate, he is already in the sanctuary, and the ceremony is about to commence.—"

Madame de Beauvau instantly wrote a few lines on her tablets, and ordered her servant to make way through the crowd, and lead her, without a moment's loss of time to the sacristy.

The church was hung around with splendid tapestry, which was surmounted by a band of white damask, fringed with gold, and covered with coats of arms and affinities of the noble maiden. The rich carpets which covered the admired mosaic pavement of this beautiful church, were

provided from the privy purse; the King's lustres and girandoles were to be seen everywhere in profusion; but, unluckily, as there were not exactly as many arm-chairs as there were ladies invited, they who were obliged to put up with a less easy seat, complained bitterly against the steward of the Privy Purse, the *sieur Papillon*.

The chancel was filled with noble Bishops in violet cassocks, and Canons in full dress, carrying their grey amices on their arms, venerable Benedictines, Bernardines, Feuillans, Récollets, Minimes, and Capucines in their varied and picturesque costumes.

In the midst of this œcumenical council, was seen the tall classical figure of Monseigneur Christophe de Beaumont, supported by his arch-priests and vicars-general. He was seated exactly in the middle of the congregation, with his back turned to the altar. With his eyes down-cast, any one would have said that his pale and severe countenance looked somewhat inanimate, but as soon as those large black orbs shone upon

you, the open expression of them was so exceedingly animated, so penetrating, and so steadfast, that one felt captivated as it were by his enthusiasm in the cause of his religion.

The congregation comprised not a few of the most illustrious, and, with the exception of the royal family, all the highest of the aristocracy were present.

Every eye was now fixed upon Mademoiselle de Sens, because she wore a *réseau* of chenille on her head, with butterflies of every colour, made of Dresden china, which had not been in fashion since the death of the Duchesse de Chevreuse, that is to say, forty or fifty years back; the Duchess of Orleans had her hair dressed *à la débâcle*, which was wonderfully becoming to her; but this Princess being as mischievous as she was malicious, had a window opened close to her, pretending that she suffered from the heat, the consequence of which was, that the draught put every one out of temper; and the Duchesse de Saint Pierre had an

inflammation in her eyes, and Mademoiselle de la Force caught a cold which lasted till the following July. The Duchess of Orleans having perceived a slight accident which had befallen the Princesse de Carignon, who was seated next to her, had the kind attention to inform her, that one of her mole-skin eyebrows had fallen upon her knees! The Savoyarde Princesse, who was as slovenly as she was artificial, replaced it topsy-turvy, which gave her a most extraordinary expression; the younger portion of the ladies dared not look in her direction, lest they should explode with laughter, and the strict ones redoubled their attention to their religious duties, assuming a more devout aspect, in silent condemnation of the ill-timed jokes of the Duchess of Orleans, whom no one could either respect or love.

"It is her way!" said that most resigned of princes, her husband. The Dauphin told him one day that he ought not to allow it to be "her way," but there were never any signs of his advice having been followed.

At length, a grating of hinges was heard, the iron gate of the choir was seen to open, and Madame de Richelieu, the Abbess of Panthèmont, placed the novice once more in the hands of her aunt Madame de Rupelmonde, who conducted Henriette to her *prie-dieu,* where she sank on her knees, as if she would never rise again. Tne paleness of her face, and the langour of her whole expression, were painfully and strangely in contrast with her splendid attire.

Then was heard a murmuring sound, which arose from the other end of the church, where the livery servants had placed themselves ; the Duchess of Orleans sat watching every movement of these lackeys with her opera-glass, apparently giving great umbrage to the Marquis de Polignac, and particularly the Count de Melfort, but as the noise only ceased for one moment to break out again the next, the Maréchal de Brissac suddenly rose up to his full height, (you know that he is upwards of six feet, and wears two white pigtails,)

"Turn out those fellows in livery!" said he, in a voice that made the windows and the lackeys shake.

The "fellows in livery" moved to the door immediately of their own accord, carrying out with them a young man in a fainting fit, frightfully convulsed : he wore the uniform of an officer of the guard of King Stanislas, Duke de Lorraine, and de Bar; it was said, that it was the Vicomte de Gondrecourt, and almost all the young nobles hastened to his assistance.

The Archbishop of Paris had kept his eyes on the ground, until the moment when the coadjutrix led Henriette to kneel at his feet; then tightly grasping in one of his violet-gloved hands, a pair of gold enamelled tablets, he said to the novice, in a kind and gentle voice;

"How old are you, my sister?"

"Nineteen years old, Monseigneur," replied the Comtesse de Rupelmonde.

"You will have to answer me presently, Madame," and the Archbishop repeated his

question to the novice, who tremblingly answered that she was seventeen years of age.

"In what diocese did you take the white veil?"

"In the diocese of Toul."

"How?—in the diocese of Toul?" exclaimed Monsieur, loudly, "the see of Toul is vacant!" (The Bishop of Toul had been dead fifteen months, and the Chapter would not be authorised in receiving novices.) "Your noviciate is annulled, Mademoiselle, and we must refuse to accept your profession!"

The Archbishop of Paris rose from his seat, indued his mitre, and took his crozier from the hands of an acolyte. "*Nos très-chers frères,*" added he, addressing the congregation, "it is unnecessary for us to examine Mlle. de Lénoncour upon the sincerity of her religious vocation; there is, at present, a canonical impediment to her profession; and for the future, we reserve to ourselves all cognizance of her, forbidding any other ecclesiastic the power of receiv-

ing her vows, under pain of interdiction, suspension and nullity, and this by virtue of our metropolitan rights, according to the terms of the Bull, *cum proximis.*"

"*Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini,*" he pursued, chaunting with a grave and solemn voice, and he turned towards the altar, that he might give the benediction of the Holy Sacrament.

In virtue of the admonition of her ecclesiastical superior, Madame de Panthémont formally opposed Mlle. de Lénoncour's taking either the white veil, or the nun's dress; she placed Henriette in a *pensionnairé's* apartment, instead of a novice's cell, and when, next morning, the coadjutrix arrived to carry off her niece, Mme. de Richelieu displayed a *lettre-de-cachet,* which she had just received, which forbade the exit of Mlle. de Lenoncour with any one, save the Marechal de Beauvau.

The high circles of Paris liberally requited themselves for their silent forbearance in the chapel; for a whole month nothing

else was talked of except the loves of the handsome Viscount and the charming Henriette—the wickedness of this Chanoinesse—the kind heartedness and promptitude of Mme. la Maréchale—and, finally, of the wisdom of the Archbishop, whom they lauded for the skill with which he had bronght about this result, avoiding all scandal, and without in any way compromising the name of Rupelmonde, and without overstepping the bounds of his pastoral jurisdiction, he had cleverly availed himself of an informality, and turned it to a benevolent purpose.

Two months after this, Monsieur Tiercelet de la Barotte was ushered into the Marèchal de Beauvau's study, in whose hands he deposited the sum of three hundred and forty thousand livres, the produce of Mlle. de Lènoncour's fortune during her minority. This sum was invested in government securities, by a decree of the Grand Council, which deposed the Comtesse de Rupelmonde from the guardianship of her niece.

The surplus of Henriette's fortune was derived from her estates of Hérouval and Bendricourt, which produce fifty eight thousand livres net, exclusive of their feodal rights. The Marèchal sent his steward to verify the accounts, and give acquittance to Madame de Rupelmonde, as he was authorised to do by the decree of the same Grand Council, which had withdrawn the privilege of Henriette from her unworthy kinswoman.

The Vicomte de Gondrecourt was a gallant officer of the Polish Guards and an intimate friend of the Chevalier de Boufflers, which is as much as to say he was not devoid of agreeable qualities; added to this he was an indefatigable tennis player, a good horseman, a bold sportsman and a tolerable performer at chess; he idolized his cousin Henriette, but he had an elder brother and only a thousand *écus* a year: however this drawback had not deterred the novice and the coadjutrix from entertaining the most tender feelings towards him.

There was nothing to prevent the guests

that Madame de Rupelmonde had invited for the ceremony at Panthemont, from receiving very soon afterwards the following little note:

M.

"Your company is requested "at the solemnization of the marriage be- "tween MESSIRE ADRIEN DE GONDRECOURT, "Viscomte de SAINT JEAN-SUR-MOSELLE and "Demoiselle HENRIETTE DU LENONCOUR, Com- "tesse de HEROUWAL and of other places; which "will take place on the fourteenth of the "present month of June, in the Chapel of "the Archbishop's palace in Paris, at mid- "night precisely.

"On behalf of the Dowager Countess of "GONDRECOURT the bridegroom's mother, and "the Marèchal Prince de BEAUVAU, the "Bride's trustee."

The *Gazette de France* of the twenty-fifth of August contained the following announcement: "*Madame la Vicomtesse de*

" *de Gondrecourt* had the honour of being
" presented to *THEIR MAJESTIES* at
" their royal Chateau of Versailles by *Ma-*
" *dame la Marèchale de Beauvau*, accom-
" panied by *Madame la Marquise de Beau-*
" *mont de Repayre* and *Madame la Prin-*
" *cesse de Craon*."

CHAPTER VII.

Bad beginnings—The arms and quarterings of a regicide—Royal tears—A modern Cato—Citizen toadies—Literary curiosities—Count Turpin—Filial piety—Madame du Boccage—A deadly-lively Abbè—Impudent Actress.

THE Dauphiness had been brought to bed of a Prince, and as the Court was then at Choisy-le-Roy, no member of the Royal Family was able to be present at the birth of the illustrious infant; the courier who was dispatched with the news to Paris, was thrown from his horse at the Barrier and died on the spot; the Abbè de Saujon, who

was to baptise it, had a paralytic stroke, and fell down on the grand staircase at Versailles on his way to the private chapel of the Palace, and to wind up all, of the three nurses engaged by his father's first physician, two died in the week, and the third had the small-pox at the end of six weeks!

"The omens are certainly inauspicious," said the King, his grandfather, "and I cannot think how it happens that I have had him called Duke de Berry, for it is a name which brings misfortune with it."

This same Royal Prince became Louis the Sixteenth!

I shall say little of the attempted regicide and subsequent trial of Damien, as the particulars are universally known, and the execution was a disgrace to a Christain country; he was fast bound to a sort of platform of the same height as the horses who were to draw and quarter him, but they could not do it; ultimately his shoulders and his thighs were severed by knives,

and then they left his mutilated trunk and head, the lips still speaking!

Anything more horrible was never heard of.

The King shrieked aloud, and ran away when he was told of it, and I was informed that he took refuge in the oratory of the late Queen, where Laborde found him reading the service for the dead, and praying for the repose of the soul of his assassin. The Maréchal and Marechale de Maubourg told us next day that the king would not leave his apartments, that he refused all amusement, and that he had tears in his eyes during the rest of the evening.

Talking of the Marechale de la Tour Maubourg, I must tell you that she so closely resembled the Marechale de Balincourt, that their own children were often deceived, and the Princesse de Tingry (Louise de Fay) who was at that time a young girl just leaving her convent, once mistook one for the other. As their arms and liveries were very much the same, there were continually

blunders between the tradespeople and the servants; my impression is, that Monsieur le Marechal de Balincourt would have been very glad to have mistaken Madame la Marechale de Maubourg for his own wife; he used to complain that his lady was cruelly unkind, and it was said that Madame de Maubourg would have been more agreeable; "You see how provoking she is," said he of her, "and yet I do not love her the less, I would not exchange her for two like her."

He put on a look such as Cato would have worn, but the devil was not to be deceived for all that!

Some time after the death of Damien, the municipality and citizens of Amiens petitioned the King to grant them the favor of changing the name of their city to any other which it might please His Majesty to adopt; and nevertheless they took the liberty of proposing that of LOUISVILLE. It was Monsieur Gresset, their fellow-citizen who put it into their heads, and Monsieur Nicolaí, their Intendant, took advantage of

this opportunity, to pay his court by writing letter upon letter to the members of the grand council. It happened, however, that the Bishop of Amiens, the 128th successor of St. Firmin, would not consent to the proposed alteration; he wrote to the King, saying, that the name of his episcopal city was included in the church properties, which he had sworn to maintain, to transmit to his successor, and to protect against every encroachment.

Nicolaï then went to Paris to uphold his cause against the Bishop, and felt convinced that the steps he had taken must be most acceptable to the court. They called him before the grand council, and the King, in presence of every one, thus addressed him:

"Last year a criminal of the name of Bourbon was hanged at Limousin, and the Intendant of Limoges took no more heed of it than I did; how can you expect that the prelate of this old cathedral, the successor of the three S.S. Firmins, the Doctor, the Confessor and the Martyr, should yield his

rights of being *Episcopus et Vice-comes Ambianensis?* Return to your duties and let us say no more about it. I should recommend you, Sir, not to keep on bad terms with Monsieur d'Amiens; I should disapprove of any resistance to his authority, for he has always displayed zeal in my service, and I therefore desire that you live together as heretofore, that is to say, in good fellowship."

I do not know how it is that I have not already mentioned Madame Geoffrin, nor more especially Monsieur Geoffrin, who was not for some time, sufficiently appreciated beyond the sphere of his manufactures; he was an object of a very different kind of curiosity to what she was, and I have no hesitation in saying that in all their glass manufactory, there was nothing so curious as was Monsieur Geoffrin!

His father was a weaver at Epinay-sur-Orge, and when somebody once asked, to what the conceit and stiffness of his wife

could be attributed, the Marèchale de Luxembourg replied,

"The fact is, she swallowed her mother-in-law's shuttle!"

The most distinguished of her intimates was Monsieur de Montesquieu whom she always called "Monsieur *Chose*," because he never could recollect any proper name. She told us that one day when he arrived from Versailles and was detailing some news or other at her house, he said,

"Oh! the *thing* is quite certain I assure you, for I had it direct from the great *thing* who had apparently just heard from the old *thing*...."

He was alluding to the Cardinal de Fleury, the King's preceptor!

The rest of her circle were cunning rather than witty, scribblers rather than literary. She courted the society of foreigners as much as possible, but Walpole used to say that the majority of English could not remain in her house, on account of the incense of adulation (and of the coarsest kind too)

which, little as they are distinguished for the delicacy of either their feelings or habits, they were obliged to breathe there. Walpole added that he himself always felt nauseated when he entered that atmosphere of gross flattery.

Obliging as he was, he could not help complaining that Mdme. Geoffrin would insist on his adopting all her tradesmen, even to her Doctor, who was a Scotchman of the name of Tulloc.

"What have you to say against the Doctor? have not the faculty of Edinburgh, always been considered the first in Europe?"

"Nay," replied Walpole, "according to Scaliger, in the year 1607, the only Doctor in all Scotland was the Queen's, and he was a Frenchman! he was a joiner by trade, and bled all the citizens of Edinburgh and the peasants of the neighbourhood; the concourse of patients round his door was sometimes so great, that the halberdiers and yeomen of the court were obliged to disperse them by blows! *there* was a fine school of medicine!"

Walpole might also have said, that at that time there were only three doctors in England; namely; an Italian, a very clever man; and *two ignorant Englishmen, proud as peacocks, and fearfully rash in their practice;* so says Scaliger.

Among the favorites of Madame Geoffrin was a poor Polish gentleman, Count Poniatowski, who had taken refuge in Paris to escape his creditors; (his excellent son has been elected King of Poland.) This Poniatowski always would know, and always thought he knew, everybody in the world.

"Monsieur Danchet!" said he one day to that rhymster, "I have already the honour of knowing you; surely I have seen you somewhere?"

They discovered that he had made his acquaintance in the epigrams of J. B. Rousseau;* and another time, when he was trying to recollect in whose house he had seen the President Molè, they ascer-

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"Je te vois, *innocent Danchet,*
"Grands yeux ouverts, bouche béaute."

tained, that it was at the *Fète Dieu des Goblins*, on a piece of tapestry!

"Do tell me, my dear Madame Geoffrin," said the Chevalier Rutlidge to her one day, on his return from India, "do tell me what you have done with a man who used to sit at the bottom of your table, who ate without uttering a word, and to whom nobody spoke; I no longer see him here, and I never knew who he was?"

Her reply was this:

"*That was my husband; he is dead.*"

As for the husband of the illustrious Madame Geoffrin, it is pretty well known that he never read anything but Bayle's Dictionary, and both columns in a line, right across the page, taking no heed of the division down the centre, so that naturally enough he encountered unfathomable difficulties, but this never offered any impediment to his beginning all over again, as soon as he had finished the first volume; the only remark he used to make was, that this philosophical

book was full of endless repetitions, and matter that surpassed his comprehension.

I have told you nothing of Madame du Boccage, author of the Colombiade, nor of our friend the Comte de Turpin, the translator of Cæsar's Commentaries.

Comte de Turpin de Cressé, a lieutenant-general, better known by the name of handsome Turpin, was distinguished for his military talents, his headstrong character, his natural abilities, and his eccentricities ; he prided himself on his great frankness, and with ministers especially! but this frankness often degenerated, amongst his equals, into rudeness, and even in a manner so offensive, that interminable quarrels and duels were the result; but in all cases, the high birth and real merits of Monsieur de Turpin, his devotion to his sovereign, his unbounded generosity, his fine noble figure, his wonderful strength, and his success in "love and war" placed him at the head of all that was brilliant and *recherchè*.

Many adventures are related of his youth,

each one more foolish and bold than the other; good luck invariably attended him, however, and the laugh was always with him; but it could not be said that either reason or right were always on his side.

Louis the XV was very fond of the Comte de Turpin, and His Majesty stopped at his house once, (at Esgligny) for some hours on his return from hunting. The King was examining, from the terrace of the château, the meadows, which extended as far as the eye could see, and praising the beauty of the numerous cattle, which were dispersed about the pastures: "Yes" said said the Comte de Turpin, "my cows eat my grass, but they supply me with excellent milk, cheese and manure, very different to another description of animal, who lives at your Majesty's expense, and yields nothing in return."

He was always engrossed by his translation of Cæsar's Commentaries upon the Art of War; this work consumed the greater part of his mornings, and then, as a matter of

course, it occupied his thoughts for the rest of the day; so much so, that he talked to his friends of it, particularly to his son, who, with respectful submission, listened patiently to Commentary upon Commentary, sometimes thinking the digressions rather long. However, notwithstanding his being a married man, having his own establishment at the other end of Paris, the Marquis de Turpin used to come regularly every morning to see his father, always hoping that some lucky chance might save his having to listen to a new chapter of Julius Cæsar.

He came one morning just at the very moment when his father's valet-de-chambre was preparing to shave his master, and whilst his chin was being soaped, the old general scolded his son a little, for being so late, as he could have read him the chapter on Catapults, which he had finished the night before, and of which he was sure the Marquis would very much approve; the young man expressed his regret that he had

not been able to come earlier, so the session was adjourned till the next day.

"......Though if you would only wait a quarter of an hour, my beard will be finished, and I can read the chapter to you."

"*Mon père*, I have made an engagement with Monsieur Gontaut, who is waiting for me in the *Champs-Elysèes*, as we are to ride at three o'clock."

"Very well then, we must defer it till to-morrow.........but, my good friend," said he, fixing his eyes on his son, "you have not shaved to-day!—how can you have the face to go out in such a state? I cannot have you seen with yesterday's beard upon you, like a scavenger! —take off your neckcloth, sit down in my chair, and Francisque will shave you; in the mean time, I will read you my chapter on the use of catapults in sieges!"

Now for a few lines of biography on that honorable, discreet, and scientific personage, Marie-Anne-Elèonore La Page de Mautort,

widow of an honorable character, Henri Ficquet, Sieur du Boccage.

I know not why I have placed Madame du Boccage next to the Translator of the Commentaries, for they certainly bore no resemblance to each other. She had one of the higher order of intellects, was perfectly beautiful, with nothing belligerent or masculine about her; in short she was the most sincere and gentle shepherdess of the Arcadians. Voltaire assured her one day, that her letters were superior to Miladi Montagu's; he might have added that that was paying her no high compliment, for I give you my word that after the letters of Madame de Sevigné and Madame de Maintenon, I never read any which seemed to me more witty or more attractive, than those of Madame du Boccage. Most of her works have been translated into Italian, Spanish, English, German, and above all, into Polish, but her letters writen from Rome are, in my opinion, her best composition, and I doubt not posterity will highly appreciate them.

There are some beautiful pieces in her Colombiade ; in her tragedy of the Amazons too, and her poem of Abel, we find great talent, and noble sentiments, well expressed, in short, wonderful simplicity and modesty pervade all the works of this celebrated woman.

Fontenelle used to say, that she was like a beautiful and well regulated watch, the machinery of which performed its part with perfect precision, whilst the dial, as well as the flower-enamelled case displayed no trace of anything that was going on within.

" Why," asked Voltaire, " do you not also notice those two holes for the watch key with diamond pivots ? they would do for the eyes."

" Oh, I do not carry my talent for metaphorical descriptions so far as that," replied Fontenelle, " but I know you of old ! you will give me the credit of this high flown simile, and you will then go and tell everyone that I compared Madame du Boccage's beautiful eyes to the holes in a watch ! It

will not be the first time you have paid me the same kind of compliment ; however, do not distress yourself : make use of the little reputation for wit which I may possess—it is at your service !"

It would be impossible to express how annoyed, jealous and miserable Voltaire was at the fame of Fontenelle. Alas ! where is Fontenelle's renown to-day ? It has passed away, like that of Madame du Boccage, and I believe that in fifty years after his death, Voltaire's glory will be obscured.

For forty years Madame du Boccage lived exalted on a pedestal of Fame at the top of Mount Parnassus, in the midst of an atmosphere of pindaric incense. She was universally extolled, and always had been the object of empyreal adulations ; so had Monsieur de Marigny, during Madame de Pompadour's protection, but they received all with a modest and retiring simplicity.

People used to say that they were rather too fond of each other ; but be that as it may, every one loved and esteemed them,

except your aunt du Guesclin, who always blamed me for my easy indulgence in that respect.

"The fault is more yours for imagining any wrong," said I in reply, "where there is no guilt apparent the sin is the suspicion, at least so says Tertullian." A holy woman was that countess, I do not deny, but she was a crabbed one! Imagine her having refused to let her daughter, now Madame de Gèvres, marry the Marquis de Lesmaisons, because (four years back) he had some love affair with the Demoiselle Camargot, of whom more anon. *Mon enfant*, how can it be otherwise? The most devout bears the impress of Original Sin, as well as others, and all that piety can effect is to smoothe down those natural defects, which it is impossible to eradicate. He who willed that the canker-worm should begenerated beneath the brightest flowers, has permitted austerity to produce intolerance, and sometimes the affectation of virtue, which I like still less! Mde. du Boccage had inspired the author of Manon Lescaut, the Abbé Prévost d'Exiles, whom she

could not endure as a lover, with the most violent passion for her; I have met this Abbè Prèvost two or three times in the course of my life, but he lived in great retirement, and never went any where except to his two friends, M. Riquet and M. Huguet. He was a tall man, with a taciturn expression of countenance, and a melancholy voice; he was tolerably well dressed for an author of his day; strange stories were told of him, one in particular, that he ate Spanish snuff with melon, which the Dowager Duchess of Orleans used always to do, and which moreover I saw Marèchal Saxe do, at the grand dinner given to him at the Hôtel de Ville, at Paris, after the battle of Raucoux. I never heard that the Abbè Prèvost had killed his father, unintentionally or otherwise; and after all the opprobrium with which he was assailed, I am sure that such an accusation would not have been omitted, if he had been guilty of it.

The worst that I know about the Abbè Prèvost is, that he died in a horrible manner. He had been seized with apoplexy in the

bourg of Rougemont not far from Chantilly; he was carried to the house of the Curé of the village and the Bailiff arrived as in duty bound; this unlucky justiciary sent for the attendance of the Surgeon of the Abbey, to proceed to the opening of the body, that the deposition which he was to draw up might be as complete as possible. He was not dead, and died under the knife! There was always something awful in the sinister glances, dismal tones, and whole physiognomy of this wretched man.

As for the *Demoiselle* Camargot, her name was once very much noised abroad with that of Madame du Boccage, by whose side the girl had had the impertinence to go and seat herself at the *Académie Française* on Saint Louis's day, where every one was expecting the Cardinal Passionéi, who however never arrived because he happened to die that morning.

The position of Madame du Boccage was painful to a degree, and so distressed did she appear at so great an humiliation, that

M. le Maréchal de Belleisle went and presented her his hand to conduct her (for want of any other place) to the vacant arm chair of the Bishop de Senlis, where, after numerous curtsies, she had the distinguished honour of sitting amongst the forty immortals, and between the Messrs. de Nivernais and Bitaubé.

She always spoke of it afterwards with an air of becoming humility, and infinite gratitude to the Academicians.

The newspapers of the day were full of this adventure, and also of the Demoiselle Camargot who, however, had been as much embarrassed as Madame du Boccage, and never forgave herself. In the course of a few months she was obliged to leave the stage, for she could no longer appear without being hissed.

They always gave Mademoiselle Camargot credit for having been the first person who ever wore shoes without heels. She ended her career by shutting herself up with the Magdalens *(Aux Filles Repenties)* in the *Rue Saint-Jacques.*

CHAPTER VIII.

Impossibility of Atheism—Sceptics are *lunatics*—M. de Caylus and Belzebub—How the latter ill-treated his visiters—De Lauzun's tale of horror—Curiosity punished—A Lodge of Balsamites—Apoplectic termination of M. de Caylus's career.

It has been said, and with justice, that there does not exist, nor is it possible there should exist, a single instance of real Atheism; and for this reason, that they who miscal themselves Atheists, are but proud sceptics who deny everything. This could never induce conviction, for they who would overturn a belief established on the dogmas

of science, or religious submission, must produce a *negative* equivalent to the *affirmative*, or it would be deficient in decisive authority, unless it were mathematically demonstrated, or founded on natural experience. Thus, Atheism is but a *doubt*, and never can be a *persuasion*.

In the disposition of men who will believe nothing, as in those who are strong in faith, there is implanted by Nature an irresistible impulse to believe something—I mean something concealed and mysterious; men are so conscious of their original weakness and of the presence of bad principles within them, they are so anxious to believe in the existence of good principles, and of some power formidable to them, and yet to which they can turn for support, that the only effect Voltaire's systematic impiety has produced, is, to carry forward the natural principle of faith to other objects of belief.

You will perceive that the period when philosophical incredulity flourished the most, was most productive of the blindest credulity

in the power of raising up spirits, apparitions, divinations, and other juggleries of the most barefaced charlatans. They refused homage to their Creator, and they vowed eternal fidelity to the moon !

M. de Caylus, (whom you must not confound with his uncle, the antiquary) was a very zealous disciple of the new sect. He had had the satisfaction of holding some communication with Beelzebub, and when he swore, (a bad habit which he could not repress even in good society) it was always "*By Satan's Heart!*"

He once took your father, Monsieur de Lauzun, Monsieur de Fronsac, and the Duc de Chartres with him to the quarries at Montmartre to show them the Devil, but as they were entering the cavern, they were assailed by such a shower of blows from bludgeons, that the four gentlemen were covered with bruises and plaisters for nearly a month afterwards.

They were not otherwise ill-treated, for they were not robbed. Lauzun told me

that the blows were as if dealt with a flail, directed from a very narrow dark passage which they had to cross before they reached the quarry ; at a great distance off they perceived the feeble glimmering of a lamp which appeared to be suspended from the top of the great cavern, and that was all they saw at that time.

The *Gazette de France* announced that Monseigneur the Duc de Chartres had had a fall from his horse, and that he had struck his head against a post in his riding house. The Duc de Fronsac kept his bed, with curtains and shutters closed, but this was no alteration from his usual mode of life. I told the porter at my gate to say, in answer to enquiries, that your Father had been to see the Devil and that he had not yet recovered the visit, which neither surprised nor distressed me much. Lastly the Duc Lauzun said nothing. nor would he have anything said about it, although he went everywhere as usual, and when the Dauphin questioned him as to why his arm was in a

sling and why he had black patches on his face, his reply was,

"What is that to you?"

This answer completely suited his purpose, by turning off people's attention, for everyone was astonished at it.

He used to call me aunt, on account of his marriage with my niece de Boufflers, the grand-daughter of your Aunt de Luxembourg, *née* de Villeroy.

"Well aunt, I have seen him," said he one day, "I have seen the devil!"

"Is he still at Montmartre, *mon garcon*? how do you find yourself after the visit?"

"*Ma tante*, it was last Friday night, at the Duke de Chartres', and Madame Agnès de B...... wept like a water-spout."

"Good Heavens! is it possible a young woman like her can boast of such an intimacy?"

"That is no concern of mine, but I think I might venture to say, that you have too much consideration for this Comtesse Agnes; Madame de Genlis said, when speaking of

her, that she was like that butterfly in her father's cabinet, called the great coquette, whose only merit was its beauty."

"Never mind the ill-natured remarks of Madame de Genlis; tell me about the devil."

Lauzun then related, with gravity and simplicity, what made me shiver, for his veracity was thoroughly to be relied on, and he was not at all in the habit of telling stories, * * *

* *(two pages of erasures here.)* *
* * * *

* * * * and that having placed upon the table a crystal bowl in which a toad was swimming about, this horrible person, for Lauzun could not guess whether it were a man or a woman, knelt before the table, and said tenderly to the toad; "Dear Angel! beautiful Angel! hear me, hear me, hear me!"

The animal then began to jump about in

such a manner, that the water was dashed out of the bowl all over the Duc de Chartres, who turned livid thereat, and hastily wiped his face.

Then began the invocations, and every one present was enjoined to fall on their knees, which Monsieur de Lauzun, for his part, refused to do, alleging that that position made him ill. Some knelt down, following the example of the Duc de Chartres, others remained standing, taking care * *

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* * They saw appear at the end of the room," continued Lauzun, "without any noise and in a most incomprehensible way, the naked figure of a man; he was somewhat above the ordinary stature, his complexion beautifully pale, and his eyes intensely black; he had curly hair, a broad chest, finely proportioned limbs, and his beard was short and curly; * * * * the end of this wonderful appa-

rition was the burst ot a loud voice, but without any signs of articulation being visible.

Lauzun never would tell me what Satan said to them, but it transpired through the Duchesse de Gévres, from whom Monsieur de Caylus never concealed anything, that it was the following words, uttered between pauses long enough to affix a meaning to them, and, to my shame be it said, they have often recurred to my thoughts.

............VICTORY AND MISERY......VICTORY AND MISERY.........MISERY... ....

It will be seen that the tripotage, or if you will, the political intrigues of the Palais Royal, were not strangers to these extravagant and profane hoaxers.

There is a very distressing account of the last adventure which befel Monsieur de Caylus, and of the circumstances which appear to have accelerated his death ; here is the story, such as I heard it from his cousin and friend, the Duchesse de Gèvres.

Monsieur de Caylus was mad about making

proselytes, and Madame de Gévres was very anxious to see the Connètable du Guesclin for the sole purpose of obtaining some information with respect to a treasure which was supposed to exist under the ruins of Plessis-Bertrand, (one of their *châteaux* in Brittany.) I know not how it is, but in most old families there is always an idea of hidden treasure.

The Duchesse de Gévres was an enthusiast and very inquisitive; the treasure at Plessis-Bertrand occupied a large portion of her thoughts, but the negotiation was long and difficult, inasmuch as M. de Caylus required beforehand, that she should submit to certain preparatory ceremonies of initiation, which were repugnant to her conscience.

"We cannot proceed to work the invocation, until you become one of us," said he.

"If that be the case then," she replied. "I shall never see Bertrand du Guesclin."

And there the subject dropped for the time. It was always M. de Caylus who returned to the charge, and I should never

have understood why the Balsamites attached so much importance to affiliating Madame de Gèvres, if it had not been for her fortune and her credulity.

After a warfare, which lasted from fifteen to eighteen months, of sophistry and discussions, refusals, mutual recriminations, and skirmishes mixed with serious irritation, M. de Caylus announced that he had at length obtained the Grand Cophte's permission to allow Madame de Gèvres to assist in the invocation of the genius of metals, without that profane person being obliged to take any vows upon herself; so it was arranged that she should pass by the Champs Elysées to the house of Mme. de Brunoy,* *Rue du*

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* Louis XV111 conferred the quality of a French Duke on the Duke of Wellington, with the title of Duc de Brunoy. "It is the name of a place associated in my recollection with that of some of my brightest days, and that is the reason why I have made choice of it for you," said H. M.

(French Editor's Note.)

F. M. the Duke of Wellington is *not* Duc de Brunoy. He is Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, but not a French Duke.—*(Translator's Note.)*

Faubourg Saint Honoré, and it was one Friday night that they had selected for this redoubtable mystery.

Exactly at midnight she arrived at the door of a pavilion at the extremity of Mme. de Brunoy's garden, she being at the waters of Barège with her brother, the Baron d'Escars. Behind an iron gate she saw a person standing perfectly still; he advanced and said, *Jéma,* she replied, *Jéta*; the gate opened; he further advised her not to express any surprise and especially no disapprobation, "Or you will be the cause of my death." She recognised the voice if not the figure of M. de Caylus, whom no doubt she had previously promised not to give utterance to any expressions, which might disturb this assemblage of adepts. She told me that whilst walking up the shady walk that led from this pavilion in the Champs Elysèes, to the house, she felt so nervous, so painfully oppressed, that she was obliged to stop and sit down on a grass bank.

"I am afraid; I will not enter that house

—I want to go away," said she starting up and turning towards the pavilion.

" It is too late," replied her guide in such tones of consternation, that she was more disquieted than ever.

" The gate is now guarded by another person ; your only means of exit is by the *Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré*, which you could not gain without passing through the house. You will compromise............you will expose us.........you are devoting me to inevitable calamities !"

In short, more dead than alive, she suffered herself to be led to the door of the boudoir, which is at the end of the long-walk ; she entered, complete darkness reigned therein ; M. de Caylus knocked mysteriously at the door, marking each knock distinctly, like masonic phrases which are constituted by the number and the pause between the blows. An answer was returned from within on the same place and by the same tokens ; to these he again replied, and said hastily to his timid companion :

"The responsibility of bringing you here, I have taken upon myself—forget not that!"

The door which had been the medium of communication opened suddenly, a most dazzling light filled the room and Madame de Gévres now perceived two tall figures entirely wrapped in red draperies, who held naked swords in their hands, with the points directed to her.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Have you brought me among cut throats?" and in the outburst of her feelings and a fit of cowardice, which took away her senses for the time, she was on the point of rushing headlong, shrieking aloud, into the midst of the blaze of lights! This handsome apartment was Madame de Brunoy's bedroom, the relation and intimate friend of Madame de Gévres, so that she was perfectly acquainted with all its localities and outlets; it was brilliantly lighted, but there was nobody there; it was probably used only as a waiting room, for the neophytes; the furniture

was exactly in its usual place, and the only thing that you would have observed as being unusual was, that the door which communicates with the large drawing-room and which is close to the windows, in front of the boudoir door by which Mme. de Gévres entered so abruptly, was concealed by a long curtain of rich brocade, not corresponding at all with the furniture in the room, nor with the hangings of any other room in the house. It was a sort of brocade with a blue ground sprinkled with gold stars and cabalistic characters in frosted silver. On each side of this door there were two gilt tripods, which supported large cups of agate, or rather veined alabaster. The said cups were filled the one with magnificent fruits, pineapples, peaches, oranges and grapes, branches with red fruit, ears of corn, maize and other vegetable productions; the other with gold and silver coins, *pêle mêle* with pearls and precious stones, real or false (this concerned the enlightened alone). Observe, if you please, that these two large vases were

placed so close as just to allow space to pass between, and on the floor before the door was a large crucifix, which it was impossible to avoid walking on in passing to the drawing-room.........An unknown man, clad in a parti-colored robe of black velvet and azure satin, came into the room by the door of the boudoir, and without saying a word to Madame de Gèvres, he endeavoured to lay hold of her hand to lead her to the Hall of meeting; the brocade curtain was drawn aside and the door was open, and exposed to view a confused crowd of people strangely attired, who were drawn up in two lines with great precision, one on each side of the gallery.

"Let go my hand; whom do you take me for?" exclaimed the Duchess, with the determined courage and proper pride of a Du Guesclin, "where do you mean to conduct me? do you imagine that I am going to walk upon the crucifix like a heathen; rather than tread under foot that sacred image and the Holy Cross, the sign of our redemp-

tion, I would suffer a thousand ills!—Leave me alone!—keep off!"

The valiant nature of the man gave way; he hesitated a minute or two, and then returned to the great room; Mme. de Gévres instantly took to her heels, and fled by a bath-room, which opened on a corridor, contiguous to the grand hall. She there found that the three doors which opened on the court-yard had been carefully locked. The Duchess was obliged to effect her escape over the balustrades of one of the windows, and she dropped one of her shoes; wrapping her foot in her handkerchief, she then ran along the pavement of the avenue to the porter's lodge, where they were all asleep.

"Open the door! open the door!"

"Who goes there?"

"It is I."

"Who are you?"

"The Duchess de Gévres."

"Come, that will not do!"

The debate would probably never have been concluded, if the porter's wife had not

thought she recognized the voice of Mme. de Gèvres, in whose service she had lived.

The Duchess would not confide any of her mis-adventures to Mme. de Brunoy's people, who had not the least suspicion of what was going on at the end of their avenue. All that they knew about it was that their mistress had given orders that the keys and apartments should be placed at the disposal of M. de Caylus, and they were to keep the rooms he made use of in order; but he did not avail himself of them, and there is every reason to believe that the illuminati only occupied those on the side of the Champs Elysèes; nor have I any hesitation in saying that Mme. de Brunoy was perfectly ignorant of the unworthy purposes to which her house was put.

In the course of the next day, we heard that M. de Caylus had been seized with a tremendous fit of apoplexy, at M. de Lauzun's little house, in the Rue du Roule, near the Champs-Elysèes; he was carried from thence to the Hôtel de Comminges, Rue de Grenelle,

opposite the Hôtel de Créquy. Some of our people went to see him, and they reported that he had turned as black as a negro. As he had no near relations in Paris at the time, it was nobody's business to have a medical opinion as to the nature or cause of his death. Mme. de Gévres was confined to her bed with a raging fever, and did not hear of it till it was too late to speak, (because the coffin of this wretched adept was placed in a church at Rovergne, in the height of the dog-days, in a temperature of twenty-four degrees.)

It is useless to tell you why the Balsamites were suspected of having caused the death of M. de Caylus. Many a romance has been built on this story, with, of course, the embellishment of the most wondrous exaggerations; but you may rely upon my version of it, and test my veracity by an appeal to Madame de Gévres herself, to judge if this is not the whole of the adventure. For my own part, I look upon it, as something merely rather extraordinary and tolerably tragic.

CHAPTER IX.

Cagliostro and the Balsamites—Hydromancy—The Templars—Free-masonry unveiled—French Revolution originated in the Lodges—*Georges Smith's* opinion—Jacques de Molay.

Joseph Balsamo, who went successively by the name of Comte de Mèlissa, Commander de Belmonte, Chevalier Pelegrini, and, lastly, Comte de Cagliostro, was rather an awkward looking man, badly dressed in blue taffetas, laced at all the seams, and with his hair dressed in the most ridiculous fashion, that is to say, braided and powdered, and then divided into two tails.

He affected to speak the worst possible French, especially before people whom he did not know. He wished to be thought the natural son of the Grand Master of Malta, Don Manuel Pinto d'Alfonseca, but he was really the lawful son and heir of an advocate of Messina, Marco Balsamo by name, who was overtaken by justice in 1748, because he had extorted eighty ounces of gold from the Prince of Moliterna, by promising to discover and put into his possession a treasure buried under a pyramid, and guarded by the infernal genii.

Nothing certain is known of the early years of this Thaumaturgist; and the work published under the title of *Histoire de Cagliostro*, contains nothing that can be relied on. He had lived in Paris under the name of the Comte de Tischio; he was compromised in a prosecution sustained by the M. M. de Chastelet, the heirs of Madame d'Urfé, against the Italian, Casanova, which obliged him to quit France, and it was only on his return from Germany, some four or five years

afterwards, that we first heard of the name of Count Cagliostro, who had displayed a profuse liberality, and had performed some miraculous cures at Strasburg.

The object of the principal superstitions of the sect of the Balsamites was metalurgy, necromancy, cabala, and onierocrisy ; that is to say, the four least difficult and most common parts of the philosophical belief in the science of prestige, and the heart of divination. In his treatment of metals, Cagliostro followed the school of Paracelsus and Borri, which are well known. His elixir of life, which I had analysed by a chemist, was purely composed of aromatics and potable gold, as was the elixir of longevity of Nicholas Flamel, or Saint Germain. His cabala was a Hebraic calculation, called samaritan ; his practice, with regard to the raising up of spirits, was that of the Cophtes, as described in the Amorrhean book ; and his interpretation of dreams was as devoid of rules, as was that of Lucaccio Borrodina ; so that Cagliostro had added nothing to the magic

art, nor to the juggler's, if we except his dignity of Grand Cophte, which gave him the power, they said, of transmitting the faculty of hydromancy.

This Balsamite proceeding was as follows; a pupil called a dove, that is to say, an innocent young girl, was placed before a crystal vase full of pure water, and, by the imposition of hands of a Grand Cophte, she acquired the power of communicating with the genii of the intermediate region, and of seeing in the water, all that interested the person, who desired the revelation.

I saw, very much against my will, this operation of divination performed in the prison *Des Carmes*, with regard to the Comte de Beauharnois, when a child of seven years of age, the daughter of the jailor, looked into the water and described accurately each particular of the execution, up to the very instant that his head fell by the guillotine. Madame Buonaparte cannot have forgotten this awful instance of revelation; but it was a scene of '93, and we are not talking

of that now. On such occasions, I advise you, *mon cher enfant*, to bear in mind that marvellous saying of the calvinist Bayle, the king of the sceptics. "There is often in things of this sort much less of the wonderful than weak minds believe, and much more than strong minds will allow."

The Cardinal de Bernis was not far wrong in attributing our political agitations and the first crimes of the French Revolution to the hatred and vengeance of the Protestants exiled under the reign of Louis XIV. From that it may be inferred, that if the French Calvinists had it in their power to deal blows so dangerous to the tranquillity of the State, Louis XIV had good reasons for banishing them from the kingdom. But admitting that a handful of traders, scattered over the surface of Europe, could transmit to their descendants the thirst for blood with the power of shaking empires, it could always be objected that King Louis XVI had *revoked* the revoke of the edict of Nantes; unfortunately for us the exercise of calvi-

nism has become so perfectly free, that M. Necker, a calvinist and a citizen of Geneva, had been a King's minister several years previous to that period, when catholic priests were strangled at the abbey.

M. Burke was persuaded that the existence of the grand revolutionary association might be traced beyond the fifteenth century. But without entering into the proofs which he has given, by enumerating the crimes and condemnation of the Templars, we will pass on to that which was found amongst Cagliostro's papers, with regard to the institution of free-masonry.

The Grand-Master of the Templars, Jacques du Bourg-Molay, who was executed in 1314, and whose family is still in existence in Nivernais, had created, during his captivity in the Bastile, four *loges-mères*, namely: for the East, Naples; for the West, Edinburgh; for the North, Stockholm; and Paris for the South.

The day after the execution of the Templars at Paris, the chevalier Nicolas d'Au-

mont and seven other Templars, *disguised as Masons*, came and collected the ashes of the victims who had perished at the stake. Fifteen days after that, the chevalier Usquin de Florian, who had denounced the Order, was assassinated on the *Place d'Avignon;* Pope Clement Vth had him buried in great state, and pronounced him "a venerable servant of God;" but it appears certain that the Templars carried off his body, and deposited in his tomb the bones of Jacques de Molay, which they recognised, or thought they had, by their large proportions. Then the four lodges which he had instituted, organised themselves, and all the Templars took an oath to *Destroy the Power of the Pope, to Exterminate the Race of the Capetiens, to Annihilate all Kings, to Excite the People to Revolt, and to Found a Universal Republic.*

That their designs might be entrusted only to men who were to be relied upon, they established preparatory lodges, under the names of Saint John and Saint Andrew,

societies without any secrets, the advantages of which are, even to the present day, that they operate as a blind, and afford the chiefs of the Free-masons an opportunity of becoming acquainted with subjects who may be useful to them in the association. All the forms and ceremonies used in these lodges are allegories borrowed from the proceedings and execution of the Templars; but they are only explained openly to those who have attained to the sixteenth step; they assemble continually in these lodges only to impress the importance of equality, benevolence, and fraternity; the real Templars or *Jacobins* scarcely ever attend there, and their meetings are called *Chapters*.

There are four chapters in Europe; each one is composed of twenty-seven members, and they are established at Naples, Edinburgh, Stockholm and Paris. The word is, as it is known beyond a doubt, since the inventory of Cagliostro's papers, and the seizure of the registers at Naples, *Jackin Booz Machenac B. Adonai* 1314, of which

the initials are those of the words *Jacobus Burgundus Molay beatus anno* 1314. Their other words are Kadosch, which means *regenerator;* Nekom, *vengeance;* Polkhall-pharaschal, *who puts the profane to death;* when they arrive at their meetings they go through the feint of stabbing one another; that they may recognise each other, they wear a gold ring with red enamel; when they enter a lodge, they alone have the right to walk across the space in front of the throne, and those among the other Free-masons who do not know them, must never inquire their names.

At the beginning, weak, without money, without power, the successors of the Templars occupied themselves only in searching for the treasures buried by their founders. They have recovered much in Italy; there ought to be still some in the Island of Candia, but that Island is under the dominion of the Turks, which, however, is no great loss to the Christians.

It is a remarkable fact, that it was at the

period when masonic lodges were first founded, that the famous Rienzi appeared, who ended by summoning the Sovereign Pontiff of the Emperor of the East before the tribunal of the Roman people. He possessed influence sufficient to render him formidable to these two powers, and Rienzi ought to be accounted amongst the most illustrious of the Templars.

The heads of the lodges hold the principle, that every man capable of a great action, ought to become one of their number whatever may be his station, his country, or his religion ; but according to their statutes, a crime is never to be committed unless it can tend to the great aim of the institution, in fermenting, directing, or ministering to popular seditions, so that their members are found among Musselmans as among Christians, among the highest as among the lowest ranks of the people and the law by which they are governed is always called *constitution.*

Their signs and emblems are those which

the French revolutionists have adopted. The tri-colours are those of the free-masons; the level, the square, and the compass denote equality, unity, fraternity; the acacia, the tree held sacred in their rites, and which, according to the masonic precept, *never flourished, except when moistened with blood*, is our tree of liberty; there is no device adopted by the revolutionists, even down to the red cap, which is not found in some of their ceremonies, and this emblem of the regicide was one of the presents made to Cromwell on the day of his installation.

It was thought capable of proof, that Brockaghiff, Masaniello, the Duc de Mayenne and Lord Derwent-Water were initiated in the mysteries of the temple; but it is certain that (they were during the minority of Henry the VI,) England was troubled with free-masons; for, in a statute passed in the year 1428, the Parliament forbade their holding chapters under a penalty of fine and imprisonment.

On occasions of great importance each

chapter always sends a travelling member to visit the other foster-lodges, and if Cagliostro came from Naples to visit Paris, on the occasion of that collar affair, it was principally that one of the initiated might be close to the French court, ready to conspire against it. Driven from Paris, Cagliostro wished to found a lodge at Rome; he was accused before the apostolic tribunal, found guilty of several crimes, and condemned to death; but Pope Pius VI commuted his punishment to imprisonment for life. He died in the castle of Saint-Lèon, in 1795, aged forty-two.

An extract of the proceedings instituted at Rome, published in 1791, and the confession of Cagliostro have brought to light the connection that existed in the upper ranks of free-masonry, with the French Revolution. There have been found amongst the effects of Thomas Ximénès, and also among Cagliostro's valuables, sundry crosses, on which the initials, L.P.D. were inscribed; and these two adepts afterwards allowed

that they meant *Lilium pedibus destrue*, TRAMPLE THE LILY UNDER FOOT.

The taking of the Bastile was the commencement of the French Revolution ; and it has been supposed that the French members determined on its destruction so eagerly, only to show their power to the other chapters, and because it had been the prison of their founder.

Avignon soon became the theatre of the most frightful cruelties; many of the initiated declared that it was because that town belonged to the Holy See, and that it contained the ashes of Molay; however, Avignon, as is well known, is one of their most flourishing colonies, and the masons of the '*comtat vénaissin*' have always been the most numerous, the most active, and the most *enlightened* of any.

In the years subsequent to the taking of the Bastile, the adepts of Paris held their chapter in the palace of the Duke of Orleans, their grand-master, and it was there that the Duc d'Aiguillon, Lepelletier, Clootz,

the Abbé Sieyes, Mirabeau, Robespierre. etc,, arranged the draughts of his plans, which were handed over to those who were admitted to the second order, to translate into philosophical and revolutionary language. If all the statues of our Kings were overthrown, it was chiefly to get rid of that of Henry IV, which was erected on the site of the martyrdom of the Templars; it was invariably the case, that the revolutionists presented petition on petition, to have erected on this spot, and no where else, a colossal statue, treading under foot crosses crowns, and diadems.

The King of Sweden was an ally of Louis XVI; at the period of his departure for Varennes, Gustavus advanced to the frontier to receive the illustrious fugitive, and to cover his retreat; the Swedish Monarch was assassinated by Ankasticeum, an alluminated free-mason of the first degree. But as every Templar *can govern but not reign*, you observe that the Duke of Sudermania, master of the foster-lodge of the North, imme-

diately entered into an alliance with the French Jacobins, deprived the Swedish nobles of most of their privileges, and laboured incessantly, to diminish the prerogative of the young King, whose uncle and guardian he was.

To attain the goal, to which the initiated aspired, the partizans of the Duke of Orleans had manœuvred since 1787, that they might place him at the head of the state. But Robespierre remarked, that the bare fact of a change in a name was not sufficient, so the grand-master of Paris was sacrificed.

If the gazettes of Germany, England, and of Italy, are to be believed, the Emperor Leopold was nearly being poisoned by a mason *grand-elect,* his valet; and we read in the *Journal des Jacobins* of that time, under the article *correspondance,* that this man had confessed his crime, and declared that several considerable sums of money had been remitted to him in the name of the Duke of Orleans, grand-master of Paris. At the same period, a criminal was hanged

at the *Campo Vaccino*, at Rome; his face was concealed by a mask, and the executioner placed the following inscription at the foot of the scaffold: THUS DOES THE JUSTICE OF OUR LORD PUNISH FREE-MASONS.

Many judicious writers, and Georges Smith in particular, have unquestionably proved that the Templars were the founders of freemasonry, and the least intelligent person admitted into their ranks, cannot doubt this fact, however slight his knowledge of the history of the order may be, if he only observe the ceremonies made use of at his reception.

It was the writings of a sophist, his predecessor, and the ignorance of his times that suggested to Jacques de Molay the elements of his wonderful system; his idea was, that in organising a society of men, subservient to the same passions, having the same end in view, and guided by one common interest it would in time overthrow all hereditary institutions, and, in the end, engross all power in itself. Jacques de Molay was

the first victim of his own corrupt system: he was denounced, and perhaps calumniated by his accomplices, by those who probably were themselves aspiring to the mastership of the order; but his doctrine has survived, and *catholic* goverments have, at last, been made to understand what was the intention, the importance, and the dangers of these combinations.

CHAPTER X.

A *charming* man; showing the advantage of a good appearance—Disastrous consequences of having a Princess in love with one—Souvenirs of Mme. D'Egmont—A gallant miser—Love in a stage coach—Thereby *hangs* a tale.

THE Greeks were so exceedingly susceptible with regard to personal appearance, and so enthusiastic about beauty of face, form, manner, and other external advantages, that the magistrates of the areopagus were never allowed to listen to the pleadings of the Athenian lawyers except in total darkness

and this was in order that they should neither be prejudiced in favour of a handsome orator, nor imbibe disagreeable impressions against the adversary. There has often been said to be a certain resemblance between the Athenians and the Parisians; however, be this as it may, I have seen in my own times, something approaching this Grecian infatuation for personal beauty, and what I am going to relate, may, perhaps, justify the rules and precautions of the attic legislator.

Lancelot-Marie-Joseph du Vighan, Seigneur de Létorières and de Marseille was a gentleman of Saintonge, who lived from hand to mouth, but as he was what was called *charming*, all the good things of this world were soon placed at his disposal. He had found that the classes were too long, and the vacations too short, at the College of Plessis, where his Uncle, the Abbè du Vighan had had him received gratis, so he left without saying anything about it, and launched himself on the *pavè* of Paris, tak-

ing his own way and living in a garret. When he was cold or hungry he went out and walked about to divert his attention, and he was the happiest creature in the world.

His friends, La Ponpelinière and Boulainvilliers often related a story of his having gone out one winter's day in a pouring rain, and taken shelter under a *porte-cochére.*

A hackney-coach passed, and the driver looked at him and stopped.

"Shall I take you across the street, Sir?" said he.

"No," answered the handsome student, mournfully and for substantial reasons.

"If you are going further I will convey you; tell me to what quarter your business leads you?"

"I was going to walk in the galleries of the Palais-du-Justice, but I will wait till this rain ceases."

"But why?"

"Because I have no money. Leave me alone."

"Sir!" exclaimed the coachman, jumping from his box and opening the door, "it shall never be said that I allowed so handsome a gentleman to get wet and catch cold for want of four-and-twenty sous! it is all in my way to pass by the Palais-Marchand, and I will put you down at the statue of St. Peter."

As he opened the door of his coach opposite to this famous *traiteur's*, he respectfully took off his felt hat, and requested the youth to accept a louis d'or.

"You may find in there some young gentlemen with whom perhaps you would like to make up a little party; the number of my coach is 144, and you can repay me whenever you please."

This man ended by becoming coachman to Madame Sophie of France, at the recommendation of him to whom he had been so obliging.

He was an honest and worthy person

Sicard by name, and when people spoke to him of his good deed towards M. de Lètorières he answered that any one in the world would have done as much for him, "for," added he, "he was so charming a person, that one might have taken him for a *good angel!*"

Another time the wife of his tailor got quite out of patience at his owing them four hundred *livres*, and began to taunt her husband with being so weak and yielding with regard to *Monsieur le Charmant*, which was the nick-name they had given him.

"You never have courage enough to attack him! but I am going out to change this note of a hundred crowns, and by foul or by fair means I shall bring our money back with me; charming as he is, I shall soon settle him! you have only to leave it to me and see if I do not bring him down!"

When this boasting lady returned home, her husband asked her how much she had got from *Monsieur le Charmant.*

"Now do not laugh at me; I found him playing the guitar, and he was so polite that I had not the heart to torment him!"

"And the note of the three hundred *livres?*" asked the tailor.

"My good friend," replied the scolding housewife, "you must add even the hundred crowns to your account, and it will make twenty-nine louis instead of four hundred livres. He looked so melancholy, that I do not know how it was, but I left them on his chimney-piece in spite of all he could say!"

As soon as M. de Létorières had attained his twentieth year, he took his testimonials of nobility to Monsieur Chérin, in order to obtain the certificate necessary for his presentation, and as soon as he had deposited his parchments upon the *Architable,* he went to walk in the gardens of Versailles, where the King saw and remarked him.

Some of the courtiers informed themselves about this handsome young man, and the King said to his Counsellor Chérin,

"What is the family of a gentleman of Poitou, called M. de Létorières?"

The Counsellor replied that he could not ride in the King's carriages because his testimonials were not quite.........

"He is *charming!*" exclaimed this good prince, interrupting the genealogist, "and I wish him to be presented to me under the title of Viscount."

Chérin inscribed his certificate *by command*, and M. le Vicomte de Létorières received the honors of the Court.

Amongst the foreign princesses settled at the Court of France, was a young beauty, innocent and artless as possible, who had been inspired by M. de Lètorières' eyes with sentiments which threw her family into despair.

This Princess was Mademoiselle de Soissons, Victoire-Julie de Savoie-Carignan. A thousand annoying things were said, and the Marèchale de Soubise, her aunt, at last succeeded in having her shut up in the Abbey of Montmartre. The most punctilious and

respectful forms were observed with regard to the Princess Julie, but she was a prisoner all the same, and guarded by an officer of the provostship of France.

They suspected a correspondence; they intercepted a message; they discovered a coil of rope: in short the Baron d'Ugeon, one of the Rohan-Soubise family, wrote to M. de Létorières and called him out; the meeting was postponed in consequence of the illness of Louis XV, whom our Galaor of Saintonge had obtained permission to attend during his attack of putrid small-pox; this privilege greatly offended the people about the court, because he had never had the *entrée* to the royal apartments.

The King died, and his nurse then hastened to meet the champion of Savoy, who stabbed him in two places in the right side with his sword. They dressed the wounds of M. de Létorières; they prudently closed his door against every one, and they gave out that he had caught the putrid infection, which was neither true nor difficult to make

the public believe. Seriously as he was wounded, this did not prevent his scaling the walls of the Abbey of Montmartre, two or three days afterwards, to have an interview with Mlle. de Soissons under the great arch which leads from the cloisters to the cemetery.

It appears that the Princess had prudently retired before daybreak, and the unhappy girl never saw her handsome friend M. de Létorières again! His wounds burst open afresh, and all the remaining blood in his body escaped during the night, for of course he would not call for assistance.

He expired alone and untended, and the next morning he was found extended on the cloister pavement, stiff and dead!

Perhaps it was on the very stone that covered the grave of my poor friend Mme. D'Egmont! Having been brought up at the Abbey of Montmartre, she had requested to be buried, as a favour, by the side of Mme. de Vibraye the friend of her childhood, and a dignitary of this convent; it

was in a spot which recalled all the peaceful and happy thoughts of her youth; it was on these stones and above these vaults that she had so often and so lightly trodden! and now, lead, and boards, and iron rings, enclosed in the damp and narrow ground, under a few feet of stone..............Poor Septimanie!

This horrible affair was hushed up.—Even in death he was beautiful! They wrapped him in a winding-sheet; he was carried to his bed, and they gave out, that M. de Lètorières had died of the smallpox.

I passed by Vendôme on my way to my estate at Gastines, and halted at the little town which the Chevalier de Créquy had selected as his domicile, apparently on account of the cheapness of provisions. I saw him five or six minutes, and that was quite sufficient; but I heard such stories of his stinginess, that would have made me blush had he been thorough-bred!

He had thirty thousand écus a year, and the mean wretch never went in any but

public carriages, when his fine airs of gallantry made him brisk and acceptable to the belles of the coach, all in an honorable way, and closed purse-strings of course! Would you believe that he himself went to fetch the old body of a berline, which he had shut up for four or five years, in the Bishop of Chartres' coach-house, and that after the first change of horses, he had it tied on to a cart tail, and dragged to the last stage before Vendôme, for the price of about twenty-four sous.

Eight days after, he joined us at Montflaux, perfectly unattended, and by the coach. It appeared he had made acquaintance on the journey with an honest and discreet young woman of Mans, her name was Mme. Lescombat: "What, have you never heard them speak here of Mme. Lescombat? She is so graceful and well-mannered, that one would say she was a lady from Paris; her modesty and gentleness are quite delightful; she is always remarkably well dressed, and I observed that she looked very carefully

after her little bandboxes; in fact, she is perfection itself! I shall go and see her at Mans, in about two months time, as soon as my cure is effected, and I have taken my baths; she gave me her address, and I shall make a journey on purpose to see her. The stage-coachman told us that she was at least fifty years old, but she is not the less pretty for that!'

So he set off for Mans, as soon as he had cured himself, and had gulped down more grapes (other people's, not his own) than all the school boys in the holidays, or all the foxes in the country put together, without mentioning thrushes. He returned to Montflaux three days after, appearing very much depressed in spirits.

"And Madame Lescombat," said your father, "did she not receive you politely?"

"Alas!" said he, "I have not seen her, and you never heard of such an adventure as I have met with; I arrived at Mans; I asked for this lady's house, they laughed in my face; I persisted, and found a poor

beggar-man, who led me to her door; a pretty house, in truth, with a balcony in the street; but all the blinds were closed. I began to feel uneasy; I knocked at the door, then I beat against it with all my force. At last, a big servant-girl appeared, and she told me, if I wanted to see Mme. Lescombat that I had not a moment to lose, and that I must go to the *Place des Croixpilliers*, at the other end of the town. It appeared that they were just going to hang her, for having murdered her husband.—Perhaps, at that very instant, the rope might be round her neck!"

CHAPTER XI.

Généviève Galliot and the Prince de Lamballe—The Dowager Duchess of Orleans—A portrait—A confidence—A secret marriage.

The young Prince de Lamballe was endowed with good sense, he had received a good education, he possessed a retentive memory and he lacked not wit; but it was a sort of serious wit, which we used to say he could well dispense with. He was benevolent and beneficent; he had all the advantages and disadvantages of a determined character,

which always strikes me as being a dangerous gift, and terrifies me when I behold it in a young and inexperienced man. He was well-made, tall and stout; in his face you read his character, excitable, generous, passionate, sincere. His eyes were not both of the same colour, which gave him an extraordinary expression; in other respects, he was as good-looking as it was possible to be with red hair.

The Prince de Lamballe from the perfect education and the solid instruction which he had received, had retained a profound respect for religion, as also a natural partiality for the forms of society; which speaks of itself for his horror of scandal: but above everything else, he had ever entertained towards his father a veneration mingled with tenderness and awe.

I do not show him all the tenderness that I feel," said M. de Penthièvre to me one day; "it is necessary that he should fear me; if he could imagine the extent of my love, and all my inward struggles, and what violence

I am obliged to do to my feelings to conceal my tenderness for him, he would love me all the more, I am aware ; but he would have lost the fear of displeasing me, which is a most salutary restraint upon him ; and he would acquire too great a confidence in himself. Ah! my dear friend, if you did but know all I suffer, and how painful an effort is this daily self-denial. I say to myself, it is for his essential good, it is for his happiness that I thus torture myself"—(and here the worthy man shed tears,) " but if I did not love him so well I should never have the courage. If I did not, as the apostle says, put a guard upon these lips which open so naturally to speak words of paternal love and joy to him, and if prudence did not stiffen these arms which long to open and clasp him to my heart, he would be astonished at the depth, almost amounting to weakness, of my affection!"

The Duc de Penthièvre had given his consent, though fearfully and reluctantly, I assure you, to the marriage of his only

daughter to the Duc de Chartres, who became successively Duke of Orleans, Anglomane and patroit, democrat and terrorist. The father of this unfortunate Princess had frequent cause to reproach himself for the deference which he had shown on that occasion to the wish of the King; for there were no end to the acts of kindness showered on the unworthy and wicked family of Orleans by the grandsons of Louis XIV.

The Duc de Penthièvre never encouraged the antipathy with which M. de Lamballe naturally regarded his brother-in-law, but when any one had courage enough to speak of his son-in-law according as he deserved, in presence of his son, one could see that the Duke listened with an air of painful unconcern and grieved assent.

Afflicted sister!—injured wife!—mother of many griefs! often shall I have occasion to speak of you, inconsolable Princess, mournfully and with tearful eyes! amiable and virtuous daughter of M. de Penthièvre, you, whom I sometimes called my daughter,

and who, with such sweet confidence, always called me mother, in those tones of tenderness which you inherited from your father, artless, affectionate and true.

Monsieur de Tessé was a great patron to the painter Greuze, and he sent him to me once, that he might show me his pictures.

Those which he brought me consisted of a rural scene, which had been bought by M. de Penthiévre, for five hundred louis, and of several paintings, fancy portraits, I imagined ; amongst the number, was one, the head of a young girl, the expression of whose face was so beautiful, so noble and so holy, that I wished to purchase it to place in my oratory, as a kind of "study of an ascetic ;" but—it was a likeness......it did not belong to the painter......and Greuze appeared annoyed that the picture had attracted my attention.

There was something mysterious in his confused answers,—he did not quite know... he could not exactly say...and the idea that I should never see this enchanting face again

almost grieved me; I felt a sort of painful, melancholy sensation, such as some romantic young girl might experience in seeing for the first and last time, a handsome young man, whose name she did not know, and by whom she had not had the consolation of being even noticed!

M. le Duc de Penthiévre was announced, and he bought the large painting without even asking the price; (Greuze was convinced, and very justly, that he would not regret the purchase;) but S. A. S. entreated him to make him a copy of the picture which I fancied, and so courteous and persuasive was the request, that it reached me exactly on the eve of my *fête*, that is to say, a fortnight afterwards.

I thanked the obliging and anonymous donor of this arch-angelic portrait, and immediately exhibited it to the view of my *faithful*.

Two or three days afterwards, I was writing in my oratory, when a visiter was announced, whom I understood be M. de

Pombal. I begged that he would wait for me, and in about a quarter of an hour, I rose to join him, without having rung for them to open the doors for me, since I had only my room to cross. I had always strength enough for that exertion! (The Queen told me that Mme. de Maurepas said to her one day:—"The Dowager de Crèquy, Madame! —she is as courageous and firm as a dragon!—if the bells in her house were out of order, she is quite equal to open her folding doors herself, without assistance, and I am sure that she would think nothing of blistering her hands.) I arrived, then, at my drawing room, (the door of which was open) without making any noise, because, as you know, I never take up my carpets.

There I saw, not M. de Pombal, the Portuguese ambassador, but M. le Prince de Lamballe, whose eyes were rivetted on this female head with so strange an expression:...

"My dear mother! who gave you this portrait? how does it come here?"

"Monseigneur,...M. le Duc de Penthièvre gave it to me!"

"My father?—did you say my father?" and he fell flat on the ground, without time for staggering or turning pale.

My first care was to close my door, and I allowed no one to come to his assistance, except our faithful Dupont, his wife, and their nephew, because they were trustworthy people, and I dreaded the circumstance becoming known.

The fainting fit terminated in so violent a hemorrhage that all his dress, particularly his cravat and waistcoat, were covered with blood, so much so, that I was obliged to send to the Hôtel de Penthièvre for a fresh suit.

I tried to restore and console the poor young prince; I loved him as though he had been your brother! he wished to spend all the rest of the day with me, and so denying myself to every one, the following is the history he confided to me:

"You know that in my childhood, and

often during my country walks with my tutor, I often used to run away. When I felt myself at liberty, my heart bounded for joy! I used to go and hide myself in our beautiful woods; sometimes I sat myself down by the side of a brook, and then fell into a reverie; or I would enter some hovel to eat brown bread and milk; I would stop to chat with some old peasant, or I followed the humble funeral of some poor labourer, walking behind the relatives of the deceased, as far as their village burial-ground. As soon as they perceived me and looked at me with astonishment, I ran off. I overheard my father saying one day to the Abbè de Florian: 'We must let him alone; if we scold him he will perhaps go so far, that we shall have some difficulty in finding him again. He is actuated by a feeling of roaming and of liberty, of which he does not know what to make, but of which nevertheless he does not make a bad use; as for instance, yesterday he went and said his prayers in the evening with the hermit of

la Chesnage. Look well after him, but I forbid his being punished.'

"I fancy I was at that time twelve or thirteen years old; but those words of my father's, spoken in that kind voice, which you know so well, made a great impression upon me. I played the truant not nearly so often; I feared to make my father uneasy and to abuse his kindness: I was always obedient to these good principles; but after I had yielded to my impetuous nature and to my feelings of independence, I reproached myself for it and I became unhappy and disquieted, which was not the case before.

"One fine summer's evening, as I was returning from one of these excursions, I stood still upon the rocks of Thymerale, not far from our château of Anet. I dare say the reason was to look at the sun-set; but I saw a charming little girl, leading a goat, pass close by me; and as the poor child had not strength to make the obstinate and frisky little animal obey her, and as she would not

let go the rope which held it, she was dragged over some sharp pieces of rock, where I saw her fall—I rushed to her assistance, and I saw that she had cut her forehead ; I wiped her pretty face with my handkerchief, and her tears inflicted a wound upon me. She smiled upon me through her tears ; I shall never forget her angelic smile, and I think I hear her now saying in her child's voice, in tones radiant with happiness and gratitude : 'It is nothing at all, nothing at all !' I wished to subdue the capricious animal and to lead it for her : I seized the rope, which broke ; I pulled off my scarf, and led the goat in triumph, when in turning the corner, I found myself face to face with my father, who was going to take a walk, and he had numerous attendants with him. I was taken aback at first sight, and then I related faithfully and simply my adventure.

" My father desired one of his gentlemen to accompany me. " Go, my son, I shall not scold you for what you have done to-

day, said he smiling; "M. de Fénélon did more than you have done; he was seen in his canonicals leading a great cow which had escaped from the poor widow's stable."

"The little girl had not courage to approach, so that she heard nothing of what my father was saying.

"The mother of Geneviève Galliot was ill with a disease of the chest, and the poor young woman died of it a few months after. She was the widow of a ploughman who worked on one of our farms, and he had been killed by a bull. He had the reputation of being a respectable young man and the best looking fellow of the principality. All the possessions of Remy Galliot's widow consisted in their cottage, a little garden with fruit-trees, a few bee-hives and an acre of land sown with barley and rye. She would have gained her own and her daughter's livelihood with her spinning-wheel, but her complaint prevented her working. You will excuse these particulars that I am detailing

to you of this poor family, and do not be surprised.

"I told Baudesson, that was the name of our gentleman, that I felt very tired, and I begged of him to go and fetch the carriage, and I would meet him at the turn of the road which led to Fresnoy; for so was the little hamlet called. All that I had in my possession was one *Louis d'or*, and I informed Geneviéve's mother, with an embarrassed manner, being conscious of I know not what instinctive feeling of confusion and of delicacy towards her daughter, that it was my mother who sent her that piece of gold, and that she would not let her want for anything. She began by overwhelming me with her thanks, and then she asked me who my mother was. I must confess I was greatly puzzled by this very natural question, which it was so easy to foresee; it appeared to me that my answer would either raise up a formidable barrier or undermine my footing with this poor family and

I answered her, stammering and looking down on the ground, that my mother's name was Modêne, and the sick woman remarked languidly to her daughter: "There are so many people about here that we do not know!"

"'We live so far from the town!' added the young girl, with an expression of gratitude and friendship which made my heart swell.

"Geneviève Galliot did not fail to return by the rocks with her goat, and I took care to be there on the following day, and every day after that, till the end of the autumn. I had only to get over a little park gate. I was there almost always the first; I brought grass for the goat, who went home quite distended. We used to make chapels and cabins with branches, and bouquets and garlands with the wild-flowers. I said to her once: "'Geneviève, there is some money for your mother, and I will make you a present of a beautiful gold cross.'"

"'With a silver heart?'" said she, bursting with joy.

"With a gold heart like the cross! I love you so much, my Geneviève, I love you so much, that I would give you all I have, or shall ever possess!"

"'Oh! so would I, Monsieur Louis! but I have nothing to give you!" and she looked quite sorrowful.

"I remember that one day she made me a present of a nosegay of pale yellow cowslips, which she had gathered in the woods for me. I have always preserved that nosegay; it is locked up in a casket, which contains all that I value most: a prayer written by Saint Louis, a relic of the real cross, a letter of our ancestor Henry IV, a pearl bracelet with my mother's portrait, lastly, some of my sister's hair, with Suzanne Faure's wedding ring, and the cowslips, presented to me by my young, my first friend, my beloved Geneviéve!

"One day, it was towards the end of October, she came not to the rocks, where I had waited for her till the evening. I returned to the château as the night closed in, in a

state of feverish agitation ; I allowed myself to be undressed as usual, and went to bed and I got up again, as soon my two valets had left me. It was hardly ten o'clock, but as my parents were at Rambouillet with their establishment, there was only a sufficient number of servants left at the castle to attend upon me, and I flattered myself I should be able to leave my room without rousing them ; at all events, no one there had any authority to detain me.

They had never known me commit any foolish or unreasonable act ; all the domestics of my father's establishment loved me much, and feared me a little ; finally, my tutor was playing at backgammon in my outer room with the Abbè de Florian, which prevented their hearing me open my window; I descended by grasping all the projections and ornaments on the walls of the tower with my hands, feet, and teeth ; I then gained the little gate which opened on the Thymerale, and I darted out of the park, bounding like a deer!

"I do not know how it was, but it gave me no surprise to see lights in the cottage where, at that hour of the night, in winter, and in a village, Geneviéve and her mother should have been sleeping in darkness.............. Nothing, however, seemed to me extraordinary, because Geneviêve had not come to the rocks of Thymerale, and you know when the heart is troubled, one thinks of nothing but one's-self.

"I stood more than a quarter of an hour gazing over the hedge of their little garden, at the cottage door; I dared not approach it, and could I but wait till the next morning, I was sure of seeing her and she would tell me the cause of her absence. She was there—I was close to her; and the beatings of my heart were stilled. It required it! The heart of a man had been throbbing within my young breast, and I thought it would have burst! now, however, it seemed to me that I had nothing to wish for, nothing to fear, and to be perfectly happy,

I had only to remain where I was till day-break.

"In course of time I perceived the door opening; a little old woman emerged with a light, which she had much difficulty in protecting from the wind; I saw her come near the hedge that separated us to cut some branches. I know not what dark ideas flashed across me, but I followed the old woman into the cottage. Geneviève—for I thought but of her, and I saw only her—Geneviève was kneeling at her mother's bed, to whom the old curè of Rouvres was administering extreme-unction. I came and knelt beside her; but Geneviéve scarcely looked at me, and when she did it was almost with indifference. Her eyes were rivetted on the pallid face of her parent, in painful contemplation, wretched at the unexpected bereavement which she was about to sustain.

"The good old priest commenced reading the prayers for the dying—*Mon Dieu!* how beautiful are the prayers for the dying!

have you ever heard them, *ma bonne mère?*"

"Go on with your story, *mon cher enfant,*" I replied, "and do not turn off my attention from your sorrows, by reminding me of my own afflictions."

"I was absorbed," continued M. de Lamballe, "in the awful sight of a dead person; it was the first time I had ever witnessed that most beautiful sight on earth, the death of a christian! The scene was in a solitary cabin, where the north-wind moaned and came in whirling and puffing even to the flames on the hearth, and the rustic door rattled and so did all the little panes in the lattices; within was a poor villager breathing her last on her bed of green serge, two children, a country priest, and a peasant-woman holding a branch of holly; but when the sick person ceased to breathe, and the man of God rose from his knees, and said with something more than human authority, as it appeared to me:—'I absolve you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; fly, christain

spirit, and return to your Creator.' I thought the Heavens were about to open, and I exclaimed in a loud voice: Amen! The curé, who had not perceived me before, turned round and said to me, 'Is it you, Monsieur?'

"Yes, it is I, my good sir," I replied, pressing both his hands. "Do take charge of Geneviève; take her home with you, *Monsieur le curé*. I beg of you! I will defray all expenses myself; you will take her away with you, that she may not be left all alone here, will you not?"

"The old curé of Rouvres, who is now Prior of Anet, was one of the most simple-minded and charitable—in fact one of the best men that ever lived. "I will willingly take charge of this poor little orphan," said he, "without any pecuniary consideration. I know not that I should have thought of it; but the directing hand of Providence influences our operations, as Saint Thomas has said; and I consider that the great directing Hand has brought you here to-night

to recommend Geneviève to my care at the moment of her mother's death, by the side of all that remains to us of this holy woman; for her soul is in the presence of God, monseigneur, and she was a paragon of virtue!"

"Geneviéve smiled once more upon me, through a deluge of tears; she was not at all surprised, nor did she rejoice at knowing who I was; she always knew that I was a gentleman, and my title of Prince enhanced me no further in her eyes.

"She wished to remain by her mother's body, but I made the good old woman convey her to the presbytery of Rouvres, as soon as the curé had quitted us; for he had been sent for by another sick person to the other end of the parish. It was not without difficulty that they induced her to leave the cottage, where her pallet still lay by the widow's bed-side.

"I had said that *I would have her go* in such a firm voice, that the old woman thought it best to obey me, and the young

girl was all surprise. The fact is, a complete revolution had taken place in me since I had taken upon myself the charge of Geneviève ; I had become all at once a man, powerful by my will, and I can assure you that from that moment, I have never had, since I was fourteen years old, a single childish thought.

" When I found myself alone with Suzanne's dead body, I was at first quite unable to pray : it appeared to me that I had to act up to, before anything else, another sort of obligation more urgent still, and not less binding upon me. 'Oh ! rest in peace ;' said I to the lifeless clay, ' rest in peace ! I love your daughter, I love your daughter ! I will guard her and love her as the angels of Heaven are loved, and with them your spirit will watch over us both ! I will marry her'—(I said this in such deep and manly tones, that I was surprised myself by it, and my own voice made me tremble, as though I had heard some other person speak ;) ' I will marry Geneviéve,

Geneviève Galliot, your daughter. I swear it on the holy cross, which I apply to your lips, and I felt my heart melted ; I was completely overcome ; I fell on my knees by the side of the bed of death, and devoutly raising her hard-worn hand, *I* bestowed on it a filial embrace.

"Poor Suzanne Faure, widow Galliot ! I have kept the word I pledged to you, and the name of your daughter's husband is Louis de Bourbon, Prince de Lamballe and de Corentin !

"You do not know me, Marquise de Créquy, as well as my father, whose native modesty you are aware of, but you do not know how much simplicity there is in my heart ; so much so, as to make me doubt that I was born of a royal race."

I begged that he would not fall into philosophical declamations, or the magniloquence of a student. He related to me the funeral of Suzanne and the good education that Geneviève had received, the history of their loves, and how that their secret marriage

had been blessed by a chaplain of the Palais-Royal. You may imagine how very lengthy the confessions of a young lover were likely to be; to relate all the details would be an interminable work, and it is not necessary for me to repeat them, for this portion of M. de Lamballe's story was exactly like a novel.

He married then, this peasant girl, without the knowledge of the Duc de Penthièvre of course, but ably assisted by the Duke of Orleans, who had not omitted to calculate that the children of a clandestine marriage could never be considered as rightful descendants, neither could they inherit the immense fortune of M. de Lamballe, whose sister the Duke of Orleans had married, consequently the Duchess must become heiress to M. de Penthièvre. Sordid and calculating creature! you will soon see to what an extent he carried his baseness.

"Look at the portrait of Geneviéve, and tell me what you think of it."

"I cannot answer that question, Mon-

seigneur ; I cannot approve of your conduct and I see no use in blaming you. You know that you may rely on my discretion, particularly, when my word is passed ; but your father !—have pity on the grief of your father ! the grief of a prince !—Suppose the Duke of Orleans were to betray you ? suppose the King, the head of your house, should separate you from this young girl whom you have taught me to love, although I know her not, because I am certain you are to be believed ; you are true and loyal, a real French prince."

"I love her !" he exclaimed, beating his breast, "I love her, and shall always love her with all my soul. I love everything belonging to her, even to her inferiority of birth ; when I think upon the distance that might be said to divide us, I love her if possible more tenderly, more passionately ! Every thing relating to her family too has become dear to me, and if I told you that I have had the bodies of her father and mother exhumed, and that they are buried

in the church of Anet, between the mausoleum of the Duchesse Diane and the cenotaph of Henry II.........but I confess, if the parents of Geneviéve had not been worthy people and highly respected in their part of the country I might have hesitated, or, at all events, it might have given me great grief.........I hardly think, even now, that I could have endured any humiliation of that kind!.........but public scorn cannot reach.........I mean if they dared to attack the wife of my choice, she whom I will, and whom I ought to defend, I would rise against all obstacles of rank and blood! but the King is not a tyrant, Madame, and the Duke of Orleans is a coward."

"True, Monseigneur, but he is a traitor!"

"For the rest," he pursued energetically, "I know my father and I know you; should persecutions overtake us, it is to you I should confide my wife, and you would be the first to plead for me!"

CHAPTER XII.

All not gold that glitters—Domestic misgivings—A snake in the grass—Cruel conduct of a brother-in-law— A bed of sickness and despair—Poor Geneviève—Death.

MONSIEUR DE LAMBALLE had hoped for happiness, but he had not found it. The exigencies of his rank, the difficulty of not attracting the notice, and perhaps curiosity, of a numerous establishment, the dread of alarming and distressing his father, the fear of rousing the attention or ill-nature of a crowd of idlers, not reckoning the certainty of drawing all eyes upon Geneviève in

leaving her to be seen in Paris, even if it were only in a church, in short, the difficulty of concealing her by keeping her a prisoner there, as well, perhaps, as that feeling of uneasiness and love of seclusion which always follows an ardent attachment, all this determined the young prince to establish her quietly in a small country house at Clamart-sous--Meudon which he had purchased from M. Bouret de Valroche, consequently M. de Lamballe went as often as he possibly could to his father's *château* at Sceaux-Penthièvre.

Madame de Saint-Paër (a name derived from lands belonging to the principality of Lamballe, and by which Geneviève was called) Madame de Saint-Paër began by fancying herself happy, and certainly if perfect love could have procured perfect happiness she would have enjoyed it, but, as everything in this world is disposed according to complete order and general harmony, so it is that we cannot interfere with the systematic arrangements of Providence without bring-

ing down discomfort or sorrow on ourselves and others.

"The occupations of the Duc de Penthiévre, the prudence of the Prince de Lamballe, and the duties of his station, obliged him to be in Paris and Versailles several times during the week, so that he was either prevented going to Clamart at all, or else he was only able to remain there ten minutes. Madame de St. Paër wrote every morning and sometimes twice a day to her husband, who had no trouble in receiving her letters because they reached him through the post, but for the Prince de Lamballe to send a letter to his wife entailed such a host of manœuvres and precautions, that there was no end to the difficulties.

"A letter put into the post in Paris was not delivered in the neighbourhood till the third day, and amongst all M. de Lamballe's servants there was only one in whom he had sufficient confidence to send to Clamart. The brother of this man was footman to Mme. de St. Paër, and to prevent their imagining

anything against her honour, M. de Lamballe had thought it right to communicate to them the secret of his position. If this was imprudent, it at all events proved the high moral principle and delicacy of his upright heart.

"The sweet Geneviève, now Madame de St. Paër, soon found herself obliged then, to pass interminable days in solitude. You will say that her situation bore but the semblance of desertion, but how melancholy it was!......Uneasiness soon succeeded ennui, ...A handsome young man and a Prince! ......an angry father, a powerful and perhaps vindictive family!......Temptations for him, trials for her, and then, doubtless, desertion and forgetfulness!.........At last the unhappy girl sighed and wept without ceasing. During the absence of her husband it was because he was not there; when he arrived it was because he must go away again, and when she received no letter from him, he was undoubtedly either a prisoner, ill, or

he no longer loved her! The Prince was miserable, both about her and himself.

"Suffer and be patient" was my advice to him, " we never violate the obligations of our station with impunity; so much for you, Monseigneur; and as for Geneviève, that weak and innocent creature whom, had you loved so devotedly, you would have shunned, and from whom you would have fled, instead of making her the unlucky present of your hand and heart, know, my dear child, that when one is displaced from one's proper sphere, one is sure to be unhappy! It is the same with social beings as with the brute creation; neither can live out of their element. You must add, therefore, to the state of Geneviève's feelings, all sorts of mortal fears and anguish!.........You have thought but of yourself, my Prince; you thought you were performing a generous act of true love in marrying a village girl, and you have only committed one of selfishness! In short, you are a man, my dear friend, a

true man, and, what is more, a lover of the highest rank; you have thought but of yourself, it is the way of the world, and it is but a stronger proof that you are of the blood-royal."

M. de Penthièvre told me one day, that his son had had the misfortune, as well as the weakness, to submit to a reconciliation with his brother-in-law; that he knew that M. de Lamballe had supped at the gardens of Mousseau, and that it must have been in very bad company, for the party consisted of five or six men of the set of the Duke of Orleans, with as many ladiès of the set of Mlle. Duthé. I would not believe it; but the father of the young Prince added in a melancholy manner, that he was brought home in a deplorable state; that he kept his bed during eight and forty hours, and that his health still suffered in consequence ....M. de Penthièvre also declared that the Prince was in a fearfully depressed state of spirits, and that he would not leave his room.

The postman perpetually brought him letters or notes with the post mark of Sceaux, and he had been painfully affected by the illness of Champagne, one of his people...... This young man, who was at the head of his stable department, was his godson, and a favorite, as well as his confidential servant; and M. de Penthièvre added, that his son sent, at least ten times a day, to know how he was.

In consequence of my not being able to return the confidence of M. de Penthièvre, I suffered as much as he once had done, when he restrained himself from responding to the filial affection of his son; but I had promised to keep the secret: I trembled lest it should accidentally escape me; and my feelings became so visible, that he said to me with an air of surprise and alarm:

"How constrained you are in your manner to your best friend! You are concealing something!—"

"You have said the truth," I sobbed; "ask me no more, but tell your son that I will come and see him to-morrow early."

That which remains for me tell is as difficult to relate, as it is deplorably calamitous, I will, however, try to describe it, with an attempt at resignation, without bitterness, if possible, and without animadverting upon the Duke of Orleans. He has been rewarded according to his works. When he yielded up his soul, he was in a state of intoxication!.............he has appeared before the tribunal of his judge; he has satisfied divine justice: alas! that is more than enough to calm and appease all the hatred and vindictive passions which he excited.

After encouraging his brother-in-law to contract an illegal marriage, this man had coolly calculated that the Duc de Penthievre was becoming old; that his heir, the Prince de Lamballe, was precisely the same age as himself, the Duke of Orleans; (they were both born in 1747, and within a few months of each other.)

Tho Chancellor of the Palais Royal had boldly declared before M. de Fourcy, that the Prince de Lamballe was declining, though he

was strong enough to live some time ; which was a great pity, seeing that the Duke of Orleans would infallibly find himself, by the death of M. de Lamballe, the heir to all the fortune of the Duc de Penthièvre, who was himself far from well. M. de Fourcy, councillor of state, and also M. de Monthyon, *chancelier* to MONSIEUR, and brother-in-law to M. de Fourcy, can answer for the truth of this ill-natured speech.

As this familiar friend of the Duke of Orleans had not explained himself clearly enough to give the idea of a secret marriage, people had entertained different ideas with regard to it ; and it was always asserted that this wicked man saw in the life of the Prince, the only obstacle between the avarice of his master and the enormous wealth of his relation.

There had been an open rupture between them for many years, which annoyed the Duke of Orleans, not only on account of what the world might say, but because it attracted the attention of the King, and above all

things, because the Duc de Penthièvre refused his mediation between his son and his son-in-law, a reconcilation which he in no way desired, and which at most, he would have tolerated, without approving.

The Duchess of Orleans often told me that she never could conquer this reluctance in her father, and she was so innocent and amiable, that it grieved her deeply.

The Duke of Orleans made use of spies for every purpose, and at all times, but notoriously with regard to the Hôtel de Penthièvre and the two Princes of that illustrious house. By these means he had become informed of the attachment of the Duke of Rambouillet, as he was then called, to the daughter of a peasant; he did not fail to gain his confidence, and hypocritically smoothed all the crooked paths which could lead to their marriage; for he had the marriage of his brother-in-law celebrated at his own house by the almoner of his own chapel, the Abbé Maguire, and the Duke of Orleans himself chose to be one of

the witnesses of the act, by which M. de Lamballe was probably disinheriting himself.

Some time after this, his spies brought him the intelligence that the young bridegroom did not often go to Clamart, and that Mme. de Saint Paër was consequently very jealous. He concluded, (he whose imagination was so vicious) that M. de Lamballe was already tired of his wife, that he would abandon her, that the *dénouement* would take place immediately, and that as a natural consequence he, the Duke of Orleans, would find himself, thanks to the indiscretion of Geneviève's husband, a prey to M. de Penthièvre's anger, to the displeasure of the other Princes, and out of favonr with their Majesties, before whom he always appeared under the mask of the most punctiliously faithful subject and the most submissive of courtiers, even, one may add, obsequious.

It is needless to tell you of the seductions that were made use of to attract the Prince

de Lamballe to Mousseau, my spirit revolts at it!

It appeared that some noxious drug was infused in the liquors, which the Duke of Orleans caused to be served to his brother-in-law, who had the habit of eating and drinking in company, as he did at home, hastily, and without noticing what he was swallowing— * * *

(There are here two pages carefully scratched out, so as to be perfectly illegible.)

* * * * *

They were also base enough to intoxicate his faithful attendant, Champagne, and they took care to render the servant as incapable of leaving his bed, as was his master. This, we ascertained, was for the purpose of cutting off all communication, epistolary or otherwise, between M. de Lamballe and Mme. de Saint Paër. It is possible that the Duke of Orleans might have conceived a

passion for Geneviéve, and such was the opinion of Mme. de Tessé, who may be suppose to be an authority ; but for my part I know not what to think, but I am inclined to believe that he was actuated solely by his wish to injure M. de Lamballe, and not from any criminal predilection he may have entertained towards Mme. de Saint Paër.

Culpable and disgraceful as would have been such a love, I do not suppose that Philippe Egalité had other views than to gratify the hatred excited by avarice and envy.

* *

The Prince was confined to his bed at the Hôtel de Penthèivre, where I found him sunk in the gloomiest depths of grief. His thoughts were at Clamart, but he was totally without strength to rise. He had received (somehow or other) a letter from Mme. de Saint Paër, it was wild and heart-rending. They had not seen each other for a fort-

night; she could bear the suspense no longer, and was coming to seek him at the Hôtel de Penthièvre! He thought his best plan was to write harshly: "I forbid you, Madame, to come here; the honour of a Prince is concerned!"

"What have you done?" I exclaimed; "ought you to write to Mme. de Saint-Paer in those terms?—The honour of a Prince indeed, would you preserve it at her expense?—What fearful and lamentable interpretation would she not put upon it!"

The Duchess of Orleans here entered, and there was an end to our conversation; she informed us that her husband also had been taken suddenly and grievously ill, and the dear Princess believed it too, although there was not a word of truth in it. The object of the Duke of Orleans in feigning illness is apparent enough.

I called on M. de Penthièvre, and there I found the Princesse de Conty. They were talking of the Duke of Orleans being ill, which did not prevent his giving many sup-

pers of fifteen to twenty persons in his rooms, and passing the rest of the night round a gambling table. This Princess could not repress her indignation at his conduct. He had won, three days before, from her son the Count de la Marche, whom they had intoxicated, sixteen thousand *louis!* in fact both the grand-mother and the father-in-law of the Duke of Orleans were distressed beyond measure at his conduct. I listened in silence, fearful lest if I began, that I should say too much, and I returned home, sick at heart, with a presentiment of something dreadful about to happen.

M. de Penthièvre wrote to me next morning to say that he could not come to see me, because he was unwilling to leave his son, as his complaint seemed to have assumed quite a new feature; that all night long he had been delirious, and that now he had fallen into a drowsy state of stupor: Bordeu was getting alarmed, and had already sent for Poisonnier, Lassuse and Bitaume to consult; and they were debating whether

they should not send for Bouvard; in short Bordeu apprehended a brain fever. M. de Penthièvre had the goodness to add that his doors would be open to his daughter and to me only.

Ten minutes after, Dupont came and announced to me, in a strange manner and with a nervous voice, that young Champagne's elder brother, who was in the service of the Prince de Lamballe, was waiting in the antichamber, and begged that I would allow him to see me, as it was an affair of life and death! It was Mme. de Saint-Paër's *valet-de-chambre*, who burst into tears and told me that his mistress had poisoned herself! He had come from the Hôtel de Penthièvre, where of course he did not see the Prince on account of his illness. His brother was at the infirmary; so, being aware of the union between the Prince and Mme. de Saint-Paër, and knowing how intimate I was with the Duc de Penthièvre, to whom he dared not mention anything, this man bethought him of coming to me.

"You have done perfectly right," said I; my mind was very soon made up; I sent for Baudret, my own surgeon who was fortunately at home; he arrived, and twenty minutes after that, we were at Geneviéve's bed-side.

Her maid was quite distracted; she had called in all the village to her mistress's assistance, and the room was full of curious people, upon whom my arrival seemed to make a great impression. I availed myself of that to get the house cleared, by begging them to go for a priest; but one of them, a scrivener I believe, replied that perhaps *M. le curè* would refuse to come, considering that the poor lady had caused her own death. I told them to leave me alone with Mme. de Saint-Paër; and when my people interfered, giving them to understand, proudly, that I was the Marquise de Créquy, of whom they had never heard, they retired submissively.

"Ah! Madame! How exceedingly good of you! Is it you, Madame?" and that

was all the beautiful and sweet Geneviéve could utter, whose days I would have prolonged even at the expense of mine own. Alas! it was too late; the poison she had swallowed—and how she found means of obtaining it I cannot imagine—had already done its work within; she could not last more than seven or eight hours, and Baudret predicted that torpor would succeed the convulsions.

She implored the aid of her confessor, who came not. "Your husband," I said, "has great confidence in one of the priests of this parish."

"My husband!" she exclaimed bewildered, "You know that he is my husband! he told you that I was—Great God! forgive me! forgive the crime that I have committed! He told Madame de Créquy, his father's friend......He said that I was—why did I not know that he said so. Oh! God of mercy! how have I mistrusted your goodness! forgive my blindness! forgive my ig-

norance, my want of confidence!—and Monseigneur, Madame?"

"He is as ill as you are."

"Oh! so much the better! We shall meet the sooner! Look at those papers," said she, pointing to two letters, the hand-writing of which I should recognise among a thousand, and I shall never recall their contents without horror and dread.

The first (of the earliest date) was an insidious note, moderate in its terms, in which the precautions, the prudenee, and all the proper conduct of a young Prince, *whom they dared not name before the adorable Mme. de Saint Paër*, was perverted and represented in perfidious colours, as being the certain marks of an inconstant nature, of a volatile heart and of an inevitable breach, against which it was necessary and prudent to prepare herself.

In the second letter, written two days afterwards, mention was made, most insolently, of the amours of the Prince de Lam-

balle with Madame V... de F..., and God knows what abominable lies were invented in support of this calumny; *

* * * *

the whole of this letter was written in a most impudent and cynical style, but it was evident, from the familiar tone and also the details of certain localities, that the anonymous author must have been one of the guests at Mousseau; the cloven foot displayed itself.

The Vicar of Sceaux arrived—"Do not leave me," exclaimed Mme. de Saint-Paër, perceiving that I was going to quit the room, "Stay, Madame, pray remain by my bedside, close to me! let me not die deserted! I shall die all alone! Ah! stop, you can hear my confession!

"*Ma bonne Geneviève,*" said I, my tears blinding me, "I must return to Paris; I can assure you, that you will see me again; and I trust that I shall not return alone."

"Geneviéve! Geneviéve! do you not recollect my voice?" (This was after an absence of an hour and a half, and the patient had fallen into a narcotic sleep, immediately after having received absolution.) "Here is the Duc de Penthièvre. He said to me, "What! the wife of my son, my poor child, my beloved son!—Let us fly to Clamart, I must see and bless his wife!"

"His wife!" she murmured between her lips, but without giving utterance to any word; but as I felt assured that she had not yet lost all consciousness, and that she would not be insensible to these words of consolation: "Here is the Duc de Penthièvre," I repeated; "he is close to you!"

She then opened her eyes; she could not see at first; but raising painfully her heavy eye-lids, her glance fell upon the diamond hilt of M. de Penthièvre's sword, which glittered in a ray of sun-shine; she smiled with sweetness, and said to him:

"How have I deserved this?—Forgive me,

Monseigneur !—Your son !—" and that was all that the dying Geneviéve could say.

"My son ? has he not chosen you as his companion in the presence of God ? Have you not received the blessing of the Father of the universe ? I bless you, my daughter ! —I will pray with you, and for you."

She yielded up her spirit, before he had risen from his knees ; and from the beauty, openness, and serenity of her face, you would have said she died of joy.

Geneviéve Galliot, whose portrait I hope you will always preserve, is buried in the collegiate church of Dreux, by the side of the mother of the Prince de Lamballe, Marie-Thérése d'Est de Modene.

Every time I go to Montceaux, I never fail to stop at Dreux, to go and pour out my prayers in her behalf, in the church of Saint-Etienne.

The illness of M. de Lamballe was long and painful ; but the convalescence of the unhappy Prince was longer and more painful

still; he came out as gold from the crucible, purified, solid; and his resignation was equal to his grief. In deference to the wishes of his father, and the solicitations of his sister, and from condescension to my advice perhaps, he determined on marrying Mademoiselle de Carignan. Fatal alliance, and ill-omened fêtes! I shall always see in that chapel of the Hôtel de Penthièvre, which was splendidly decorated for the occasion with thousands of lustres, flowers, and rich hangings of embroidery; I shall always see the handsome figure of the Prince de Lamballe, with tears in his eyes; the two families looking on in wonderment, and the young girl weeping, on account of the bride-groom's sadness. He did not look paler, nor more *undone*, as the expression is, after his death, which took place a short time after his marriage. I shall tell you none of the rumours that were circulated on this subject, because I have promised myself never to speak rashly of the Duke of Orleans. Madame de Lam-

balle possessed beauty, benevolence, and even virtues. You will see that her gentleness and goodness could not soften the tigers, who tore her to pieces on the altar of EGALITE!

CHAPTER XIII.

Ill assorted matches—Rotisset the Cook—Madame Roland de la Plattière—The pride of little-great people—A man of wood—Republican manners—The tables turned—Sainte-Pélagie.

The first piece of scandal that I can think of with regard to *mésalliances*, was the marriage of a young Monsieur de la Bédoyère with an Italian singer, who, beyond that, was a respectable person, named Agathe Sticoti. The relations appealed against the validity of this unequal match, but the young man defended himself so ably and so well

that those who heard him were almost surprised into wishing him success. (As for Madame de Marbœuf and I, we blushed for the whole affair.)

It was a trial with which all France and even Europe resounded for many years; and Voltaire declared that the King of Prussia wished to write to the Parliament of Brittany in favour of M. de la Bédoyère, whom he had recommended to the notice of his minister at Paris, and on whom he had bestowed a chamberlain's key.

The young man felt, and very rightly, that this was the worst passport he could have had to magistrates of Brittany, for they liked neither philosophy, nor calvinists, nor the friends of Voltaire, and philosophical Kings still less.

Mademoiselle de Mazzarelli, a friend of Messieurs de Moncrif and Saurin, had just carried off a prize at the *Académie Française* for an eulogy on Descartes, when we heard that she was going to be married to the Marquis de Saint-Chamond, one of the

house of Vieuville, and nephew of the husband of my aunt. It caused a great stir and gave rise to furious hostility, but I would not participate in it in any way. She was a respectable and clever woman, and except that she had neither birth nor fortune, there was nothing to be said against her. It is not true that she had behaved ill before her marriage; no one could have lived on better terms than she did with her husband ; she brought up her two children perfectly well, and for finished tact and the art of playing her part of great lady with the utmost grace, there never was such a woman!

She had not been presented of course, and one Pentecost Day she went with her two children to the gallery of Versailles to see the procession of the Chevaliers of the St. Esprit pass by ; I saw in a window a woman quite alone, richly and beautifully dressed, wearing as much *rouge* as a Princess, so distinguished in appearanee, and with such noble, animated, and expressive features, that I had no eyes except for her. Two lovely

children in the row behind us, turned constantly to look at her, and I asked their mother their name. As soon as I heard that she was Mme. de St. Chamond, I begged her to come and sit on our bench on the first row.

"I am very well placed here," was her reply.

"But you will be better in this row."

"I am not certain of that."

"But why not?"

"Madame, since you do me the honour to question me, I must tell you that I dare not approach so near the King."

"Well, I will be your chaperone."

She looked down and answered with cold and rather proud politeness.

"I cannot come near the King, madame, and I feel obliged to tell you as my reason, that my husband was compelled to leave the regiment of which he was the Colonel in order to marry me."

"Come all the same, my cousin! you are not required to carry the Queen's train!"

"Ah!" she cried, "I am certain you are Madame de Créquy! I have already to thank you a thousand times for having had the goodness to take my part at Choisy, before their Majesties. The Duc de Nivernais told me........."

"Never mind, but take this place by my side; between women of respectability and people of talent there should be but the hand," said I, and presenting mine to her I led her towards Madame de Tessê, who made room for her between us, and treated her with great politeness.

I found her brilliant, sensible, and unaffected, but when the King passed, our hearts beat, for he looked at our neighbour and then at Monsieur de Beauvau, who immediately whispered something to him. "Marquise de Saint Chamond," said his Majesty. "I am very happy to see you."

I was deeply touched at this proof of his goodness, and the poor woman shed tears of joy. She has lived for the last several years

on her husband's estates which we have both regretted.

Another mésalliance of which I must tell you, was that of the Comte de V— with Mademoiselle Julie Simonnet, nicknamed Philis; she had been an opera dancer; her father was an attendant on the sick at the Hotel-Dieu; her mother sold mousetraps, and her sister was a rope-dancer.

Her idiot of a husband fancied that an income of a hundred thousand *écus* must ensure public approbation and popularity, but it was in vain that he gave balls and masquerades, concerts, with Italian singers, and Apicius-like suppers; it only made him more absurd so it was magnificence entirely thrown away.

This woman had an extraordinary scene with the President d'Hozier, herald to the nobility of France, and the cause was this: she had had her husband's arms put upon her carriages and (to be like all the rest of the world) she joined to them some that she meant for her own. As it happened, she

had fixed upon those of the Messieurs de Mauléon, who were people of rank in the Duchy of Guyenne.

They went to law with her, and every time that the Countess Philis ventured to drive out in a carriage with double quarterings (the President d'Hozier had her watched) they made her get out in the middle of the street, however dirty it might be, and walk on the king's highway!

They took the carriage of this Countess to a public yard, and confiscated it without the slightest opposition; besides the fines which they made her pay for this heraldic misdemeanor, her carriages had cost her nearly twenty thousand crowns within the year. In order, as she said, that she should not look like an incorrect person in a lord's carriage, she bethought her of the plan of putting the arms of her husband in a spinster's lozenge, and the Herald was at last compelled to allow that he was completely beaten.

Whilst on the subject of unequal matches, I must tell you that my uncle, the *Com-*

mandeur de Froulay, had once a very remarkable cook, who being a great thief had become exceedingly well off; but it was not on this wise that he had earned his fame; he had invented delicious novelties, particularly his *pattes d'oie botteés a l'intendante*, (*sautees* with the fat of quails and fried in bread crumbs.) My uncle always advised the addition of the juice of a Seville orange, but his head cook was thrown into despair and was quite indignant at such a notion, because he declared that acids always softened such dishes and spoilt their appearance when fried.

You can choose between the recipe of the Commandeur and his cook.

This clever provider of good things was called *Rotisset*, and we had won him in a bet which my uncle had with the Maréchal de Saxe, who had sent him to us bound hand and foot! He was drowned in tears when he arrived at Chambord, and had even had the bad taste to think of rebelling; but as he was threatened with being sent to Saint-

Lazare, he ended by quietly accepting the wager.

I am sorry to own that the name of Rotisset was only his official designation, for he had no real patronymic, inasmuch as before he entered the kitchens of Chambord, he had left the dining-hall of the Foundling Hospital.

He ended however by marrying the sister of Mlle. Dupont, my head waiting-woman, and since then your nursery-maid ; but the Duponts, who are affluent and very respectable people of Maine, were at first mortally annoyed at such a bad match.

However their first child, Mlle. Fanchon Rotisset, married very suitably a working jeweller of the name of Flipon.

You will think I am mad in thus unrolling this genealogy like the chain of a spit ; but a little patience and you will see, *mon Prince*, why I have traced the line of the Rotisset's and the Flipons.

To make my preface more clear I will first tell you that M. Dupont, my secretary,

and valet, as well as Mme. Dupont his affectionate wife, had always something to relate, to the honour and glory of Manon Flipon, who was the daughter of the jeweller ; and who, if they were to be believed, was a perfect prodigy.

I remember that they talked of her marrying the butcher who served the Hôtel de Créquy, which butcher actually took it into his head to write to me on the occasion. The two Duponts were wild in their endeavours to explain this in a satisfactory and respectful manner, but I gave them to understand, that they must be quiet for the future about their amiable niece, and that I insisted on hearing no more of Manon Flipon.

One or two years passed—and the Duponts could bear it no longer ; they could not refrain from speaking to me of their niece's marriage, and requested that I would have the goodness to sign the contract, which I promised, without hesitating a moment, as it was always the custom of the

Messieurs de Créquy, to do so for such of their people as were not in livery; and this even extended to their relations.

There was some misunderstanding about the day and hour when I was to sign my name; I was at Versailles or I know not where. They were, however, quite content to have the said contract signed by your lady mother and my son, so I thought no more about it, when Dupont came to entreat me to grant an audience to Mme. Roland de la Plattière.

"Who is she? and what does she want with me?"

"But Madame, it is Manon Flipon, who has married a gentleman of the *Bureau de Commerce* at Lyons; a splendid situation with a good four thousand *livres* a year in farms, and a country house in the Forez. As Madame did not sign their contract, my niece thought that perhaps Madame would have the kindness—"

"Ask her to come in; I will see her."

Madame Roland de la Plattière was the

most beautiful woman possible. She had a good figure and carriage, was perfectly well-dressed, and her manners were elegant and modest. Her face dazzled with its freshness and brightness, as if it had been a nosegay of lilies and roses, (I beg pardon for making use of so worn-out a simile, but I know of none so exact, and by the way, he who first declared that there were no roses without thorns, made an excellent remark.) The shape of her face was a beautiful oval, and her features were perfectly regular. Her eyes—such blue eyes!—had black eye-brows and long black lashes, with a profusion of brown hair. The amiability of her expression did not always correspond with the regular beauty of her countenance; there was at times something in the movements of the eyebrows and the mouth, discontented, malicious and even sinister..........When I had signed the contract which she had brought me, and found she did not go, I guessed that she had something to say and offered her a seat; but as she would have been mortified to see me ring for Dupont (her uncle) to

place her a chair, I rose and approached the arm chairs, saying, " Sit down, I beg, *mon enfant.*"

This lovely young creature instantly saw the delicacy of my motive, and looking at me with eyes full of feeling, she answered in passionate and energetic tones :

" You are kind, *Madame*, really good and generous ;" and so saying, she gave one bound, like a gazelle, to the other end of the room, in order to seize on a stool, which in one jump, she brought back, and seated herself on it, in front of my sofa.

What she wished to ask me was, to help her to obtain letters of nobility for her husband, who possessed, as a commoner, a small estate giving the title of La Platière, held of the chatellerie of Beaujeu, of which Monsieur le Duc d'Orleans was lord, in right of his being Comte de Beaujolais.

All the citizens of Lyons were wild to be ennobled, and they resorted to every possible expedient to sustain their genealogies.

Madame Roland next next gave me to understand, with some importance and a toss of

her head, that it was possible that her husband's family might be descended from the Maréchal de la Plattière; this assertion seriously damaged her case with me. I told her that the family name of this Maréchal was Bourdillon, and not Roland; and when she saw that I received her chimerical supposition with coldness and perhaps incredulity, the expression of her face changed to one of bitter hatred and wounded pride which I shall never forget. I bowed her out discreetly and politely enough I thought; but I said to her uncle Dupont, that Madame de la Plattière must be jesting; that her husband was too highly descended to require being ennobled, but that he had only to show his proofs, &c.

I was some years without having any further communication with the Roland family. I must now diverge a little into the revolutionary times.

At the period of that odious and stupid affair, our trial by the citizen Bourbon-Montmorency-Créquy, of whose property I I was accused of possessing myself, and in

other ways ill-using him, I resolved to go and see his protector and friend the citizen Roland on the subject, and I found him most determinedly hostile and savagely ill-disposed towards us. He presented the most rugged unapproachable front that I ever encountered: I can hardly call him a man of iron, for he was deficient both in solidity and utility; he was a man of wood, but of that sort that turns the hatchet's edge.

Madame Roland entered the room of this strange minister, being informed of my presence by the excellent Dupont whose respect and fidelity towards me have never wavered. The expression of this woman's face was one of triumphant irony, ill-concealed by her few words of cordiality and consideration, to which I would not in any way respond; this you will easily believe, for it is pretty well known I never could dissemble and I never would.

Mme. Roland still retained her good looks, but her manners and her language struck me as having become very vulgar, and ridiculously affected. It is a tone that she must

have acquired from her revolutionary connection and in her *girondines* intimacies; for she certainly had it not some years before, or at least she had the proper vanity to be aware of it, and to control, and not express herself in this way before a person of good taste.

"So this is the wife of a republican minister!" said I to myself. A revolution is a rapid descent. In politeness and the ways of the world Madame Roland was as far off from Madame Necker, as Madame Necker was from the Duchesse de Choiseul; picture to yourself what the wife of the minister of justice, the *citoyenne* Danton must be, who looked up to Madame Roland as a complete aristocrat, a sort of Princess!

From the tone they adopted in speaking of this wretched adventurer, that is to say, the man who had denounced me, I saw that there was no hope of justice for me from such people; so I contented myself with telling them coldly and dryly, that if the nation confiscated my property, it would never be available for an impostor whom it was so easy to expose, as the citizen Bourbon-

Montmorency-Créquy, otherwise called Nicolas Bezuchet, their *protegé.* I smiled maliciously when I contemplated their silly arrogance, their utter insufficiency to govern any country, more especially such a country as France! We parted, each looking displeased with the other.

"I wish you good morning, *citoyenne*," said the minister in a voice that disgusted me, and as he did not make even the semblance of showing me to the door, I was obliged to open it for myself. His wife avoided any low familiarity, but she was careful not to compromise her personal dignity and that of the French republic by showing any condescension to a *Fanatic* (that was my principal crime in their sight). She rose majestically, with a gesture of something like Roman civility, a movement of the head and eyebrows, and that was to pass for a bow!

Four months after this, we were prisoners together at Sainte-Pélagie!

THE END.









